

Chemicals

John Mark McMillan

A room sometimes is a body
With the loneliest view
And the porch lights grow dim
With every on-setting hour
Where the stars seem so finite to you

But love, it ain't like the chemicals, babe
'Cause the chemicals don't hang around
While everybody's drilling for a fountain of youth
Losing years on the way down

A melody can be exhausted, babe
Short of friend and fame
'Cause the birds they don't sing
In the winter short of spring
And, even then, they only sing in the day

But love, it ain't like a melody, babe
'Cause the birds don't hang around
Well, everybody's drilling for a fountain of youth
But sometimes in these fountains they drown
Sometimes in these fountains they drown

But I want to love you
When the blood of my veins
Don't know how to call out your name
Yeah, I want to love you
When the birds don't hang around

But love, it ain't like the chemicals, babe
'Cause the chemicals don't hang around
While everybody's drilling for a fountain of youth
But sometimes in these fountains they drown