

Van Gogh

Skating Polly

Don't sketch a house from the trace in our head
Grow it from the ground and live there instead
Take everything we own and move it to our brain
Pretend for days we're Magdalene and Jefferson May. I don't know a thing about love before Van Gogh
I don't know a thing about love before stereo. Maggie and Jeff fall asleep on the porch
Listening to music that wasn't like yours
Two little Indie-Annies sing along, holding hands,
Don't even know that's not what love is. I don't know a thing about love before Van Gogh
I don't know a thing about love before stereo. Please don't bore yourself; you're just as bad as I am
I know you're mad that I laughed at your life.
Who ever really cared? It was just your parents who tried. (Sweet dreams my darling, I won't take your money,
Obsessive and creepy, Upsetting and eerie) I don't know a thing about love before Van Gogh
I don't know a thing about love before stereo.

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