

What Is Love?

Frances

Does anyone really know how to love?
Does anyone really feel what they dreamt of? Or is it all a puzzle maze
But we never actually walk out the other side We go round and round and round
Taking wrong times
And clinging to the edges of ourselves What is this thing that we called love?
What is this thing that I dreamt of?
What is this thing that with such a rush?
What is this thing that we called love? What is love?
Oh, what is love?
You think you felt it all
But then it hits
A comet from above
Crashes into your lips And suddenly you find yourself
Thinking of things you never thought of before And something in you changes
You can't think of anything else
Apart from the person that left a rose by your door What is this thing that we called love?
What is this thing that I dreamt of?
What is this thing that with such a rush?
What is this thing that we called love? What is love?
Oh, what is love?
What is love?
Oh, what is love?
What is this thing that we called love?
What is this thing that I dreamt of?
What is this thing that with such a rush?
What is this thing that we called love? What is this thing that we called love?
What is this thing that we called love?

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