

It occurred to me at once
That love could be a great illusion
That makes fools of brilliant thinkers everyday
And turns hearts of stone and steel
To a place where they would feel
Like they are falling, falling quickly in its way
Falling, falling quickly in its way

Is it any surprise that you feel so overrun?
And all this time you had no one to tell you how to love
And do you think it's unwise to go and break yourself on this one?
And all this time you didn't know love (didn't know love)
You didn't know love (didn't know love)
You didn't know love (didn't know love)
You didn't know love...

It occurred to me at once
That love gets everything it asks for
Like a young girl picking flowers in the lawn
She gets every kiss and tear
She gets every smile and fear, but still
She never finds the last of them is gone, oh
She never finds the last of them is gone

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