

Imaginary Women

Lovers

I keep falling down over imaginary women
charades and dumb parades
of some malaise with kindred spirits.
is there some trick to finding out the truth?
Confucius say I'm so confused.

I keep fawning for the light of tired television.
I keep dog-pawing at the lap of indecision.
All this silence is for you.
All this silence is for you.

You're a jungle baby, I'm just a little panther.
You're a puzzle baby, I'm just a little answer.

If there's angst in my homage you'll be the first to
hear it.
If you're locked in my collage there's no reason to
fear it.
It just grew and grew and grew and grew.
Like a vine I grew and grew to you.

I should find the woods, my mind is good if I can clear
it.
I'll be understood under the hood of leaves and lyrics.
My desire grew and grew and grew.
And now it's just too huge for you.

You're a party baby, I'm just a little dancer.
You're a puzzle baby, I'm just a little answer.

I can see you underneathe the fascade.

You're a dark night baby, I'm just a little lantern.
You're a puzzle baby, I'm just a little answer.