(Ir)reverence

Dan Smith

These chords make her so happy, especially when he plays them that way
What she says makes him so happy, complimenting him all day
Well I don't love you, but I love your songs
Well I don't love you, but your words make me feel like I belongShe begs him to keep playing these chords
even though he and they may get a little tired
And he implores her to keep saying that stuff because her hollow words are keeping him
inspired
Well I don't love you, but your songs are keeping
me amused
Well I don't love you, but you'll do as an
adequate museWell I love the opticians, 'cause it's not your fault if
your eyes are bad
And they can't make you feel guilty, and they're
hardly gonna blame your mum and dad
The doctors and the dentists, can see how much you've indulged
By learning of what condition you're in, they can
tell what you've never divulged
And it's up to you to look after yourself, which is
so boring, ring, ring, bring me downWell I don't love you, but I love your songs
Well I don't love you, but your words make me
feel like I belong.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/