Gaba Kulka, In the Lens

There's a fair tall man in a black parked car
with a blood-red heart in the shape of a cigar
I enter in the east, I leave in the west
With his hands on my shoulders - he says:
They're giving, taking, taking again and mistaking
one for the other, they can't get anywhere that way
Whereas our love is the kind of love that scars, so
they can't do better if they try
Won't you calm down, child
I consulted God about our feelings
He says he will grant three wishes if we let him go
They couldn't play us anymore
They couldn't shoot and write the score
If they would like obedience
chop our celluloid middle fingers
They couldn't script this anymore
They couldn't budget out this
whole humongous, paranoid, scardelicious thing called love
This thing called love
Well, the Hollywood execs lead you to the stairs
they shoot through your knees and expect you to climb first
And all the breadcrumbs you followed have fallen through the cracks
between chorus-girl Jills and the walk-on Jacks
They know, they gotta pay their dues to go
But, oh, they're slow, with no concept of a kitchen door
and only fools keep
Giving, giving, having nothing to believe in
they'll just get used and thrown away with nothing left to say
Whereas our love is the kind of love that scars, so
they can't do better if they try
Won't you hold on, child
I consulted God about our contract
There's an option to prolong it till the Judgement Day
Later -I just cannot say, well
They couldn't play us anymore
They couldn't shoot and write the score
If they would like obedience
chop our celluloid middle fingers off
They couldn't script this anymore
They couldn't budget out this
whole humongous, paranoid, scardelicious thing called love
This thing called love
Now, won't you
Look in the lens
Look in the lens, for me, now
Look in the lens, I'm in there
Look in the lens
I will be there
Look in the lens
Wave at the lens
Blow a kiss at the lens
Look straight into
In the lens
I will be there
Look at the lens
Look in the lens