

What Is This Thing Called Love

Lisa Ek Dahl

I was a hum-drum person, leading a life apart
When love flew in through my window wide
And quickened my hum-drum heart

Love flew in through my window
I was so happy then
But after love had stayed a little while
Love flew out again

What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?

I saw you there one wonderful day
You took my heart and threw it away
That's why I ask the Lord in Heaven above
What is this thing called love?

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