

Echobelly, Four Letter Word

What a nice surprise,
Well have I spoilt your appetite,
And I told you once,
I told you once,
So let me tell you twice,
I wanted to say,
A toast to emotion,
Raise your glasses high,
And turn them this way,
A balance of hormones,
That make you feel like no one else,
Make you just the sane.

Here's to love, here's to hate,
Here's to all the things that makes me realise,
This is a four letter word,
Here's to fear, here's to fate,
Here's to all the things that makes me realise,
This is a four letter word oh oh.

It's coming loud and clear,
God I fancy you my dear,
Well I might be wrong,
I might be wrong,
I might need glasses all along,
My deepest emotions,
Nothing more than chemical equations,
Symphonies of stimulants,
Swimming round in a beating gland,
Really caused a traffic jam.

Here's to love, here's to hate,
Here's to everything that makes me realise,
This is a four letter word,
Here's to fear, here's to fate,
Here's to all the things that makes me realise,
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Here's to love, here's to hate,
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