

# Curable Disease

## Blake Mills

Go on and taste your dreams, leave me with the bill.

And miss me half as much as you say you will.

You can make me believe that you need me still.

Love may be a curable disease,

those dreams they are like pills.Let me/[They may] dangle you, like a worm out on a line.

I'll make you the household name,

like they have advertised.

Does it concern you now, does it even cross your mind?

That love could be a misquotation:

"your dreams they are not/[now] mine".And in the light of the day, what have you got/[done]?

Are you for sale, or are you bought?

Is there a 'best if used by' date, written on the top?

I don't believe that it's wrong to have heard love,

and dared the cost. [?]

But love can be a mistranslation,

and lines can be crossed.And if you can taste your dreams, leave me with the bill.

If you can miss me half as much as you say you will,

You can make me believe that you need me still.

Your dreams have been a false ID

that made you look like someone else.

And the writing on the wall, just like water on a windowsill.

They say love can be a curable disease.

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