

# Bowling For Soup, Don't Let It Be Love

I was out on the front line, doin' just fine.  
Put it all behind me  
'til I cam across a letter from an old friend,  
Askin' "How you been?";  
Stopped me dead in my tracks  
And shot me right back there to '02  
And it was me and you  
What am I supposed to say?  
I hope I don't fall head over heals  
Cause I know how it's gonna feel.  
And I don't think I could live through you again.

[CHORUS]

So don't don't don't  
Let it be love love love  
Because it hurts a lot, like it or not.  
If it comes down to love or money,  
It won't be love love love  
It won't be love love love.  
And I know I should know better.  
Man, I hate this stuff. Don't let it be love.

Let's think in the front line.  
I'm on the drop line.  
So fill me in, bash me over the head.  
Wish I was dead. Time heals everything,  
Time heals everything.  
At least that's what I've read.  
Here we go again. We're head over heals  
And I know how it's gonna feel.  
When it crashes and it burns  
It'll be too much. So

[CHORUS]

And if I ever hear that song again  
I just might kill someone.  
Not literally  
But the thought has crossed my mind.

So don't don't don't  
Let it be love love love  
I'm much better with  
WHAM! BAM! Thank you Ma'am

[CHORUS]