

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...