

Love Is...

The Beautiful South

Ooh you care, you really, really care
From the first 12" I made to the colour of my underwear
Ooh you know, you really, really know
Inside, outside in, from head to toe

But where were you in the colder days?
I'd like to know, I'd like to know
And where will you be in years to come?
I'd like to know, I'd like to know

So don't beg and don't plead
You can't have the heart you made bleed
You're in love with fame
So whilst we love, please don't scream my name

You're my friends, my only real friends
But I'd like to know where you'll be when the party ends
I remember your face the dance was slow
"Easy" by The Commodores and you said 'no'

But where were you in colder days?
I'd like to know, I'd like to know
And where will you be in years to come?
I'd like to know, I'd like to know

So here's an invitation to this caring nation
25 years from now will you come my cremation
Sherry or beer, family and friends
Will you be there? Will you be there?
No fame, no fortune, no name in lights
Will you be there? Will you be there?