

Love Is The Subject

Odds

Swords, and pens, and tears, and blood
Emotion, demotion, and skin that's so tough
If I can live through this then that is enough
Learn and earn devotion and trust

Love is the subject and nothin' else, nothin' else
Life is the course, love is the subject
Notes, and jokes, and follies so cruel
Elation, cessation, and pain - that's the rule
Find me later, face down in the pool
Prop me up for lesson number two

I eat, and sleep, and culture my person
Measure up to the yardstick she's using
Punch drunk stars like sparks in my vision
Paradise is something inhuman when

Love is the subject and nothin' else, nothin' else
So much of this is quarrel
Clenching of the teeth
It's stormy on the surface
Let me underneath

Walk, and talk, and give up, and talk on
My body hangs 'round this heart like a jacket
My stomach sinks lower, preparing for worry
I'm so ready to feel good in a hurry when...

Love is the subject and nothin' else, nothin' else
Life is the course, love is the subject