

The Stranglers, English Towns

There is no love inside of me
I gave it to a thousand girls
We build towers of saddened ivory
In our English towns

The dogs they try to possess us
I can hear their anguished cries
They build towers of ivory
In our English towns

I can see their astonished eyes
Look the same in any size
And their secrets are all the same
Seeking pleasure seeking fame

No love in a thousand girls
No love in a thousand girls