

It's Gone Eleven

Support Lesbiens

What have you got, you've lost control
What have you got, no one left to hold
Sit alone in a concert hall
No one to tell you which way to go
Then the sun sets, end of your day
Church bells ring for those pray
The parish priest goes mad singing
Lennon's song of love
Now we found ourselves in the back of a taxi
Have we just met in some darkened alley
Offered me you souls, a panic attack
Keep it up until all becomes a cabaret

It's gone eleven, it must have been dirty
Another level on up from ten
We were in heaven, we lost ourselves today
Just when we go out your system fails
Mindless, virus taking hold
Green lights misleading
Now I find I'm just a passenger
Leave at eleven, we have a one way ticket
Love's never going to a plan

When the laughter fades away
Nothing really left to say
Let me show you where to go
With more songs of love
Now we found ourselves in the back of a taxi
Have we just met in some darkened alley
Offered me you souls, a panic attack
Keep it up until all becomes a cabaret

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Another level on up from ten
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Now can we ever know
When it's time to go
We're just after some loving
We're just after some love is all