

# Ben Folds Five, Songs Of Love (Divine Comedy)

Pale, pubescent beasts  
Roam through the streets  
And coffee shops  
Their prey gather in herds  
Of stiff knee-length skirts  
And white ankle-socks  
But while they search for a mate  
My type hibernate  
In bedrooms above  
Composing their songs of love

Young, uniform minds  
In uniform lines  
And uniform ties  
Run 'round  
With trousers on fire  
And signs of desire  
They cannot disguise  
While I try to find words  
As light as the birds  
That circle above  
To put in my songs of love

Fate doesn't hang on a wrong or right choice  
Fortune depends on the tone of your voice  
So sing while you have time  
Let the sun shine down from above  
And fill you with songs of love

Fate doesn't hang on a wrong or right choice  
Fortune depends on the tone of your voice  
So let's sing while we still can  
While the sun hangs high up above  
Wonderful songs of love  
Beautiful songs of love