

# The Who, Our Love Was, Is

Our love was

Our love was famine, frustration  
We only acted out an imitation  
Of what real love should have been  
Then suddenly

Our love was flying  
Our love was soaring  
Our love was shining  
Like a summer morning

Flying, soaring  
Shining morning  
Never leaving  
Lying, dying

Love love love long  
Love love love long  
Love love love long  
Love love love long

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