Song Beneath The Song

Maria Taylor

Cryptic words meander
Now there is a song beneath the song
One day you'll learn
You'll soon discern its true meaning
An interesting detachment
A listless poem of love sincere
Desire, despair
Overlapping melodies
And it's not a love, it's not a love
It's not a love, it's not a love song
It's not a love, it's not a love, it's not a love song
It's not a love, it's not a love, it's not a love song
Oh, now the roots are reminiscing
Recurring dreams of minor chords
Metered time, muted chimes
Find the beat
And in the pulse there lies conviction
A steady push and pull routine
The cymbals swell
High notes flail into reach
And it's not a love, it's not a love
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