

Marbles

John Grant

I've got the poise
Of a newborn giraffe
And I feel like I've
Fallen off the wagon
My moves are quite clearly
Unchoreographed
My comportment like
Of a Komodo dragon

You make me lose my marbles
You get me all wooed up into a lather
My words are coming out in
Fits and garbles
There's no one on this Earth
With whom I'd rather

You deactivate
My defense mechanisms
I think I'm coming unglued
I have emotional whiplash
I cannot brandish my trademark
Aloof cynicism
I've taken up macramé
Just to deal with the backlash

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I love you
I love you
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I love you
I love you
I love you
I love you
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I love you
I love you