

Deep Love

Lady Lamb

I'm not convinced we should strive for Midtown
I believe we should collectively neglect it
Let the ivy and weeds grow over
All get together in a few hundred years or so
'Cause I'm not convinced that we should exist at all
Man, I didn't ask for this, so on a bad day I get bitter about it
I am admitting a lack of gratitude, I know
But when I look at that faded clipping of my mother, 15 years old on a bicycle
Smiling for the local paper, looking like my sister, I feel overgrown
With that deep, deep love

That deep, deep love
With that deep, deep love
That deep, deep love, mmh
That deep, deep love
With that deep, deep love
With that love
With that deep, deep love, mmh
That love

When I'm with my lover and she steps out of the shower and she's tuggin' too
hard on her snarled hair
I ask her to come over and sit down on the bed
I make a fist below the root and I loosen the grip of those knots without ripping
another strand
She takes a comb to kiss the open palm of my hand
And I am tangled in

Oh, that deep, deep love
In that deep, deep love
That deep, deep love, mmh
That deep, deep love
In that deep, deep love
In that love
Oh, in that deep, deep love, mmh
That love

When I walk by my neighbor and he's on his front steps
With his two scruffy dogs and he's cooing their names
And his wife comes out to join him and they coo those names in unison
They kiss those dirty little noses
And I watch from the sidewalk as they live inside all that love
Passin' by a pure scene in somebody else's life gives my life meanin'
Passin' through a good scene in somebody else's life fills my cup, it fills
my cup
It ignites that fire

To pour out my love
Give all my love
My deep, deep love
Give all my love
Give all your love
All your love
Give all your love
All your love

Your love, your love, your love, your love, your love, your love