The book of love is long and boring No one can lift the damn thing It's full of charts and facts, some figures And instructions for dancing

But I
I love it when you read to me
And you
You can read me anything

The book of love has music in it In fact that's where music comes from Some of it's just transcendental Some of it's just really dumb

But I
I love it when you sing to me
And you
You can sing me anything

The book of love is long and boring
And written very long ago
It's full of flowers and heart-shaped boxes
And things we're all too young to know

But I
I love it when you give me things
And you
You ought to give me wedding rings
And I
I love it when you give me things
And you
You ought to give me wedding rings