

Overture/It's a Boy

The Who

Our love was...
Our love was famine
Frustration
We only acted out an imitation
Of what real love should've been
Then suddenly...
Our love was flying
Our love was soaring
Our love was shining
Like a summer morning
Flying
Soaring
Shining
Morning
Never
Leaving
Lying
Dying
Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long
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