

Life After Life

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

I still care about Christian
Does he care about me?
When I see him around he looks down,
afraid of what he'll see

And I know there's a heaven
that he's trying to find
But it's hell that he makes, callous and afraid
of the ones he's left behind

And the touch of his body, so tender and cruel,
when he made me play girlfriend,
there wasn't much I could do

He'd come to my garret,
and we'd make something like love
But the flowers he gave me have wilted,
but I keep them, like I keep him

He wants a life after life
But the world he didn't love,
and the one he didn't love
should have been

Night after night
But the world he didn't love,
and the one he didn't love
will never know
paradise

When he makes his confessions,
when he says his prayers
and kneels beside his bed in the moonlight,
is a part of me there?

He's taken up with a new girl,
who keeps his conscience clean,
and tells him he's a keeper,
though I don't know if he knows what that means