

Saint Valentine's Day

Little Steven

It's nice that I can trust you with my secrets
Your reputation for discretion is well-known
And I appreciate the glimpse into your misery
Tell me just one thing and then you're on your own
Am I still pencilled in on your calendar
Am I still the late night call when you got nothing to say
I know it's Thanksgiving Night and you say you love me
But who'll be the last lover standing come Saint Valentine's Day
Was it adventure, was it fear or
sanctuary
That was a trip a bit far out, even for you
I know you're busy directing your lifelong documentary
You never mentioned what part you wanted me to do
Am I still pencilled in on your calendar,
Am I still the late night call when you got nothing to say
I know it's Christmas morning and you say you love me
But who'll be the last lover standing come Saint Valentine's Day
I held my cards close to my
vest when the table got kicked over
It's what wanted but your mouth said nothing, your eyes even less
Now even your gallery of pigeons has been picked off by the vultures
There's only one thing left for you to confess
Am I still pencilled in on your calendar
Am I still the late night call when you got nothing to say
I know it's New Year's Eve and you say you love me
Ah but who'll be the last lover standing,
Who'll be the last lover standing
Who'll be the last lover standing
Come Saint Valentine's Day
All right.....

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