

# Air Supply, The 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 born just to succeed  
If life was meant to be a choice  
For either happiness or greed  
If you can't walk, you'll 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

## CHORUS

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 everyone

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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## REPEAT CHORUS