

If There Was Love

Liza Minnelli

Men of affairs
Women with power
Satellites talking
To clatter our lives

Banks of predictions
Policies made
Prophecies broken
Violence deranged
(D-d-deranged, deranged)

And if there was love
Would that be enough?
And if there was love
Would that be enough?

Pollsters and planners
Incredibly sad
Indelibly inking
Their names across our lives
(Our lives, our lives)

Individual freedom
Intrinsically curbed
Inspiration nil
Slavery ten

And if there was love
Would that be enough?
And if there was love
Would that be enough?

And if there was love
Would that be enough?
And if there was love
Would that be enough?

I've been working for a long time
Scattering smiles
Must I swallow my pride?

There's a hole in the sky
As distant and vast
As our moral vacuum
And growing as fast

And if there was love
Would that be enough?
And if there was love
Would that be enough?

And if there was love
Would that be enough?
And if there was love
Would that be enough?

They that have power to hurt and will do none

That do not do the thing they most do show
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband's natures riches from expense
They are the lords and owners of their faces
Others but stewards of their excellence
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet
Though to itself it only live and die
But if that flower with base infection meet
The barest weed outbraves his dignity
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds