

Mismatch

Harry Chapin

At first you seemed just like my dream of a finer better life
Much more than I could ask for in a lover or a wife
Though I work with my body and my work makes my hands rough
There are gentle things inside me that are anythin' but tough
There are lessons you could teach me, things I do
not know
Things I've never done, girl, and places we could go
But you only wear your tailored suits for me to rip and tear
Ah, can't I hold you quietly and smell your perfumed hair
I saw you as the answer that I never dared to dream
I saw you as the window into a world I'd never seen
I saw you as the vision come to raise me from the mud
But you came to use my sweat to cool, the fever in your blood
I'm not Marlon Brando on his motorcycle bike
When you call me your animal, it's a name I do not like
Oh, please, do not tear my back, yes, of course I bleed
The violence you thirst for is not what I need
Your silken skin is armor that begs for brutal hands
But why can't I be gentle and tell you of my plans
And I know now that you're usin' me, not I just usin' you
And you're not so scared of losin' me, as I of losin' you
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life
Much more than I could ask for in a lover or a wife
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Songwriters

CHAPIN, HARRY F. Published by
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