

Death of Love

Sophie Ellis-Bextor

Streets of Soho
Where we escape to
Take a moment in slow motion

Sit beside me and let them hurry
The city waits for noone

But in my mind we're king and queen
You make the best of everything
And in our fragile kingdom
We're always singing an endless melody

Every sunrise leads to a sunset
Fruit must fall from branches
There'll be centuries for other lovers, but not for us
But what we've created, it cannot be undone
You know it lives on

It's not the death of love
It's not the death of love

So you walk through the crowded chaos
There's a comfort waiting for us
Eye of the storm we can find the stillness
The city waits for noone

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