

Songs of Love

Ben Folds

Pale, pubescent beasts, roam through the streets
And coffee-shops, their prey gather in herds
Of stiff knee-length skirts, and white ankle-socks
But while they search for a mate, my type hibernate
In bedrooms above, composing their songs of love

Young, uniform minds, in uniform lines
And uniform ties, run round with trousers on fire
And signs of desire, they cannot disguise,
While I try to find words, as light as the birds
That circle above, to put in my songs of love

Fate doesn't hang, on a wrong or right choice
Fortune depends, on the tone of your voice
So sing while you have time, let the sun shine down from above
And fill you with songs of love

Fate doesn't hang, on a wrong or right choice
Fortune depends, on the tone of your voice
So let's sing while we still can, while the sun hangs high up a
bove
Wonderful songs of love, beautiful songs of love