

Divine Comedy, The "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 let's sing while we still can, while the sun hangs high
up above
Wonderful songs of love, beautiful songs of love
The frog princess

I met a girl, she was a frog princess
I guess I ought to make it clear
That I saw nothing through her see-through dress
Until she whispered in my ear

You don't really love me and I don't really mind
'Cause I don't love anybody, that stuff is just a waste of
time
Your place or mine?"

I met a girl, she was a complete mess
I should've left her well alone, but oh no, not me
I had to see if underneath that dress
Her heart was really made of stone

I met a girl, she was a frog princess

And yes I do regret it now
But how was I to know that just one kiss
could turn my frog into a cow?

And now I'm rid of her I must confess
To thinking 'bout what might have been
And I can visualize my frog princess
beneath a shining guillotine

You don't really love me and baby that it alright
'Cause I don't love anybody,
I come and go through people's love lives
Your place or mine?

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