

# Rebecca Martin, It's Only Love

(R. Martin)

They were searching  
In and out of city bars  
We were lucky  
Nobody had found us.

In the back room  
You look like a holy man  
And I believe in  
Every word you're saying

Without him she is empty.  
But with him she's unsure.

Don't be afraid  
Of what you're feeling for me.  
Because this mess we've made  
Is only love.