

# Sting, If It's Love

Jumped out of bed this morning  
With a smile upon my face  
It's still there while i shave my chin  
But the reason's hard for me to trace

I cook myslef some brekfest  
Have some coffee shile i muse  
Where could this sime have come from  
It's a muscle that i rarely use

Call the doctor with my symptoms  
Should i spend all day in bed  
Can you explain what's ailing me  
And that is what my doctor said

If it's love  
It has no season  
If it's love  
There's no cure  
If it's love  
It won't see reason  
And of this you can be sure  
If it's love

You must surrender  
If it's love  
That's turned you around  
If it's love  
The odds are slander  
If it's love  
You're sunk without a trace  
On case can bring uou down