

# SMOTHER LOVE

Crass

The true romance is the ideal repression  
That you seek, that you dream of, that you look for in the streets  
That you find in the magazines, the cinema, the glossy shops  
And the music spins you round and round looking for the props  
The silken robe, the perfect little ring  
Will give you the illusion when it doesn't mean a thing  
Step outside into the street and staring from the wall  
Is perfection of the happiness that makes you feel so small  
Romance, can you dance? D'you fit the right description?  
Do you love me? Do you love me?  
Do you want me for your own?  
Do you love me, say you need me  
So you know that I'm the one  
Tell me I'm your everything, let us build a home  
We can build a house for two, with little ones to follow  
The proof of our normality that justifies tomorrow  
Romance, romance  
Do you love me? Say you do  
We can leave the world behind and make it just for two  
Love don't make the world go round, it holds it right in place  
Keeps us thinking love's too pure to see another face  
Love's another skin-trap, another social weapon  
Another way to make men slaves and women at their beckon  
Love's another sterile gift, another shit condition  
That keeps us seeing just the one and others not existing  
Woman in a holy myth, a gift of mans expression  
She's sweet, defenceless, golden-eyed, a gift of gods repression  
If we didn't have these codes for love, of tokens and positions  
We'd find ourselves as lovers still, not tokens of possessions  
It's a natural, it's a romance, without the power and greed  
We can fight to life the cover if you want to sow a seed  
Do you love me? Do you? Do you? Don't you see they aim to smother  
The actual possibilities of seeing all the others?

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