

Tantric Romantic

Abbe May

Singing along to the cheesy love songs
Madonna, Timberlake, Rihanna and K-Pop
Walking around like a non-cerebral
Love zombie with a taste for love not evil
Like when he said I couldn't make the scene
And I replaced him with a drum machine
She said I'd never find better
But I replaced her with a ...
And later on with someone better better better better
And afterwards when I feel like a cigarette
I hold back 'cause I know you don't like the smell of it
I taking corners in fourth gear
One hand on your thigh, the other just to steer
And unlike you, when I open my mouth
I open my mouth and the suburbs come out
Tantric romantic I sleep alone in the suburbs tonight
And above me summer birds circle against a pink and blue sky
I think of you on the other side of a continental divide
Sending me photos from your mobile of you smiling
And right then I don't know quite why
But it's more than implied, it's like a flood tide
Inside, outside, inside, best side, worldwide, I sighed
And the world got better better better better

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