

# Pet Shop Boys, In Private

Men of affairs, women with power  
Satellites talking, to clatter our lives  
Banks of predictions, policies made  
Prophecies broken, violence deranged (deranged, deranged)  
    And if there was love, would that be enough?  
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Pollsters and planners, incredibly sad  
indelibly inking, their names across our lives  
Individual freedom, intrinsically curbed  
Inspiration nil, slavery ten  
    And if there was love, would that be enough?  
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I've been working for a long time  
Scattering smiles  
Must I swallow my pride?  
There's a hole in the sky, as distant and vast  
As our moral vacuum, and growing as fast  
    And if there was love, would that be enough?  
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    And if there was love, would that be enough?  
"They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die,  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."<br><br>[W. Shakespeare, Sonnet 94]