

Why Don't You Love Me

The Church

Sometimes you're dressed in Castillian vogue
Other times you speak with a faux (false ?) Scottish brogue
Ruthless, relentless, pursuing your defenseless quarry
Now you say you've been following me through my lives and deaths
From the very first tears to the last failing breaths
You clean up the mess, you say "I must confess" you say "I'm sorry"

Some say they've seen you outside of my door
On dark, rainy nights when the light is so poor
Maybe they're mistaken, or maybe you're just faking evidence
They think you're a man with the body of a libertine
Skin that's so white, clean daylight has never seen
I wonder if you're punishment, or prison or just providence

You say "Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Don't you love me?"

How you danced with the outlaws in the old, wild west
Carried a derringer under your vest
I know with a sneer you claim to have been Guinivere
But I am not Lancelot, I was never King Arthur
I say once again "I'm not the man that you're after"
That was a different man, he ain't been here

You say "Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Don't you love me?"

You were there in Florence as I painted the ceiling
On that old river boat, saw the hands I was dealing
Were you there the night I discovered LSD?
You held my hand through the straights of Magellan
At the medicine shore, snake-oil you were selling
Wasn't that you? Wasn't that me?

You say "Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Don't you love me?"

On the brink of the moon, at the foot of the Andes
The mouth of the river, as we washed in the Ganges
Pulled the arrow out my eye at Hastings
You washed my brow as I lay in a fever
You were the fulcrum, I was the lever
I'm not a believer, it's just all your time you are wasting

You're a prisoner in a tower, a damsel in distress
Love hold us in thrall, my eternal mistress
You've been wife, my lover, my sister, my mother, my maid
My partner, my consort, my bit on the side
My darling, my sweetheart, my hope and my pride
And all because of some stupid lyrics on "The Blurred Crusade"

You say "Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Don't you love me?"