

# David Sylvian, Pop Song

Behind the iron gates  
The shifts were workes 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  
Theres just so much cash in the hands of the government

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