Damien Rice, The Professor & La Fille Danse

Well I don't know if I'm wrong
'Cause she's only just gone
Here's to another relationship
Bombed by my excellent breed of gamete disease
I'm sure when I'm older I'll know what that means
Cried when she should and she laughed when she could
Here's to the man with his face in the mud
And an overcast play just taken away
From the lover's in love at the centre of stage, yeah

Loving is fine if you have plenty of time
For walking on stilts at the edge of your mind
Loving is good if your dick's made of wood
But the dick left inside only half understood her

What makes her come?
What makes her stay?
What make the animal run, run away yeah
What makes him stall, what makes him stand
And what shakes the elephant now
And what makes a man?
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
No I don't know you anymore
No, no, no, no...

I don't know if I'm wrong
'Cause shes only just gone
Why the fuck is this day taking so long
I was a lover of time when once she was mine
I was a lover indeed, I was covered in weed
Cried when she should and she laughed when she could
Well closer to god is the one who's in love
And I walk away cause I can
Too many options may kill a man

Loving is fine if it's not in your mind
But I've fucked it up now, too many times
Loving is good if it's not understood
Yeah, but I'm the professor
And feel that I should know

What makes her come and what makes her stay?
What make the animal run, run away and
What makes him tick apart from his prick
And the lonelier side of the jealousy stick
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
No I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
No I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
Hell I don't know you anymore
No, no, no no...

Well I don't know if I'm wrong
'Cause she's only just gone
Here's to another relationship
Bombed by my excellent breed of gamete disease
I finished it off with some French wine and cheese

La fille danse
Quand elle joue avec moi
Et je pense que je l'aime des fois
Le silence, n'ose pas dis-donc
Quand on est ensemble
Mettre les mots
Sur la petite dodo