

Curable Disease

Blake Mills

Go on and taste your dreams, leave me with the bill
And miss me half as much as you say you will
You can make me believe that you need me still
Love may be a curable disease, those dreams they are like pills

They may dangle you like a worm out on a line
Or make you the household name like they have advertised
Does it concern you now, does it even cross your mind?
That love could be a misquotation, your dreams they are not mine

And in the light of day what have you got?
Are you for sale or are you bought?
Is there a best if used by date written on the top?
I don't believe it's wrong to have heard love and dared the cost
But love can be a mistranslation and lines can be crossed

If you can taste your dreams and leave me with the bill
If you can miss me half as much as you say you will
You can make me believe that you need me still
Your dreams have been a false I.D that make you look like someone else
And the writing on the wall looked just like water on the windowsill
It said love can be a curable disease