Poppy

Edgar Broughton Band

I'm not looking for a mommy
Don't seem like you need a poppy
Plenty of time till you're an old lady
And the same for me before I'm an old man
We could celebrate it monthly
How we stayed individuated
Oh kid, congratulations
You held on to your dear dear dear identitiy
Even while spending so much time with me
I see two blackbirds in the yard
They are paired together
They are feeding
They are flying
They are fucking
I see two dragonflies do the same in midair
There is something
Special in the air
We wake up in the same bed
But with different bodies

God bless our separate heads
Oh desire will run about
That's what the geese were all roaring about
The fact that our love
Is not that kind of love
Not that selfish love
Says what's yours is mine
And what's mine is yours
I don't need to turn you out
You don't need to turn me into your whore
We are not some rutting pair of wild boars
We're just psyched so psyched
So psyched so fucking psyched
That's what the geese are all roaring about
That's what their hearts were all open about
Our love
That kind of love
Unselfish love

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