

Pet Shop Boys, In Private

Men of affairs, women with power
Satellites talking, to clatter our lives
Banks of predictions, policies made
Prophecies broken, violence deranged (deranged, deranged)
 And if there was love, would that be enough?
 And if there was love, would that be enough?
Pollsters and planners, incredibly sad
indelibly inking, their names across our lives
Individual freedom, intrinsically curbed
Inspiration nil, slavery ten
 And if there was love, would that be enough?
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I've been working for a long time
Scattering smiles
Must I swallow my pride?
There's a hole in the sky, as distant and vast
As our moral vacuum, and growing as fast
 And if there was love, would that be enough?
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"They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

[W. Shakespeare, Sonnet 94]