

Durutti Column, Lies Of Mercy

They were never mine
Those smiles you gave away
So easily
So easily
They were never really mine
Those smiles you gave away
So easily
So easily
In the last rites of our love
I tear myself away
All I really need
The mercy of your lies
And the clouds to break
And the clouds to break
All I really need
The mercy of your lies
And the clouds to break
And the clouds to break
In the last rites of our love
I tear myself away
In the last rites of our love
I tear myself away