

Monologue For An Old True Love

Isobel Campbell

Tell me how I play around
So you say "I don't want you"
Go and play your little game
But still I'm going to haunt you now
Wearing your guitar
Letting your soul cry
Look into my eyes

Every time you miss the point
Yet every time you scold me
Talking so self-righteously
About everything you showed me, boy
Wearing your guitar
Letting your soul cry
Look into my eyes

And still your spirit comes to me
You were the one for life
You brightened up the sun for me
Even through all the fights

And still your spirit comes to me
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This is not about what we see
A silhouette or colour
This is not about gaining points
But loving one and other
Boy, say you're angry now
I wonder why
You've got then round your little finger
You say you're angry now
Though I wonder why
The pattern it was in full swing
Yeah yeah yeah

Say you're angry now
I wonder why
You've got then round your little finger