Love, in Itself

Depeche Mode

All of these insurmountable tasks
That lay before me
All of the firsts and the definite lasts
That lay in store for me

There was a time
When all on my mind was love
Now I find that most of the time
Love's not enough in itself

Consequently, I've a tendency to be unhappy
You see the thoughts in my head
All the words that were said
All the blues and the reds get to me

There was a time
When all on my mind was love
Now I find that most of the time
Love's not enough in itself

All of these absurdities
That lay before us
All of the doubts and the certainties
That lay in store for us

There was a time
When all on my mind was love (love love love)
Now I find that most of the time
Love's not enough in itself