

Psychosocial

Brooke Fraser

I love your projection but I don't love you
Your perceived perfection though it's just not true
I want an escape and tonight that's you

You are my victim, you are my muse
Just one specimen of a multitude
I want a cliché I can click on cue

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Give me all access, give me what I want
The companionship of your tableau vivants
I'm entertained until I'm not

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You don't call, you don't write
It's like I don't even know you
You don't look, you never reply
And you won't cos I'm a

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I love your protection but I don't love you

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