

# 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 myself to you  
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?  
Set to work idle hands make 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 for tumbling away  
And if I live in wonderland I'm better off this way

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