

Conditional

Bilmuri

Your love is conditional
Your love is conditional
Your love is conditional
It isn't real, real, real

I feel so dead inside
I feel a long to die

I keep trying to work for your love
I'm still dying to be good enough
Throw me away with the dirt on the floor
Use me up 'til I have no more

Your love is conditional
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It isn't real, real, real

Why do I work for the love?
When I know that you'll say I'm enough
That I'm enough

I keep trying to work for your love
I'm still dying to be good enough
Throw me away with the dirt on the floor
Use me up 'til I have no more