

# Alison Moyet, Is This Love

In a fleeting moment of a restless day,  
driven to distraction, I was captured by the game.

I have often wondered why I ever wanted to leave these scattered hours behind me and speed my

I choose never to forget,

I want our lips to kiss and our limbs to entwine,

let our bodies be twisted but never our minds.

Is this love? Is this love? Is this love? Is this love?

Set to work idle hands, shake these thoughts,

had I planned them they never would be teasing me  
as viciously as these.

I would not have believed you, had I never seen,

now you and I are intimately pictured

in my dreams.

I could not forsake you or gall tumbling away,

and if I live in wonderland, I'm better off this way.

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let our bodies be twisted but never our minds.

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