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 care
People push by with fear in their eyes in my lifeLove is dead, love is deadThe telephone rings, but no one ever thinks to speak to me
The traffic speeds by, but no one's ever stopped too late
Intelligent friends don't care in the end, believe meLove is dead, love is deadAnd plastic people with imaginary smiles
Exchanging secrets at the back of their minds
Plastic people
Plastic peopleNothing ever goes right
Nothing really flows in my life
No one really cares if this horror's inside my headPeople push by with fear in their eyes in my lifeLove is dead, love is dead
Love is dead, love is dead
Love is dead, love is deadAnd all the lies that you've given us
And all the things things that you saidAnd all the lies that you've given us...
Blow like wind in my head

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