

# Love Puppets

## Legendary Pink Dots

You offered me a cigarette, I pirouette... with silhouettes of statuettes.  
We're ice behind a window. Would you be my widow? Would you even be my  
wife? Life's not long enough for questions of sessions over cakes and  
coffees. Therapy, I've had enough of - I want to change things overnight,  
because I've been alone too long.. too long.. too long...And you say you understand me when I hardly know  
myself.

So much talk so many theories - it's really such a bore for me.

The story stays the same - it goes on and on...

What gives you the right to analyze? You paralyze me with your probing.

In the end I just agree... Maybe we're just puppets after all.

Love puppets. (not glove puppets! Hearts of gold, souls on string.

My soul's on a string... Love Puppets! My heart's a shiny gold.)Why the tricks? Why the teasers? Can't I even  
please you for an hour?

Won't you simply listen? I've got a lot to say  
about us and plans and things that we could do...

(I need you NOW don't leave me...)

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