

# No More Love Songs

Lloyd Cole

Rather than you, she said  
I prefer solitude  
Rather the company  
I prefer cigarettes

Even Los Angeles  
Suffers occasionally  
Do you have somewhere to stay?

But no more love songs  
Not for me

I gave er whisky  
And she gave me everything  
There was a boy, she said  
Beautiful, eloquent  
He went to Spain  
And where he went, she went

No Joan of Arc  
She was broken discarded  
And that was a long time ago

Still, no more love songs  
No more love songs  
Stil, you might as well live

I'll drink to harmony  
Peace and disarmament  
I'll dance the victory waltz

But no more love songs  
No more