

Ben Folds, Songs Of Love

Pale, pubescent beasts

Roam through the streets

And coffee-shops

Their prey gather in herds

Of stiff knee-length skirts

And white ankle-socks

But while they search for a mate

My type hibernate

In bedrooms above

Composing their songs of love

Young, uniform minds

In uniform lines

And uniform ties

Run round with trousers on fire

And signs of desire

They cannot disguise

While I try to find words

As light as the birds

That circle above

To put in my songs of love

Fate doesn't hang on a wrong or right choice

Fortune depends on the tone of your voice

So sing while you have time

Let the sun shine down from above

And fill you with songs of love

Fate doesn't hang on a wrong or right choice

Fortune depends on the tone of your voice

So sing while you still can

While the sun hangs high up above

Wonderful songs of love

Beautiful songs of love

Beautiful songs of love

Beautiful songs of love