

And This Is Love

Gladys Knight

(And this is love, this is love)

The apple tree,
That stood and watched our first kiss.
The glue I bought,
So you could mend my favourite dish.
Oh the broken vase,
I once threw at you and missed.
And this is love,
A story of love.

Your checkered handkerchief,
The one I used when my kitten died.
And birthday cakes,
A box of tools, a TV guide.
Ah catchin' cold,
Trudging through the rain for a mile.
To get some special gifts,
For your sister's little child.

And that little dream house,
That sits up on that sunny hill.
And all the dreams we had that,
This house our kids would one day fill.
And this is love,
Oh and this is love,
Don't you know,
That this is love,
The story of love,
Glory of love.

A birthday party full of rain,
And drinking too much pink champagne.
The hand that struck through jealousy,
And broke the ties between you and me.

A little heart that would not forgive,
And wondering how I'm gonna live,
With nothing left but hurt and pain,
We try and try and try again.
And this is love,
Oh and this is love,
Don't you know,
That this is love,
The story of love.

A snapshot pasted to my mind,
Of all the things I've left behind.
A book of poems, a favourite record,
And how you used to cheat at checkers.
The tree that spied on our first kiss,
That old broken, broken disc.
Whoa, all of these things I truly miss,
But don't you know, don't you know,
That this is love,
Oh and this is love,
Don't you know,

That this is love,
The story of love.

Na na na...

Too much bubbling pink champagne,
Nothing left but hurt and pain,
Maybe a poem and one or two records,
Can't nobody beat you when you're cheating at checkers.

Na na na...