

Is It Love

Gang of Four

No one lives in the future, no one lives in the past
The men who own the city make more sense than we do
Their actions are clear, their lives are their own
But you, went behind glass

Don't let this boy go, don't let this boy go
So long to the city, we'll retell the story they wrote
My lips part to talk but I forgot what I was trying to remember
And that will remain unsaid

Is it love, love that's on your mind
Love, not just of a certain kind
Love, no no not just of a certain kind
Is it love, love that's on your mind

The men who own the city make more sense than we do
But you, went behind glass
Ain't what we do without consequence

I'm saying it, I'm saying it
My lips part to talk but I forgot what I was trying to remember
And that will remain unsaid