

# Love Makes You Happy

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

I don't have the glasses to hold the champagne  
To celebrate the moment you're in my arms again  
I don't have the breath to blow the balloons  
All that I'm hoping is you're coming home soon

I don't have the bunting or supply of cigars  
The 'Welcome Home' banners to hang from the bars  
All that I have is these arms that I own  
To put 'round your waist and pull you back home

Strike out the fanfare, she's coming home soon  
And all that I own is this untidy room  
Bed for my sleeping, table for tea  
And love makes you happy, apparently

I can't hold the tears to write you this song  
To welcome you back after loving you so long  
And I ain't got the money to buy you the ride  
To get you from there to here by my side

Strike out the fanfare, she's coming home soon  
And all that I own is this untidy room  
Bed for my sleeping, table for tea  
And love makes you happy, apparently

As I wait at the station, a rose in my hand  
I don't have a choir or a military band  
Glass made to shatter, eggs made to break  
But sure as I'm standing, a heart's made to ache

Strike out the fanfare, she's coming home soon  
And all that I own is this untidy room  
Bed for my sleeping, table for tea  
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