

Love Is

Frankie Avalon

Waking up on a Sunday morning
Slowly clearing my head
You walked in without any warning
Bring me breakfast in bed

I say I'm a lucky fellow
Having someone like you
Walking under the same umbrella
What's a fellow to do?
Just too good to be true

Love is the pleasure that no one can measure
The pleasure that I get from you
Love is in making it, giving it, taking it
Loving the things that we do
Love is the day where we just get away on the wings of the first plane that flies
Love is the though, not the gift that been bought, but the look of surprise in your eyes
Never say goodbye. We need each other

Woman you know we do
Get the shaking of fourteen fevers simply beening with you
When I thinking about you woman
Something happens to me
When I'm looking in your direction
Baby I can see three
Which of you can she be?