

Love Don't Come (LP Version)

Sonny & Cher

The poets and the Socrates was bounding out
Their eulogies about what to do
The troopers with their tangled hair were proven
That they didn't care about nothing new And anybody claiming king would strum guitars
And start to sing but they were fooled
The vacuum of their fantasies
Had discover the fact, you see that chaos rules Everybody run and bare
Not exactly knowing where or why or who
Chasing kicks that no one gets
Kissing on her silhouettes of faded blue Trying to blow one smoke in air
Their favorite answer, I don't care, was useless to
And when the sun would start to fade
This ritual circus of charades would start anew

Songwriters

Sonny Bono Published by

CHRIS-MARC MUSIC; COTILLION MUSIC, INC.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>