

Fred Small "This Love"

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Sometimes people ask what is it like
This love that's holding me, unfolding me
Sometimes people ask what's the difference
That we see in your days
It's not romance if romance is a dream world
It's not bliss if bliss is ignorance
And if I tried to tell the truth of us
The closest I'd come could be this:
If for just one moment
People all over the world could know this love
Armies would hold their fire
Soldiers would unlace their boots
And play soccer on the shrouded fields
Let the tanks rust where they stand
Take hold of a foreign hand
"Tell me of life in your native land."
If for just one moment
People all over the world could know this love
Ancient tribes betrayed
Sometimes slaver sometimes slave
Would lay wreathes upon the graves
And gather under a spreading tree
Saying "Hear our tragedy
And we will listen to you."
And the bully who beats on the weaker one
Would say "My God what have I done?"
Has it come to this?"
And the victim who bore it so long
Would be strong enough to stop it
And find a way to forgive
If for just one moment
People all over the world could know this love
People on line at the bank
Would whistle and yodel and dance
The teller would say "Just fill in the blanks
For whatever you need today"
People around the block
Would leave the front door unlocked
And all you gotta do is knock to be welcomed
When you get this close to someone
There is no blaming no mistaking
You know that they've been through

And the courage it's constantly taking
If for just one moment
People all over the world could know this love.
If for just one moment
People all over the world could know this love

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