Gotta trust my instincts
They seem to know what's best
Whatever anyone else thinks
That's up to them I guess
No cheap imitations
No blind invitations
Can't say what it's supposed to be
But one thing I can guarantee

When I find it, I'll know it
I'll feel it I'll let that feeling take me
Anywhere it wants to go
And it might not be easy to describe it
But I believe when I find it
I'll know it's love

They say this painting is a work of art
But it just doesn't move me, it doesn't touch my heart
Can't say what's missing, it's like an empty kiss
The passion's just not there but I know someday, somewhere

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