

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
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