

Latin Quarter, Love Has Gone

You're living in a world where all the lambs are "frisky"
And private eyes hold hold-guns that are hotter than
The whisky that they drink
The cops here never miss a hand-out and they
Never miss a detail
Supergrasses sell you wholesale but they'd like to make it retail
Don't you think?

I saw you huddled in a parka by the fifteen furlong marker
What you told me was obscured by the hooves
And the cling-film clings around you
Choking off all of the sound you're making
Even though you scream it
From the roofs

Love has gone, love has taken a rain check
Love has left you with no forwarding address
Love has gone, love has sailed the evening tide
And the last surviving signal is distress
Love has gone

You played them all the sickly crooners
All the sugar "moon" and "Juners"
But that waxworks never got you past first base
After all of that Scorsese you should know
Things don't come easy
Now you're shedding bitter tears by the case

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Love has left you in Manila
With your "Off the Wall" and "Thriller"
And a bill that's mounting every single day
But the telex and the ticker tape
Just tell you what you can't escape
She's left you not a single thing to say

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