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Scene 9

Reference number PT0356

GIORGIO

Is this what you call love?
This endless and insatiable
Smothering
Pursuit of me,
You think that this is love?

I'm sorry that you're lonely,
I'm sorry that you want me as you do.
I'm sorry that I fail to feel
The way you wish me to feel,
I'm sorry that you're ill,
I'm sorry you're in pain,
I'm sorry that you aren't beautiful.
But yes, I wish you'd go away
And leave me alone.

Everywhere I turn,
There you are.
This is not love,
But some kind of obsession.
Will you never learn
When too far is too far,
Have you no concern
For what I feel,
What I want?
Love is what you earn,
And return,
When you care for another
So much that the other's
Set free.
Don't you see?
Can't you understand?

Love's not a constant demand,
It's a gift you bestow.
Love isn't sudden surrender,
It's tender and slow.
It must grow.

Yet ev'rywhere I go,
You appear,
Or I know
You are near.
This is not love,
Just a need for possession.
Call it what you will,
This is not love,
This is the reverse,
Like a curse,
Something out of control.
I've begun to fear for my soul...