

# 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  
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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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