

Tim Booth, Love Hard

When I look through the bottle

Every mountain magnified

My balance is fried

I can't even pray

When I look through the bottle

Every hue returns to grey

There's nothing to say

So I will say it anyway

My love is a healer

Just a look can purify

A hard loving heart

I've swallowed too much life

Then why must I leave her?

I can't stop the moving on

Can't stay with the one

Too much appetite

I want you to love me so hard

I want you to love so I can't stop

Now I'm over the hill

Too many fields

Too much to choose from

It's making me ill

Let's go over the top

Just give me a pill

Too much to choose from

It's making me ill