

Our Love is Senile

of Montreal

So now she's turning a corner,
Wants to leave me again,
Though its sad I really should warn her, you can only break up so many times
before losing us to absurdity without becoming forced to call.
She said, "How can we continue
If you're telling the truth, I still don't believe you."
So now she's getting tired
Wondering if it's a peak or precipice,
And just how to labor forward
When her man is a mess and never there.
Though its sad being apart,
Its much worse being together in silence
Because more than civility
We need laughter, happiness, madness, anything.
Our love is senile, like a blind child bumping into walls,
Say its not guilt keeping us together
How can we support each other's wills.
Our love is senile, like we don't recognize each other
Somehow we've relapsed to being strangers
The scuttling of tires in our sacred realm
Now it's time to play the socialist, and protect our little chick
From our problems, confusion, this evasiveness is no solution.

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