

David Sylvian, Pop Song

Behind the iron gates
The shifts were worked in silence
Each weekend beckoned like Ulysses's sirens
And as the words were few
We'd listen to the radio
It was loud, and irritated me so

I'll tell you I love you
Like my favourite pop song

These promises won't keep
Though every road begins and ends with you
The fall still hurts, the bruise still blue
I'll paint you pictures of bright tomorrows
But the money goes and the time goes to

I'll tell you I love you
"Like the stars above you"
Like my favourite pop song

Wild, unwise, trivialised, untrue

We squander these gifts
Like another Sunday supplement
There's just so much cash in the hands of the government

I'll tell you I love you
Like my favourite pop song