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Is this all?

Is this all we have together?

Is this what love really is,

Yelling through a quarrel

And making up with a kiss?

Why can't we get along?

Why do we have to fight?

We starve true love by day

And feed lust all through the night.

I wish we'd settle down;

I wonder where peace went.

Why do we pick at each other;

Why can't we be content?

If this is what love is,

If tenderness has flown,

I'm thinking more and more,

It's better to be alone.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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