

No System For Love

Beth Nielsen Chapman

Fingers press the keys for interface
The printer taps the words across the page
We have gotten men upon the moon
And babies from a spoon
In this high tech finely tuned computer age

But we've got no system
No system for love
We've got no system
No system for love

There's this vast land of resources
That won't apply to rules
We've got these prehistoric tools...
These hearts inside of us
But we've got no system for love

Satellites twist pictures home to Earth
And high-rise office files store paperwork
We've got the airwaves in control
And wires strung pole-to-pole
We've got a record of each soul from date of birth

There are temples and steeples
And billions of people
And so much potential
We haven't even touched
'Cause we've got no system
No system for love