

Peter Gabriel, Book of love

The book of love is long and boring
No one can lift the damn thing
It's full of charts and facts and figures and instructions for dancing
But I I love it when you read to me
And you
You can read me anything
The book of love has music in it
In fact that's where music comes from
Some of it is just transcendental
Some of it is just really dumb
But I I love it when you sing to me
And you
You can sing me anything
The book of love is long and boring
And written very long ago
It's full of flowers and heart-shaped boxes
And things we're all too young to know
But I I love it when you give me things
And you
You ought to give me wedding rings
And I I love it when you give me things
And you
You ought to give me wedding rings
And I I love it when you give me things
And you
You ought to give me wedding rings
You ought to give me wedding rings