## The Explosion "Runaway Trains"

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His love is a very easy love His hate is a very awkward hate And his kiss is a comforting blow His fight is just a fashionable show Without pain, without sorrow What's the use in iiving tomorrow Without anger, without fear What's the use in living at all His love is a very easy love His hate is a delicate rage When my day meets your day Our worlds collide like runaway trains Without pain, without sorrow What's the use in living tomorrow Without anger, without fear What's the use in living at all His love... Without pain, without sorrow What's the use in iiving tomorrow Without anger, without tears What's the use in feeling the fear Without crime, without greed There'd be no hope for democracy Without sine, without confession What's the use in believing at all His love? br> his love? br> his love is very easy love

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