

Death of Romance

The Walker Brothers

dreams
behind the surface
heat
upon a throne
hold
the rolling clouds
vacuum
slow the bone
bring
your many days
down forward
before
you wake alone
for
one more glance
one more glance
one more glance
at the
death of romance
its a
lovers graveyard
we
will never walk
the same
sweet suffering
comes at dawn
if we only
could remain
it was dark
before
we got there
as
we were going
down there
for
one more chance
one more chance
one more chance
at the
death of romance
we got the
perfect seat
the kind of
show we love
we watched them
pull the triggers
we heard
the push and shove
danced
among the swordsmen
before their strike
at dawn
we
danced the dance
danced the dance
danced the dance
its the

death of romance