

# Be-Bop Deluxe, Love Is Swift Arrows

Room in the east invested with meanings  
Open to none but the strange and the wild  
Sunset encounters with destiny's chances  
Envelopes marked for the personal life  
Night falling, hiding the poets transgression  
Blown in the winds of Aquarian tides  
Echoed words spoken by token romantics  
Rock 'n' roll Supermen, ghosts of new vice  
Making love in strange autos whilst life's ink  
Sings always that love is swift arrows, my dear  
Oh God, in some heaven whose number is seventeen  
Dressed you in blue jeans this year  
To torment my soul, oh, leave me alone  
Rules to be broken by reckless and young men  
Odes to be written by passions sick hand  
Seeds to be sown on the rich fields of promise  
Ends and beginnings that never quite meet  
Nothing of value that hasn't yet vanished  
Brown-eyed and wise as the feminine fates  
Evening's sweet menace, revealing, inviting  
Highways to paradise, gray lines of grace  
Making love in strange autos whilst life's ink  
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