

Divine Comedy, The "Song 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 let's sing while we still can

While the sun hangs high up above

Wonderful songs of love

Beautiful songs of love

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