

Read About Love

Richard Thompson

Asked my daddy when I was thirteen
"Daddy, can you tell me what a lover really means?"
His eyes went glassy, not a word was said
He poured another beer and his face turned red

Asked my mother, she acted the same
She never looked up, she seemed so ashamed
Asked my teacher, he reached for the cane
He said "Don't mention that subject again"

(Read about love)
I read it in a magazine
(Read about love)
Cosmo and Seventeen
(Read about love)
In the back of Hustler, Hustler, Hustler

So I know what makes girls sigh
And I know why girls cry
So don't tell me I don't understand
What makes a woman and what makes a man
I've never been to heaven
But at least I've read about love

My big brother told me when I was fourteen
It's time I showed you what a lover really means
Girls like kissing and romance too
But a boy's got to know what a man's got to do

He gave me a book, the cover was plain
Written by a doctor with a German name
It had glossy pictures, serious stuff
I read it seven times, then I knew it well enough

(Read about love)
And now I've got you
(Read about love)
Where I want you
(Read about love)
I got you on the test bed, test bed, test bed

So why don't you moan and sigh?
And why do you sit there and cry?
I do everything I'm supposed to do
If something's wrong, then it must be you
I know the ways of a woman
I've read about love

Well, well, well
When I touch you there it's supposed to feel nice
That's what it said in reader's advice
I've never been to heaven
But at least I've read about love