

Love, Love, Love

John Prine

He stumbled through the alley with his long coat on
Nothing but a bottle in his hand
She sat in her apartment lonesome to the bone
Wondering what had happened to her man

Love, love, love, love
Nobody ever understands
All the things that go,
Between a woman and a man.

When they'd walk down the sidewalk the street would shine
With the kind of love no human heart can fake
And they vowed to stay together till the end of time
Like the couple that stands on top of the wedding cake

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All the things that go,
Between a woman and a man.

If I should live to a ripe old age
The only lesson I may ever learn
Is to not stand so close to the flame of love
Unless you are willing to get burned

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