

# Love

## The Sundays

Picture myself as a thin white child  
Back to the day, I was born on  
They slapped me into line as it crossed my mind  
I've felt better, I've felt worse

This is my life and it's all very well  
But never, never, never again  
As they say, "We've been robbed"  
You don't know that this time

Love, love, love  
Just love yourself like no one else  
Love, it's enough  
And they can say what they like  
But they still can't take that

Distance myself from the things I'd like but  
Everyone has something I need  
Don't let me wake up and find  
All those others leaving me behind

Well, if you don't have a clue about life  
Then I'm happy, happy, happy to say  
Neither have I although I'm not going to shrug my shoulders  
And suck my thumb, this time  
'Cos there's something I deserve

Love, love, love  
Just love yourself like no one else  
Love, it's enough  
And they can say what they like  
But they still can't take that

Picture my house in a postcard town  
Picture a bomb in the sky  
History at the door, who could ask for more  
I've felt better and I've felt better

So kill me with love, love, love  
Just love yourself like no one else  
Love, it's enough  
'Cos they can say what they like  
But they still can't take your

Love, love, love  
Just love yourself like no one else  
Time's so scarce where I come from  
Let them say what they like  
But they still can't take your

Love, love, love  
Just love yourself like no one else's  
Loves, loves, love  
'Cos they can say what they like  
But they still can't take your

Love, love, love

Just love yourself like no one else  
Love