

Lovers by Rote

Iain Matthews

Lovers by rote
Strange in their roles
Chained at the throat to feel tight
With eyes that can shoot
lighting or light
threaten each night with leaving

Beneath your darkened eyes
investigation is underway
Just so you can find
how he handles the pleasure
and the pain
You question him about his love
You question him until he crawls
Stupid questions about love
are the stupidest questions
of them all

When youth seems to growl
and its shininess goes cold
And love could make you older instantly
But don't feel so mature
'cause when love's gotta last
Aging too fast is a tragedy

Beneath your darkened eyes
investigation is underway
Just so you can find
how he handles the pleasure
and the pain
You question him about his love
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Well, you inherited your mind
like it was so much cash
You better take out some insurance
on what keeps you attached

I got the only words to tell you
Itâ€™s a matter of fact
You gotta make your mind your own
before you find your mind a match

All you really got to do
is tug a little leash
to feel yourself constricted
All you really got to do
is think about the crime
to find yourself convicted

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Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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