

Songs of Love

The Divine Comedy

Pale, pubescent beasts roam through the streets
And coffee-shops
Their prey gather in herds in 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 song 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 let's sing while we still can
While the song hangs high up above
Wonderful songs of love
Beautiful songs of love

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