

Air Supply, Book Of Love

The book of love, that sacred place
Where we walk tall, or in disgrace
Who tills the ground on which we tread
Who gives us all our daily bread
The spirit woken from its sleep
The demon stirring from the deep
Whose gates at dawn we all must pass
The last one first, the first one last
Whose words must be both black and white
Whose music shall be day and night
The moon that tells us of the sun
Where voices soar so far above
These pages are the book of love

If we were bore just to succeed
If life was meant to be a choice
For either happiness or greed
If you can't walk, you always run
Away from anyone, yes you will

But if we learn to take our time
As though each moment is a treasure
That's not so hard to find
When you are free, then suddenly
There's room for everyone, yes there is

chorous:
The book of love, the world of dreams
Those shadows fall upon us all
And send our weary eyes to sleep
But when you wake, your heart will make
Some room for everone

Just come to me
There's nothing you should fear
Just come to me
I'll always be right here
I tell you now
Your heart is where I live
And what you ask, is what I'll give

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