

# The Cowardly Lion Doesn't Write Love Songs

## Flatsound

Turnin' on the TV, you were 14

You said my mom's asleep,

We won't get caught,

Do you wanna watch?

And I could hear the traffic

That I know you're ignoring,

But I let it into my life

To thicken the air I breathe.

It was at the bus stop that a woman cried

And I could tell she was different

By the look in her eyes

And I don't know what she said,

But I felt what she meant in her honesty.

Then I went to your house that night

And I told you about the woman's eyes

And the words in her mouth

And how I wouldn't mind

Taking her advice one day,

But I'm The Cowardly Lion.

I leave quietly

If that means  
A better chance to commemorate  
What we had  
When you were happy.  
This isn't a love song,  
No, not in the least  
I just miss you watching my TV  
When I'm writin',  
So I can hear you laughin'.  
I swear to God I still hear you,  
When I close my eyes  
And you tell me  
I'm not gonna die  
Like you used to, before I did this.  
You're the sunlight  
That I wish would leave,  
I'm the rain cloud, I don't wanna be  
Cuz the more you're gone,  
The more I grow pale.  
I grow pale.  
You're the sunlight  
That I wish would leave,  
I'm the rain cloud, I don't wanna be

Cuz the more you're gone,

The more I grow pale.

I grow pale.

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