

Sting, If It's Love

Jumped out of bed this morning
With a smile upon my face
It's still there while i shave my chin
But the reason's hard for me to trace

I cook myslef some brekfest
Have some coffee shile i muse
Where could this sime have come from
It's a muscle that i rarely use

Call the doctor with my symptoms
Should i spend all day in bed
Can you explain what's ailing me
And that is what my doctor said

If it's love
It has no season
If it's love
There's no cure
If it's love
It won't see reason
And of this you can be sure
If it's love

You must surrender
If it's love
That's turned you around
If it's love
The odds are slander
If it's love
You're sunk without a trace
On case can bring uou down