

Following Love

Richard McGraw

Cannot find the company
To keep this heart alive
Its standards and requirements
Are of the strictest kind
And the local girls resistants
Does not help me with my efforts
In fact I think theyre here to torture me tonight
Its a fine night for torture
Ill supply the weapons
Like these old high school tools
That tells me that I need her
And this phonebook treatment
That tells me not to call her anymore
And all of my friends are rock star scholars
And they all seem to agree
That there is no love or comfort
In the presence of plain company
And though I question their intentions
And their claims to be scholarly
The half truths ring like full truths to me
And if I seem dissatisfied
With Mrs. Read Between the Lines
Shes number 45
Or so numbers are labels they are given by angels
No thats not a blessing, no thats not a blessing in disguise
Like these old high school tools
That tells me that I need her
And these football buddies
That tell me to go get her
And the oldest of men in me
That speaks to angelically
He asks her: is it worth the effort
And the time Ill spend alone with a woman I can not see
Can be chalked up to the youngest or the oldest of men in me
Yes I despise my coming to or falling on these
notions
Its the life that stabs and stings of her perfection
She was close enough to perfection
You can check the records
She was not 17, she was not hanging off grocery store machines
Like these old high school tools
That tells me that I need her
And this phonebook treatment
That tells me not to call her anymore

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