

Songs of Love

Ben Folds

Pale, pubescent beasts roam through the streets and coffee shops
Their prey gather in herds of stiff knee length skirts
And white ankle socks
But while they search for a mate, my type hibernate in bedrooms above
Composing their songs of love
Young, uniform minds in uniform lines and uniform ties
Run round with trousers on fire and signs of desire they cannot disguise
While I try to find words as light as the birds that circle above
To put in my songs of love
Fate doesn't hang on a wrong or right choice
Fortune depends on the tone of your voice
So sing while you have time, let the sun shine down from above
And fill you with songs of love
Fate doesn't hang on a wrong or right choice
Fortune depends on the tone of your voice
So sing while we still can, while the sun hangs high up above
Wonderful songs of love

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