

Wishbone Ash, Where Is The Love

I first saw you on the center spread of my favorite magazine -
Not too shy, but you stirred the ghost inside of my machine,
Made me forget about Einstein and his time of sense.
Are you really flesh and blood, or full of phony sentiments?
Where is the love, where is the love,
Where is the love that's on your mind?

Can't say no when you want to strike,
While the fire is in your eyes.
It's better than dancing to the same old song,
Don't want to hear those lies.
You got free agents biting at your heels,
but you ain't lying low,
There's too many headhunters out of their trees,
Want to show you everything they know.
Where is the love, where is the love,
Where is the love that's on your mind?
Show me the love, show me the love,
Show me the love that's on your mind.

Your begging letters arrive each day,
falling on my front door mat.
Is this an early warning or a planned attack?
Are you ready for a final showdown,
is that what you intend?
'Cause if your loving's as true as your word,
I'm trapped in a lion's den.