

Patrick Wolf "Bermondsey Street"

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She kisses him on Bermondsey Street
And rises high on the balls of her feet
Declares this the greatest love
Of the century

He fumbles for a wedding ring
She's no, no clone from Vogue magazine
She is complex in all her complexions
Love is here to heal

And I'm so proud of you but now you must too
Take pride with what this love you do

He kisses him on Bermondsey Street
And standing brave on the balls of his feet
Declares this the greatest love
Of the century

He fumbles for a wedding ring
He's no, no clone from Colt magazines
He is complex in all his complexions
Love is here to heal

And I'm so proud of you, now you must too
Take pride with what this love you do

Now you know, love knows no boundaries
Sees beyond sexuality
And holds the sun in the palm of its hand
And laughs down on the cynical man

Hear what I say, hear what I see
When two kisses sweet on Bermondsey Street

Regardless of religion, braver than any faith
No fear of society evolves you and me

Love, whoa
And two kisses sweet on Bermondsey Street now
Two kisses sweet
Two kisses sweet on Bermondsey Street now

And two kisses sweet on Bermondsey Street now
Two kisses sweet on Bermondsey Street

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