

# 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