

Love Puppets

The Legendary Pink Dots

You offered me a cigarette, I pirouette... with silhouettes of
statuettes.

We're ice behind a window. Would you be my widow? Would you even
be my

wife? Life's not long enough for questions of sessions over cakes
and

coffees. Therapy, I've had enough of - I want to change things
overnight,

because I've been alone too long.. too long.. too long...

And you say you understand me when I hardly know myself.

So much talk so many theories - it's really such a bore for me.

The story stays the same - it goes on and on...

What gives you the right to analyze? You paralyze me with your
probing.

In the end I just agree... Maybe we're just puppets after all.

Love puppets. (not glove puppets! Hearts of gold, souls on string.

My soul's on a string... Love Puppets! My heart's a shiny gold.
)

Why the tricks? Why the teasers? Can't I even please you for an
hour?

Won't you simply listen? I've got a lot to say
about us and plans and things that we could do...

(I need you NOW don't leave me...)