

Sonny & Cher, Love Don't Come

The poets and the Socrates was bounding out
Their eulogies about what to do
The troops with their tangled hair were proven
That they didn't care about nothing new
And if any body claim being king
Would strum guitars
And start to sing, but they were fooled
The vacuum of their fantasies
Had discover the fact
You see that chaos rules

Everybody run and bare
Not exactly knowing where or why or who
Chasing kicks that no one gets
Kissing on her silhouettes of faded blue
Trying to blow one's smoke in air
Her favorite answer I don't care
It was useless to
And when the sun would start to fade
This ritual circus of charades would start anew

Love don't come don't call my name again
I can't play cause I don't know how to win
Too bad to and hand in hand they stride
I got wind and rain for my future bright