

No More Love Songs

Lloyd Cole

Rather than you, she said
I prefer solitude
Rather the company
I prefer cigarettes

Even Los Angeles
Suffers occasionally
Do you have somewhere to stay?

But no more love songs
Not for me

I gave er whisky
And she gave me everything
There was a boy, she said
Beautiful, eloquent
He went to Spain
And where he went, she went

No Joan of Arc
She was broken discarded
And that was a long time ago

Still, no more love songs
No more love songs
Stil, you might as well live

I'll drink to harmony
Peace and disarmament
I'll dance the victory waltz

But no more love songs
No more