

# Poppy

## TV on the Radio

I'm not looking for a mommy  
Don't seem like you need a poppy  
Plenty of time till you're an old lady  
And the same for me before I'm an old man We could celebrate it monthly  
How we stayed individuated  
Oh kid, congratulations  
You've held on to your dear, dear, dear identity  
Even while spending so much time with me I see two blackbirds in the yard  
They are paired together  
They are feeding  
They are flying  
They are fucking  
I see two dragonflies do the same in midair  
There is something special in the air We wake up in the same bed  
But with different bodies  
God bless our separate heads  
Oh, desire will run about That's what the geese were all roaring about  
The fact that our love  
Is not that kind of love  
Not that selfish love Says what's yours is mine  
And what's mine is yours I don't need to turn you out  
You don't need to turn me into your whore  
We are not some rutting pair of wild boars  
We're just psyched, so psyched  
So psyched, so fucking psyched  
That's what the geese are all roaring about  
That's what their hearts were all open about Our love  
That kind of love  
Unselfish love

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>