

# No Such Thing As Love

The Roches

There was a man in a hat and a vest riding  
On the train  
With a moustache and glasses  
Too thick to see his eyes  
Tucked up next to him a fat overnight bag  
With a hole in the side and you could see  
One of his ties

Flying through the sunrise  
Unloved by the girl in the seat opposite  
Who he's taking in tears  
To the father of her unborn child

There's no such thing as love...

Timidly now he reaches out for her hand  
And his heartbeat is the speed of a  
Hummingbird's wing

She is a blind one with an empty tin cup  
Begging to strangers who remind her she  
Don't mean a thing

Flying through the sunset...these two  
As the see through moon fades away  
And she lets him hold her hand

There's no such thing as love...

Nowhere for the pain in his heart to go  
She as he helps her home  
She is crying, oh the anger in her tiger  
Paws  
She don't want to have a baby  
Just because  
He is a kind man really listening to her  
His dry eye and warm heart stare  
Into her waterfalls

Flying through the sunset  
Nowhere for the pain in his heart to go  
As he helps her home  
Home to who?

There's no such thing as love...