

Ben Folds

"Songs Of Love"

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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

Beautiful songs of love
Beautiful songs of love

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