

Martha Reeves & The Vandellas "Love (Makes Me Do Foolish Things)"

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Love, love, love
Makes me do foolish things
Sit alone by the phone
A phone that never rings

Hoping to hear you say
You love me still
Knowing you never will

Love, love, love
Has made a fool of me
Got me doing things
Things that shouldn't be

Listening for the sound
Of your knock on my door
Knowing that sweet sound
Will be no more

Funny how precious memories
Linger on so long after you've gone
And oh, precious memories
That only make me cry
But I keep holding on
Oh, why do I

All because love, love, love
Makes me do these things
Speak your name softly each night
Or holding your picture tight

When you took my heart
You took my soul
And it's far beyond control

Funny how precious memories
Linger on so long after you've gone
And oh, precious memories
That only make me cry
But I keep holding on
Oh, why do I

All because love, love, love
Makes me do these things
Speak your name softly each night
Or holding your picture tight

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