

Currency of Love

Joseph Arthur

I have no real currency
But the currency of love
I have no one to trust
But the Lord up above
I have no one that fits
Like a hand in a glove
I have no real currency
But the currency of love

Sideways and broken
Confused upside-down
With you in my circus
I go from strongman to clown
I have no real weapon
But a fist or a shove
I have no real currency
But the currency of love

How hollow are you
How unaware
Your laws have been broken
Now no one is there

But in a moment of worship
You become a dove
With nothing to offer
But the currency of love
Alive at the station
Dead on a train
With both of us ravaged
In the winds of your pain

How hollow are you
How unaware
Your laws have been broken
Now no one is there

Lost one more struggle
I broke every rule
To become a monster
In the coat of a fool
Trying to find diamonds
In a world of mud
What else could we want for
But the currency of love

The currency of love
The currency of love
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The currency of love

I ain't got no money
I ain't got no money

The currency of love

The currency of love
The currency of love...