

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