

## Songs Of Love

### The Divine Comedy

Pale, pubescent beasts roam through the streets  
And coffee-shops  
Their prey gather in herds in 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 song 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 song hangs high up above  
Wonderful songs of love  
Beautiful songs of love