

# Runaway Trains

Girl Next Door

His love is a very easy love  
His hate is a very awkward hate  
And his kiss is a comforting blow  
His fight is just a fashionable show  
Without pain, without sorrow  
What's the use in living tomorrow  
Without anger, without fear  
What's the use in living at all  
His love is a very easy love  
His hate is a delicate rage  
When my day meets your day  
Our worlds collide like runaway trains  
Without pain, without sorrow  
What's the use in living tomorrow  
Without anger, without fear  
What's the use in living at all  
His love...  
Without pain, without sorrow  
What's the use in living tomorrow  
Without anger, without tears  
What's the use in feeling the fear  
Without crime, without greed  
There'd be no hope for democracy  
Without sine, without confession  
What's the use in believing at all  
His love?  
His love?  
His love is very easy love