

Love Doesn't Love

Maria McKee

Love doesn't love me
Love doesn't love me
It hovers just above me
Smiling cruel and lovely
Love doesn't doesn't love me

Style without substance
Flesh limits functions
Lust without emotion
Body without passion
Love doesn't doesn't love me

And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by
And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by

And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by
And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by

Doesn't, doesn't

Life doesn't live here
Life doesn't live here
It won't let me leave you
It won't let me leave you
Love doesn't doesn't love me

And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by
And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by

Sand, sand, slipping, the sand
Sand, sand, slipping, the sand

And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by
And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by

Sand, sand, slipping, the sand
Doesn't, doesn't

And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by
And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by

Sand, sand, slipping, the sand
Sand, sand, slipping, the sand

And the sand slipping through my hand
And the water washes by
And the sand slipping through my hand

And the water washes by

Sand, sand, slipping, the sand
[ad lib till fade]