

The Who, Our Love Was, Is

Our love was

Our love was famine, frustration
We only acted out an imitation
Of what real love should have been
Then suddenly

Our love was flying
Our love was soaring
Our love was shining
Like a summer morning

Flying, soaring
Shining morning
Never leaving
Lying, dying

Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long
Love love love long

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