

Black, The Big One

It is true maybe
you never ask for much
but when your heart's been broken
into tiny little pieces,
who will pick them up?
You know who'll pick them up.
(That's just like love to see you through)
You know who'll pick them up.
(That's just like love to see you through)
You live with the silence,
it wraps your every mood
with tender velvet fingers
and they cling just like the ivy
on a sunny roof,
if that's what it takes to prove.
That you live with your weakness,
you face it every day,
but when you play the let's-make-lover's game
someone has to pay,
and you know who'll pay, and pay and pay.
(That's just like love to see you through)
You know who's gonna pay and pay and pay.
(That's just like love to see you through)
A little of friend, a devil as friend,
a little of friend we'll call him love.
If your face hurts
feel like a bruised dog in a dusty street,
but you've got lipstick on your feet.
Lose your sad and wizened stare,
reach out and I'll be there,
I will set your senses alight
and blow them out one by one.
(That's just like love to see you through)
And blow them out one by one.
(That's just like love to see you through)
You know who's gonna pay,
who pay and pay and pay and pay.
(That's just like love to see you through)
A little of devil, a friend, we'll call him love.
(That's just like love to see you through)
A little of devil, a friend, we'll call him love.
(That's just like love to see you through)
A friend, we'll call him love.
(That's just like love to see you through)
--->> Enrique Morano <<---