

## Destroyer "New Ways Of Living"

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Maybe I should have loved you.  
Maybe I should have sworn  
Not to be born  
Of this wretched glove too soon,  
But a dragon needs room!  
A dragon needs room!  
A dragon needs room  
To run, run, run, run...

I was a desert in love with extremes.  
You married well, a gentlewoman of means who  
Kept the word "Destroyer" embroidered on her jeans,  
too

(La la la)

I wore skins. I didn't care who survived.  
The band foretold trends from Spring of '85.

They're calling it "The New Decay" ...  
Hey, so am I.

(La la la)

Treacherous fop, don't be embarrassed  
For looking good at your table on the terrace  
That you call home. I'm sold!  
Paris, London, Rome's too old for you  
And your kind  
Explosions want to see what they can find:  
New ways of living...

It's you and your kind:  
The New Ways of Living!

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