

Hancock Herbie, I Do It For Your Love

We were married on a rainy day
The sky was yellow
And the grass was gray
We signed the papers
And we drove away
I do it for your love

The rooms were musty
And the pipes were old
All that winter we shared a cold
Drank all the orange juice
That we could hold
I do it for your love

Found a rug
In an old junk shop
And I brought it home to you

Along the way the colors ran
The orange bled the blue

Found a rug
In an old junk shop
And I brought it home to you
Along the way the colors ran
The orange bled the blue

The sting of reason
The splash of tears
The northern and the southern
hemisphere
Love emerges and it disappears
I do it for your love
I do it for your love