

## 07 Not What Love Is About

If you don't leave,  
    I'm gonna throw you out,  
Got nothin' but insults  
    comin' out of your mouth,  
I won't be treated  
    like this in my house,  
Cause that's not what love is about  
It's not what love is about,  
    not what love is about.

You heard what I said,  
    do I have to shout?  
You just complain,  
    criticize, and doubt,  
Shouldn't be so hard  
    for you to figure it out,  
It's just not what love is about,  
No, it's not what love is about,  
    not what love is about.

It's not what you give,  
    it's the thought that counts.  
You give till it hurts,  
    your blood by the ounce.  
Your love is so precious  
    you parcel it out,  
No, it's not what love is about.  
It's not what love is about,  
    not what love is about.  
It's not what love is about,  
    not what love is about.

This is the passionate protest of hateful contempt and a broken heart. This is about a relationship in abuse. There is only the bond of mutual antagonism remaining with negative intimacy. This is expressed in stingy small gestures—unwillingly granted—for self-serving purposes without spontaneous kindness. But love and hate have the same energy. The opposite of both is apathy. My root of bitterness justified a multitude of sins. Later, when I forgave, love covered a multitude of sins in reconciliation.