

# Starlings

## The Brute Chorus

How dare the Premier ignore my invitations?  
He'll have to go  
So, to the bunch he luncheons with  
It's second on my list of things to do  
At the top I'm stopping by  
Your place of work and acting like  
I haven't dreamed of you and I  
And marriage in an orange grove  
You are the only thing  
In any room you're ever in  
I'm stubborn, selfish and too old  
I sat you down and told you how  
The truest love that's ever found is for oneself  
You pulled apart my theory  
With a weary and disinterested sigh  
So yes, I guess I'm asking you  
To back a horse that's good for glue and nothing else  
But find a man that's truer than  
Find a man that needs you more than I  
Sit with me a while  
And let me listen to you talk about  
Your dreams and your obsessions  
I'll be quiet and confessional  
The violets explode inside me  
When I meet your eyes  
Then I'm spinning and I'm diving  
Like a cloud of starlings  
Darling, is this love?

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