

Sarah Brightman, This Love

This love
This love is a strange love
A faded kind of day love
This love

This love
I think I'm gonna fall again
And even when you held my hand
It didn't mean a thing
This love

This love
Never has to say love
Doesn't know it is love
This love

This love
Doesn't have to say love
Doesn't need to be love
Doesn't mean a thing
This love

This love, oh-oh-oh ...
This strange love (strange love)
This love, ... (lines are repeated several times)

This love