

Frank O'Hara
Standing in the subway
Imagined you beside me
As if you could hide me
Love won that day
Lifted all of us up
What would you have written?
Would words have even been enough?

Drove through deserts
Garbage in the meadows
Saw ourselves in windows
Hidden in the shadows
No one really knew us
Not the way we wanted
So we had to listen
To the voices haunting us

So this is love
This is love
So this is love
This is love

Frank O'Hara
Wish you could've been there
You and me and mother
And all your former lovers
I was always with you
Though we're not the same
I know what it was to
Grow up with the shame

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