

# The Psychedelic Furs, Love My Way

There's an army on the dance floor  
It's a fashion with a gun, my love  
In a room without a door  
A kiss is not enough in

Love my way, It's a new road  
I follow where my mind goes

They'd put us on a railroad  
They'd dearly make us pay  
For laughing in their faces  
And making it our way  
There's emptiness behind their eyes  
There's dust in all their hearts  
They just want to steal us all  
And take us all apart  
But not in

Love my way, it's a new road  
I follow where my mind goes  
Love my way, it's a new road  
I follow where my mind goes

Love my way, it's a new road  
I follow where my mind goes

Swallow all your tears my love  
And put on your new face  
You can never win or lose  
If you don't run the race  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah