

# Love Is Dead

**Brett Anderson**

Nothing ever goes right  
Nothing really flows in my life  
No one really cares if no one ever shares my bed  
People push by with fear in their eyes in my life Love is dead, love is dead The telephone rings, but no one ever  
thinks to speak to me  
The traffic speeds by, but no one's ever stopped here yet  
Intelligent friends don't care in the end, believe me Love is dead, love is dead And plastic people wear imaginary  
smiles  
Exchanging secrets at the back of their minds  
Plastic people  
Plastic people Nothing ever goes right  
Nothing really flows in my life  
No one really cares if there's horrors inside my head  
People push by with fear in their eyes in my life Love is dead, love is dead  
Love is dead, love is dead  
Love is dead, love is dead And all the lies that you've given us  
And all the things things that you said And all the lies that you've given us  
Blow like wind in my head

Songwriters

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