

It's Kind Of

(Richard Lamplough)

So delirious..

*It's kind of you to see me; I'm such a lonely child.
It's cruel to wear that t-shirt; you should know it drives me wild.
It's kind of you for smiling and turning autumn into spring.
It's kind to sing my praises when I'm the one whose meant to sing.
It's kind to let me hold you and push you deep into the groove,
And not laughing when I told you how much I love your every move.*

*Though every square inch of my body just begs you to stay,
It's kind of you to leave me... It's kind of easier that way.*

*It's kind of you to phone me when you've got better things to do.
You're like a golden ray of sunshine; I'm like a murky shade of blue.
It's kind of you to ask me how wonderfully I slept,
The truth is when it comes to sleeping, I'm wonderfully inept.
Instead of letting me undress you in the half light of regret,
Instead of letting me caress you in the dark and warm and wet,
(I'm porous, ignore us)*

*You were clear that it just couldn't happen and I have to say,
You're kind to be so certain... It's kind of easier that way.*

*And though it still hurts now each minute, each hour, each day.
It's kinder in the long term... It's kind of easier that way.*