

# Another Damn Love Song

Thea Gilmore

I don't want to talk about it  
I don't want to join the ranks  
Of all those other starry-eyed cartoons  
Guess I'll just keep quiet about it  
View the day through grey  
And turn the contrast down on every happy tune

But it's a case of synesthesia  
I'd do anything to please you  
Every color leads me back to you

Now how did I get here  
How did I find you  
How did a skeptic go so wrong  
And how do I make it  
How did I go and  
Write another damn love song

There's so much to occupy us  
Keep us fat and pacified  
Each century writes its own epitaph  
We're the frozen generation  
Indifference stirred with hot impatience  
Plotting our decline there on a graph

Same old story X and Y  
I can't ignore, God knows I've tried  
Keep tripping on the better side of you

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I'm not meant to be this light  
I'm sarcasm and dynamite  
God it was so black and white before

The rags of night would dry my eyes  
Collected murderous alibis  
Not ready for that bright surprise you brought

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