

Monologue for an Old True Love

Isobel Campbell

Tell me how I play around
So you say, "I don't want you"
Go and play your little game
But still I'm going to haunt you now Wearing your guitar
Letting your soul cry
Look into my eyes Every time you miss the point
Yet every time you scold me
Talking so self-righteously
'Bout everything you showed me, boy Wearing your guitar
Letting your soul cry
Look into my eyes And still your spirit comes to me
You were the one for life
You brightened up the sun for me
Even through all the fights And still your spirit comes to me
You were the one for life
You brightened up the sun for me
Even through all the fights This is not 'bout what we see
A silhouette or color
This is not 'bout gaining points
But loving one and other Say you're angry now
Though I wonder why
You've got them 'round your little finger You say you're angry now
Though I wonder why
The pattern it was in full swing, yeah yeah yeah Say you're angry now
Though I wonder why
You've got them 'round your little finger

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