

## Love Has Gone

Latin Quarter

You're living in a world where all the lambs are  
Frisky  
And private eyes hold hand-guns that are hotter than  
The whisky that they drink  
The cops here never miss a hand-out and they  
Never miss a detail  
Supergrasses sell you wholesale but they'd like to make  
It retail  
Don't you think?

I saw you huddled in a parka by the fifteen furlong  
Marker  
What you told me was obscured by the hooves  
And the cling-film clings around you  
Choking off all of the sound you're making  
Even though you scream it  
From the roofs

Love has gone, love has taken a rain check  
Love has left you with no forwarding address  
Love has gone, love has sailed the evening tide  
And the last surviving signal is distress  
Love has gone?

You played them all the sickly crooners  
All the sugar "moon" and "Juners"  
But that waxworks never got you past first base  
After all of that Scorsese you should know  
Things don't come easy  
Now you're shedding bitter tears by the case

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Love has left you in Manila  
With your "Off the Wall" and "Thriller"  
And a bill that's mounting every single day  
But the telex and the ticker tape  
Just tell you what you can't escape  
She's left you not a single thing to say

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