

Fossil Fuels

Aisha Badru

You turn me on like a faucet
And you left me running, drip, drip
'Till my fossil fuels were exhausted
You filled your cup to the tip

Flowers cannot bloom without precipitation
And lovers will not last without reciprocation

You took your box of matches
And you chopped down every stick
I kept you warm 'till I was ashes
Who taught you how to love like this?

Rivers cannot move without precipitation
And love is bound to fail without reciprocation

Well, you turn me on like a faucet
And you left me running, drip, drip
'Till my fossil fuels were exhausted
You filled your cup to the tip