

## Love is

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Love is a shiny car  
Love is a steel guitar  
Love is a battle scar  
Love is a morning song  
Love is a twelve-bar blues  
Love is your blue suede shoes  
Love is a heart abused  
Love is a mind confused

And love is the pleasures I'm told  
And for some love is still a band of gold  
My love has no reason, has no rhyme  
My love cross the double line  
Love is a mine of gold  
Love is a man to hold  
Love is a drowning soul  
Love is it's own reward

And love is the pleasures I'm told  
And for some love is still a band of gold  
My love has no reason, has no rhyme  
My love cross the double line  
And love is the pleasures I'm told  
And for some love is still a band of gold  
My love has no reason, has no rhyme  
My love cross the double line  
Oh, my love cross the double line  
Oh, my love cross the double line