

# James Reyne, No Such Thing As Love

She was young when she left home  
She was such a pretty thing  
She fell in love with some kind of sailor  
She heard the six bells ring  
She's been walking a beaten track  
Riding with some friends of mine  
Out where the others play and sing  
Having a really good time

I don't want her to feel that fire no more  
I don't want my head all covered in gold  
I don't want her to feel that fire no more  
Getting blown away

There's no such thing as love  
Anymore anymore  
There's no such thing as love  
Anymore

She was older when she came back  
She was still a pretty thing  
She left for that some kind of sailor  
Threw away her wedding ring  
She's been looking for home sweet home  
Some money to be heaven sent  
She never heard of that some kind of sailor  
Down to the bottom he went

Darling  
Getting blown away

There's no such thing as love  
Anymore anymore