

Paul Tiernan

"Talk About Love"

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Mischief in the corner with her new york grin

Gazing in the mirror at all those irishmen

They're all talking about the crash and the state of the dream

While I start melting and thinking of sin
Turn up on the doorstep with her lipstick in heat

Roll around the radio it's an occasion to be

Pouring out the cream let the black cat sleep

There's just the two of us holding up the sea
What we talk about when we talk about love

What we do

What we talk about when we talk about love

What we do when we talk about love
All the girls and boys out walking on the strip

Wishing with their eyes and hunger in their hips

They're all hoping for the joys of saturday night

But the big rains are coming and there's no room inside
Passion is a colour of the deepest red

Some people call it crimson well me I don't care

I'm only in it for a glimpse in a lifetime of looking

Of a black cat sleeping across your bed
What we talk about when we talk about love

What we do

What we talk about when we talk about love

What we do when we talk about love
Now I'm sitting in a car on a wide open road

There's just me and her and a borrowed radio

Playing...
What we talk about when we talk about love

What we do

What we talk about when we talk about love

What we do when we talk about love

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