

The Divine Comedy, 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
Yhat 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 let's sing while we still can
While the sun hangs high up above
Wonderful songs of love
Beautiful songs of love