Read About Love

Richard Thompson

Asked my daddy when I was thirteen
Daddy can you tell me what love really means?
His eyes went glassy, not a word was said
He poured another beer and his face turned redAsked my mother, she acted the same
She never looked up, she seemed so ashamed
Asked my teacher, he reached for the cane
He said, "don't mention that subject again"Read about love, I read it in a magazine
Read about love, Cosmo and Seventeen
Read about love, in the back of a Hustler, Hustler, HustlerSo I know what makes girls sigh
And I know why girls cry
So don't tell me I don't understand
What makes a woman and what makes a man
I've never been to heaven but at lest
I've read about loveMy big brother told me when I was fourteen
It's time I showed you what love really means
Girls like kissing and romance too
But a boy's got to know what a man's got to doHe gave me a book, the cover was plain
Written by a doctor with a German name
It had glossy pictures, serious stuff
I read it seven times, then I knew it well enoughRead about love, now I've got you
Read about love, where I want you
Read about love, got you on the test bed, test bed, test bedSo why-don't you moan and sigh
Why do you sit there and cry?
I do everything I'm supposed to do
If something's wrong, then it must be you
I know the ways of a woman
I've read about loveWhen I touch you there it's supposed to feel nice
That's what it said in reader's advice
I've never been to heaven but at least
I've read about love

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