

Love's Epiphany

Men Without Hats

I wrote down this poem by the light of the moon
Roses are red, and remind me of you
And all of a sudden, out of the blue
Love's epiphany

Call me a dreamer, call me a fool
The colors of autumn are often imbued
With the sweet smell of summer as life starts anew
Love's epiphany
Love's epiphany

And life in all her wisdom and her ways
Fall silent and await the end of days
And the question in our minds will always be

What becomes of me?
Love's epiphany
What becomes of me?
Love's epiphany
Love's epiphany
Love's epiphany

I wrote you this poem by the light of the moon
Knowing full well that if wishes come true
They can also buy the same token anew
Love's epiphany
Love's epiphany

And life in all her beauty and her grace
Lies wilting in the ashes of her rage
And the question in our hearts will always be

What becomes of me?
Love's epiphany
What becomes of me?
Love's epiphany
What becomes of me?

Love's epiphany (What becomes of me?)
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