

New Ways Of Living

Destroyer

Maybe I should have loved you.
Maybe I should have sworn
Not to be born
Of this wretched glove too soon,
But a dragon needs room!
A dragon needs room!
A dragon needs room
To run, run, run, run

I was a desert in love with extremes.
You married well, a gentlewoman of means who
Kept the word "Destroyer" embroidered on her jeans, too

(La la la)

I wore skins. I didn't care who survived.
The band foretold trends from Spring of '85.
They're calling it "The New Decay"
Hey, so am I.

(La la la)

Treacherous fop, don't be embarrassed
For looking good at your table on the terrace
That you call home. I'm sold!
Paris, London, Rome's too old for you
And your kind
Explosions want to see what they can find:
New ways of living

It's you and your kind:
The New Ways of Living!