

Michael McDonald, No Love To Be Found

(Michael McDonald And Bernie Chiaravalle)

Down here on love's killin' floor
I doubt if we could take much more
Here and now, (we) need to ask ourselves why
We've come this far only to find
The price of happiness
We no longer pay
You gotta really love someone
Words alone are cheap
It's more of what you do
And less of what you say

Baby I don't wanna live
In some prison of promises
Baby look around at all this emptiness
There ain't no love to be found

With a love like this
All broken and bruised
You just walk a way
With nothin' to lose
Here and now, (we've) got to ask ourselves why
If love is through, then why even try

Baby I don't wanna live
In some prison of promises
Baby look around
It's all but hopeless know
Baby look at you and me
This vision of loneliness
Any fool can see
The walls are tumblin' down
There ain't no love to be found

Take a look at you and me
This vision of loneliness
Baby any fool can see
That between you and me
There ain't no love to be found