

Roger Daltrey

"You Can't Call It Love"

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(David Ruffey, Walter Ray, Roger Daltrey)
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It's the same rain the same pain
The same picture in the same frame
Cold close smoldering hearts
And it can't burst into flames then
Again it can't go out

My passion is a nightingale with a
Sword throat
A dolphin in the Thames it's a wasted love
It's a telephone ringing in A empty house
It's motherless child

You can say it's a good thing
You can say it's a bad thing
You can call it anything you want

But you can't call it love
No. you can't call it love
I'm lost among the stars
Another wishful one is waiting in the wings
To pick up where the last one put you down
To dry your eyes and fashion your new crown

Of fox gloves and steel strings
You can say it's a good thing
You can say it's a bad thing
You can call it anything you want

But you can't call it love

No. you can't call it love
No. you can't call it love

The same town's still standing
But the changes come creepin' through
My dreams
But it's a little late for praying
When your world is already on its knees
And on and on and on and on

My nightmare's a devil's dog on a rolling log
Got no control, no sense of time, its
Just a rhyme
And a banshee hollers in the dead of night
It's a homeless ghost

You can say it's a good thing
You can say it's a bad thing
You can call it anything you want

But you can't call it love
No. you can't call it love
No. you can't call it love
Can't call it love

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