

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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