

The Psychedelic Furs, One More Word

all your promises
don't taste so sweet
when the world comes down
like a satellite
i could make it blue, yeah
cool and sharp
i got vanity, yeah
tearing me apart
i want one more word
that don't taste so sweet
when love comes true
it don't come free
you got chemistry, yeah
i can see it burn
i've been out all night
in the big city
i know it hurts
i need one more word
and i need it now
ah, i've been told
don't make no sense
when it all comes down
i want one more word
that don't taste so sweet
when love comes true
it don't come free
i want one more word
that don't taste so sweet
when love comes true
it don't come free
i want one more word
that don't taste so sweet
when love comes true
it don't come free
i want one more word
that don't taste so sweet
when love comes true
it don't come free