(Make your own love, love, love)
The waterworks blocked his words,
He felt sorry,
Well I'm sorry for me too.

But I think you're broken to the fact, I can't and won't go back, I think you're broken to the fact.

You make your own love. Yeah you make your own love. Love, love.

Where did you go? Don't you know I'm still here? You think you're better all alone.

No, I think you're broken to the fact, I can't and won't go back, Yeah, I think you're broken to the fact.

You make your own love. Yeah you make your own love. Love, love.

What if it's all a quick dream,
Can I just stomp right through the concrete,
See who's beneath me,
And are you honest to "God" when you speak?
When you seek proof,
Does it hide from you?
I wanna feel the way you claim to feel.

You make your own love. Yeah you make your own love. Love, love, love.