

The Difference Is

Del Amitri

Said it to me, once
Then over and over
You keep on repeating
You're a happy, happy mother

Maybe you're in clover
But most of us sweat at the sight
Of this perfection and a perfect complexion
This infatuation and assisted sparks

Maybe you understand
The reasons why you have to hold hands
But I don't understand
The ins and outs of milk and honey land

Milk and honey land

Oh, say it to me over
That this place is not like any other
It's a room it's a thought it's a bed it's an oven
It's the places where you go to do the jumping and the loving

Say it to me over
I'm in peace, I'm in clover
Let me give thanks to your love life pranks
You told her that to love her with two fingers in her hands

Oh, I can't conceive
Or even think of acting I gotta believe
I can tell inside that what's mine and yours
You've got it figured out that ambition is for boars/bores
So I'm yelling "love's the only answer!"

You insist the weather and then bitch about the dancing
What a cheap gospel or a desperate Romeo
There's a famous liar saying where the rest can go

I love your whole idea
Of harmony and bliss and little virgin kids
I love your heavenly expression and sighs
When you bump up through the depression of our lives

Oh, the depression of our lives

Oh, am I such a madman to admit I dislike you?
What is so unusual about it, oh, about me?