Poor In Love

Destroyer

I was poor in love. I was poor in wealth.
I was okay in everything else there was.
Oh, I was poor in love.
I was poor in love...I was poor in love. I was poor in wealth.
I was okay in everything else there was.
Oh, I was poor in love.
I was poor in love...She took me aside and said -
"Look I don't do this every day,
You got style!... All you've got in style!
I can see it from a mile away!"
Oh, I was poor in love.
I was poor in love..."You were born okay.
Rich in name alone.
Your Jesuit profile will suit
The coming apocalypse!"
Oh, I was poor in love.
Poor in love...Why does everybody sing along?
Why does everybody sing along,
When we built this city on
Ruins?...Why does everybody sing along?
Why does everybody sing along,
When we built this city on
Ruins?...On ruins...
On ruins...

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