

# Love At The End Of The World

Sam Roberts

This is love at the end of the world  
You don't need diamonds and you don't need pearls  
Water boils on the seven seas  
Rivers of blood and she's setting me free  
And you're still near me, baby

Smoke rising from an open field  
Don't you know that the threat is real  
From the top of Mount Kilimanjaro?  
You look around but you don't see snow  
The heat is rising, baby

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Two wars and a revolution  
Got me praying for absolution  
There's blood on these hands, baby  
Preacher saying that the end is nigh  
Standing on a soapbox a hundred feet high  
You're still by my side, baby

Light fades, becomes shade  
You're holding on but you're slipping away  
Till I can't feel you anymore

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Red lips, alabaster hands  
Ooh girl, what you do to a man  
The heat is rising, baby  
You don't think, you just follow the herd  
And you don't need bullets for a war of words now  
They want what we've got, baby

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