

Song Beneath the Song

[Maria Taylor](#)

Cryptic words meander
Now there is a song beneath the song
One day you'll learn
You'll soon discern its true meaningAn interesting detachment
A listless poem of love sincere
Desire, despair
Overlapping melodiesAnd it's not a love, it's not a love
It's not a love, it's not a love song
It's not a love, it's not a love, it's not a love song
It's not a love, it's not a love, it's not a love songOh, now the roots are reminiscing
Recurring dreams of minor chords
Metered time, muted chimes
Find the beatAnd in the pulse there lies conviction
A steady push and pull routine
The cymbals swell
High notes flail into reachAnd it's not a love, it's not a love
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