

They tell me love is where it falls
But just as randomly it falls to pieces
It doesn't really go away
Just gets a bit less every day
It feels entropic as the heat increases

I pick out the urchin's spines
You get back up on your many crosses
I think that April's cruel but fair
Something destructive in the air
After summer we can count the losses

It's bittersweet (without the sweet)
Honey from the rock (without the honey)
Was never absolutely clean
Never really love's young dream:
A pair of fairly fucked up bunnies

I could have come to you tonight
Hold your hands and feel the world unravel
So tired of everything we know
See how the cliches flock like crows
Pretty soon we're back to flint and gravel:
Back to wrangling in the bar
Raking through some existential drivel
It was grudgingly sublime or possibly a waste of time
We sit back and watch the roses shrivel

It's bittersweet (without the sweet)
Honey from the rock (without the honey)
An unedifying scene
Both ridiculous and mean
Seems the pessimists were on the money

There's not a lot to do tonight
I will not say that we have learned some lessons
Was just a bloody mess that
I will not attempt to dignify
Consistent with our first impressions...

Just bittersweet without the sweet
Bittersweet without the sweet
Just bittersweet without the sweet