

The Word Is Love

Cliff Richard

Suddenly it seems all the words I know,
Won't paint the picture,
How can I explain all the things I feel,
In just one life?

However, I know that,
There must be a word, that will fit this scene like a glove
The more I think about it, the more I know,
The word is love

And if I decline to become involved,
In conversations,
It's not that I don't care how the other half,
Is making out

Well, maybe, tomorrow
I'll try to encourage the eagle to fly with the dove,
But here and now I offer my one excuse,
And the word is love

Well, maybe, tomorrow
I'll try and encourage the eagle to fly with the dove,
But here and now I offer my one excuse,
And the word is love