

# Depeche Mode, Love, In Itself

All of these insurmountable tasks  
That lay before me  
All of the firsts  
And the definite lasts  
That lay in store for me  
There was a time  
When all on my mind was love  
Now I find  
That most of the time  
Love's not enough  
In itself  
Consequently  
I've a tendency  
To be unhappy, you see  
The thoughts in my head  
All the words that were said  
All the blues and the reds  
Get to me  
All of these absurdities  
That lay before us  
All of the doubts  
And the certainties  
That lay in store for us