

The Avenue

OMD

We're strolling down the avenue, our fathers have before.

To the left is just a vacant smile, to the right, the open door
.

I've never loved for more than this, it never was my style.

Again, we lie for gratitude. Again, it's not worth while.

So arm and arm we carry on, though heaven's not a mile.

The secret is to fantasize, the secret is to smile...