

# Kings Of Convenience, Love Is No Big Truth

All I do is sleep all day, and think of you  
A memory of the cushion life I'm clinging to  
The image of a mutual one, our haven  
The sombre chords of our song, the fading

Love is no big truth  
Driven by our genes, we are simple selfish beings  
A symphony that's you  
Joyously awaking the ignorant and sleeping

Passion and its brother hate, they come and go  
Could easily be made to stay for longer though  
Many people play this game so willingly  
Do I have to be like them, or be lonely?

Love is no big truth  
Driven by our genes, we are simple selfish beings  
A symphony that's you  
Joyously awaking the ignorant and sleeping

I'll never need it again, not again, not again...