

# The Sundays, Love

Picture myself as a thin white child  
Back to the day I was born on  
They slapped me into line as it crossed my mind  
I've felt better  
I've felt worse

This is my life and it's all very well  
But never again  
As they say "We've been robbed"  
And don't you know that this time

Love, just love yourself like no one else  
Love, it's enough  
They can say what they like but they still can't take that

Distance myself from the things I'd like but  
Everyone has something I need  
Don't let me wake up & find  
All those others leaving me behind

If you don't have a clue about life  
Then I'm happy to say  
Neither have I although  
I'm not going to shrug my shoulders & suck my thumb  
This time  
Cos there's something I deserve

Love, just love yourself like no one else  
Love, it's enough  
They can say what they like but they still can't take that

Picture my house in a postcard town  
Picture a bomb in the sky  
History at your door  
Who could ask for more?  
I've felt better

So kill me with love  
Just love yourself like no one else  
Love, it's enough  
They can say what they like but they still can't take that

Time's so scarce where I come from  
Let them say what they like  
Cos they still can't take your love