

Runaway Trains

Girl Next Door

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 living 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 living 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?
His love?
His love is very easy love