

## 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