

The Nihilist's Best Attempt Yet at a Love Song

I'm not as clever as you are beautiful if that makes sense
You sound like angels dreaming about paying their mortgages
I promised you I'd write your love songs, I can't stand the suspense
It's not as easy as I thought discarding insecurities in present tense

I know it's not much
I'm writing Smiths songs, channeling Elton John
Nothing I can write will ever tell enough
I'm a pale and anxious, nihilist but darling
I care for us

Walking round through baggage claims, like tax evading presidents
Two notes on piano keys can tell you more than texts I've sent
Sleeping under overgrown old willows in loving self defence
You can trust me unlike men who lie and violate the world of their pretence

I know it's not much
I'm writing Smiths songs, channeling Elton John
Nothing I can write will ever tell enough
I'm a pale and anxious, nihilist but darling
I care for us