Asking Too Much

Andrea Gibson

I want you to tell me about every person youâ€™ve ever been in love with. Tell me why you loved them, then tell me why they loved you. Tell me about a day in your life you didnâ€™t think youâ€™d live through. Tell me what the word â€œhomeâ€• means to you and tell me in a way that Iâ€™ll know your mothers name just by the way you descri your bed room when you were 8. See, I wanna know the first time you felt the weight of hate and if that day still trembles beneath your bones. Do you prefer to play in puddles of rain or bounce in the bellies of snow? And if you were to build a snowman, would you rip two branches from a tree to build your snowman arms? Or would you leave the snowman armless for the sake of being harmless to the tree? And if you would, would you notice how that tree weeps for you because your snowman has no arms to hug you every time you kiss him on the cheek? Do you kiss your friends on the cheek? Do you sleep beside them when theyâ€™re sad, even if it makes your lover mad? Do you think that anger is a sincere emotion or just the timid motion of a fragile heart trying to beat away its pain? See, I wanna know what you think of your first name. And if you often lie awake at night and imagine your mothers joy when she spoke it for the very first time. I want you tell me all the ways youâ€™ve been unkind. Tell me all the ways youâ€™ve been cruel. Tell meâ€”knowing I often picture Gandhi at ten years old beating up little boys at school. If you were walking by a chemical plant, where smoke stacks were filling the sky with dark, black clouds, would you holler, â€œPoison! Poison! Poison!â€• really loud or would whisper, â€œThat cloud loo like a fish, and that cloud looks like a fairyâ€•? Do you believe that Mary was really a virgin? Do you believe that Moses really parted the sea? And if you donâ€™t believe in miracles, tell me, how would you explain the miracle of my life to me? See, I wanna know if you believe in any god, or if you believe in many gods. Or better yet, what gods believe in you. And for all the times youâ€™ve knelt before the temple of yourself, have the prayers youâ€™ve asked come true? And if they didnâ€™t did you feel denied? And if you felt denied, denied by who[m]? I wanna know what you see when you look in the mirror on a day youâ€™re feeling good. I wanna know what you see in the mirror on a day a day youâ€™re feeling bad. I wanna know the first person who ever taught you your beauty could ever be reflected on a lousy piece of glass. If you ever reach enlightenment, will you remember how to laugh? Have you ever been a song? Would you think less of me if I told you I have lived my entire life a little off key and Iâ€™m not nearly as smart as my poetry I just plagiarized the thoughts of the people around me who have learned the wisdom of silence. Do you believe that concrete perpetuates violence? And if you do I want you to tell me of a meadow where my skateboard will soar. See, I wanna know more than what you do for a living. I wanna know how much of your life you spend just giving. And if you love yourself enough to also receive sometimes. I wanna know if you bleed sometimes through other peopleâ€™s wounds. And if you dream sometimes that this life is just a balloon that if you wanted to you could popâ€”but you never would because youâ€™d never want it to stop. If a tree fell in the forest, and you were the only one there to hear it, if its fall to the ground didnâ€™t make a sound, would you panic in fear that you didnâ€™t exist or would you bask in the bliss of your nothingness? And lastly, let me ask you this: if you and I went for a walk, and the entire walk we didnâ€™t talk, do you think eventually weâ€™d kiss? No way. Thatâ€™s askinâ€™ too muchâ€”after all, this is only our first date.

Lyrics submitted by Lindsay.

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