

# Zen & The Art Of Dating

The The

Welcome to the world of singledom  
Microwave dinners made for one  
Lies in her bed, stares into space  
Wistfully thinks of their last embrace  
But, there's plenty more fish in that ocean  
Someone with genuine emotion

The bottle is empty - it's getting late  
Types in the virtues of her perfect mate  
Committed, kind, clean body and mind  
Solvent, truthful, refined  
Adds an alias for anonymity  
A postcode for proximity

Concealing her age, revealing her doubt  
That staying in is the new going out  
But, she's dreaming of whiskery lips  
Kissing their way from ankles to hips  
Breasts are yearning, loins are burning  
Flirting with the point of no returning

Swipe to the left, swipe to the right  
She needs somebody tonight  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!  
The passionate cries of shared desires  
She needs somebody tonight  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!

Sitting at the bar, mindlessly drinking  
Eating crisps and thinking  
It's making him anxious, bruising his heart  
She seems happier now they're apart  
Though he was the one who fled their cage  
He's now the question mark on the empty page!

But life is short, it's growing dark  
Is tonight the night he'll make a fresh start?  
Is travel more satisfying than destination?  
The chase more exciting than consummation?  
Wrestling with thoughts he dare not speak  
He feels so shallow it's almost deep

Then three pints down - he's feeling fine!  
He's nowhere, everywhere, at the same time  
Bullied by his bodily urges  
Checks his phone and recent searches  
The fluid starts to rise  
That familiar throb deep inside

Swipe to the left, swipe to the right  
He needs somebody tonight  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!  
The passionate cries of shared desires  
He needs somebody tonight  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!

A vast mosaic of electric eyes

Watches the slaves of desires  
The virtual lives - lonely struggling  
Endless lies - loveless coupling  
The dance of strangers who'll never meet  
Hearts worn thin by restless feet

The faster they chase, the further it runs  
The deeper it cuts, the quicker it numbs  
Though it's a cliché, maybe it's true?  
That only when you stop searching for love  
Will love come searching for you

Swipe to the left, swipe to the right  
We need somebody tonight  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!  
The passionate cries of shared desires  
We need somebody tonight  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!  
Oh yeah? Oh yeah!