

# Love Song

Jean Grae

She grew up believing in passion and love  
Whose folks divorced and remarried  
Very naive  
Seen life and committments that shoulda been dead and buried  
Highly sentimental  
Sensitive  
Gentle beyond the point she should be  
What might be obvious to most, she says they too bitter  
Can't see the world the way she does  
Clean lungs, undamaged liver  
Sees thugs through a pink-tinted glasses  
Occasionally  
Weed does make her giggle  
Listen to some music closer  
Dudes approach her  
Lightly  
Want to be her lover and she obliges  
Likes to cuddle under the covers by candlelit fires  
Oblivious to lying schemes to talk her out of clothes  
Says she's just in love with love  
Cuts her classes  
Spending too much time entrancing romancing  
Things are changing quickly  
She's asking "why aren't you spending more time with me?"  
Nigga's eyes are getting shift  
Coming over later smelling of pussy  
On his face, jeans, and sweaters something's fishy  
And it's not what he tells her, man, it's what he don't  
And she don't understand and for some years, she probly won't  
Just wants an honest man  
For goodness sake  
They backstabbing and cutting her throat  
Restraining orders follow, but she still optomistic about it  
Like annie, thinking tomorrow will maybe be a better day  
I let her pray on bended knees "ask him to send prince charming, please"  
She's never cheated  
Treats her man well  
Cooks, cleans, dresses sexy for him  
Halter tops and tight jeans  
Would break the law for him  
Go through a couple of these relationships  
Still stays strong  
She's too young and dumb to call it quits  
Learns that she carrying twice  
Scared and afraid the first time  
The second she don't even cry  
Makes her wipe away his tears and it hurts  
They always leave return crazy, so she doesn't flirt  
Spends time warning the babies  
Goes through a couple of these relationships and still stays strong  
Too young and dumb to call it quits  
Its still a love song

She's got a good man  
She's 19, he's 21 and sweet and honest  
Promised to love her  
Talk of marriage

She would never want to be somebody's baby's mother  
Use rubbers occasionally  
When she's flowing  
Open to all the affection and gifts and all the good manners he's showing  
He's trying to build a life for himself  
Studies late computer shit and she's missing attention that she's not getting  
Sex dwindles  
Crawling in the sheets  
He say "ya tired" and she say she feel "neglect and defeat"  
Just doesn't see his ambition  
She want to be the universe and hold his center position  
Starts hanging round the best friend more  
Crazy attraction takes impulsive action  
Drop the drawers  
And falls in love  
The world explodes  
And she confesses "yeah I did it, so?"  
They so tight it like he moves when she stretches  
Over the couple years  
Too many stresses  
Girls who want to fight her  
Bitches writing letters  
Friendships disappearing  
Plus he rhymes, so it's competitive  
Pressure miscarriage  
They break up fifty times a week and make up just as much  
He fuckin', and I know, but pretending I'm out of touch  
It's getting strained and gets physical  
She cries until the river dries and leaves her dead and cold  
Packs up her things and leaves behind what I thought was gold was only gold-plated  
Thinking of all the other ones I coulda just left and up and dated  
Singled after four years  
Starting over never easy  
But it takes some time to realize your own worth  
Come into your own  
Play your mental rebirth  
She starts penning some better poems  
Straighten up her bank account  
Likes to take herself out  
I'm getting better at it  
I've had a few relationships  
But still too young and dumb enough to call it quits  
It's still a love song

Love  
All I ever want is you  
All I ever had, leading in my life was you  
All that ever was, all I ever had

Maybe it's easier to talk about this shit in third person  
Learning better  
Working pa nub in all the wrong places  
Like I'm Eddie Murphy  
Curse me to repeat the same cycle  
I'm breaking  
No longer think relations make a better woman  
Just for life, I'm pursuing  
Growing, but hopelessly romantic still  
Tasted weather in the bitter climates  
Love the sunshine better  
Dreaming of dream proposals

Decent moral values placing higher on my chart  
Trying not to have a shallow heart  
But battle scars are deep and reaching to the depth of hell and back  
Try to give up the grudges  
Think it's experience and move from the clutches of sadness  
It's difficult  
Sometimes I wish I wasn't an adult  
Adolescent primetime sitcom star  
I've been too far and too much, too hard, for too long  
It's still a love song