

Why Did I Write The Book Of Love

Sondre Lerche

Why did I write the book of love before I knew your name?
Why did I memorize the rules, but never play the game?
The news are full of lobbyists, and demagogues, and populists
And you can be as tough to read, but infinitely more rewarding

Why did I write the book of love before I knew your name?
Why did I waste such precious time fear-mongering in vain?
The universe is full of misplaced privilege and misogyny
And you are both the privilege and the challenge I deserve, I hope

So, why are we not enough to save the world, to save ourselves?
And why are we not enough for me?
I'll never get to heaven, never get to hell
I'll never get it right if I can't get out of my own way

Why did I write the book of love before I knew your name?
Why did I go to all that trouble to fan a dying flame?
The truth is compromised by a creeping normality of lies
But you have the distracting touch that gets me to the church in time

So, why are we not enough to save the world, and save ourselves?
Oh, why are we not enough for me
I'll never get to heaven, never get to hell
I'll never get it right if I can't get out of my own way

The truth is hard to reckon with
You f*ck with it, it f*cks you silly
Why did I write the book of love before I knew your name?
Why did we never meet-cute on the power walk of shame?
The world is full of tragedies and efforts to desensitize us
Never let me off the hook
Just hold me so accountable

Oh, why are we not enough to save the world, to save ourselves?
Oh, why are we not enough for me?
I'll never get to heaven, never get to hell
We'll never get it right if we can't get out of my own
Never to roll our eyes again
Never, never get it right if we can't get out of our own
Never get to patronize and polarize
Will never get it right if we can't get out of our own ass