

****Verse 1****

I used to think in sentences,
in *if* and *therefore*, *not* and *and* —
cold little symbols on a page,
a logic I could understand.
But love don't fit in propositions,
and red ain't *true* and red ain't *false* —
red is a place inside a room
where all the warm dimensions pause.

****Verse 2****

Peter told me, *älskling*, listen:
meaning has a shape, a size.
Concepts live in conceptual spaces —
geometry behind your eyes.
Sweet is a point, and sour another,
and somewhere in between is *mild*.
You navigate it like a city
you have known since you were a child.

****Chorus****

So reason with me, reason in colors,
reason in distance, reason in tone.
Don't give me a syllogism, darling —
give me a region I can call my own.
Convex and quiet, prototypical,
the center holds, the edges blur...
A thought is a neighborhood, lover,
and I have been living in *her*.

****Verse 3****

A bird is more a robin than a penguin —
that's not a lie, that's how we *know*.
Similarity bends the compass,
the typical lights the way we go.
And every word you ever whispered
landed somewhere on a map —
hue and brightness, pitch and timbre,
folded in my mental lap.

****Verse 4****

They drew the borders like Voronoi —
each meaning keeps its gentle ground,
nearest to its own dear prototype,
and that is how the world is found.
No axioms, no cold deduction,
just the geometry of care:
to mean is to inhabit something,
to think is to be *somewhere*.

****Chorus (reprise, half-time)****

So reason with me, reason in colors,
reason in distance, reason in tone.
Don't give me a theorem tonight, my love —
give me a region I can call my own.
Convex and quiet, prototypical,
the dimensions hum, the categories purr...
A thought is a neighborhood, *raring*,
and I have been living in *her*.

****Bridge****

(*spoken, almost — the way Monica could*)

The Swedes have a word for it,
the way a meaning *feels* before it speaks.
Gärdenfors says: thought has a body,
thought has a shape, thought has cheeks.
And when I miss you, I don't argue —
I move through a space I cannot name,
where every point recalls another,
and nothing is ever quite the same.

****Outro****

So put away the propositions,
pour another, dim the floor.
I'll meet you in the conceptual evening,
in the room where thoughts live —
and nothing more.