

# She Speaks the Language

AFI

If you'd tell me it's real  
I can make an appeal  
To the controlling fragile child.  
Let me speak. He won't make sense  
Until we reach the consequence.  
It's voluntary like your smile,  
As he quakes.

Now I know  
This must be love.  
Now I know  
Now I know  
This, this must be love.  
Now I know  
This must be love.

This must be love.  
Oh.

When you dared me to feel,  
When I made that appeal  
To the incorrigible child  
You stuffed his mouth with dirty rags  
And tied his head within a bag  
Pitch black and silken like your smile.  
He's silent...

Now I know  
This must be love.  
Now I know (oh)  
Now I know  
This, this must be love.  
Now I know

Little drops upon my cuffs  
(Little drops upon my cuffs)  
Let me know this must be love.  
Red, red, drops upon my cuffs  
(Red, red, drops upon my cuffs)  
Let me know this must be love.  
Now I know this must be...  
This must be love

Now I know  
This must be love.  
Now I know (oh)  
Now I know  
This, this must be love.  
Now I know  
This must be love.

Little drops upon my cuffs  
(Little drops upon my cuffs)  
This must be love.  
Let me know this must be love.  
This must be love.  
Red, red, drops upon my cuffs

(Red, red, drops upon my cuffs)  
This must be love.  
Let me know this must be love.  
Now I know this must be...  
This must be love