

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Love Puppets

You offered me a cigarette, I pirouette... with silhouettes of statuettes.  
We're ice behind a window. Would you be my widow? Would you even be my  
wife? Life's not long enough for questions of sessions over cakes and  
coffees. Therapy, I've had enough of - I want to change things overnight,  
because I've been alone too long.. too long.. too long...

And you say you understand me when I hardly know myself.  
So much talk so many theories - it's really such a bore for me.  
The story stays the same - it goes on and on...  
What gives you the right to analyze? You paralyze me with your probing.  
In the end I just agree... Maybe we're just puppets after all.  
Love puppets. (not glove puppets! Hearts of gold, souls on string.  
My soul's on a string... Love Puppets! My heart's a shiny gold.)

Why the tricks? Why the teasers? Can't I even please you for an hour?  
Won't you simply listen? I've got a lot to say  
about us and plans and things that we could do...  
(I need you NOW don't leave me...)