

Mode Depeche

"Love In Itself 427"

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All of these insurmountable tasks

That lay before me

All of the firsts and the definite lasts

That lay in store for me

There was a time

When all of my mind was love

Now I find that most of the time

Love's not enough in itself

Consequently

I've a tendency to be unhappy

You see

The thoughts in my head

All the words that were said

All the blues and the reds

Get to me

There was a time

When all of my mind was love

Now I find that most of the time

Love's not enough in itself

All of these absurdities

That lay before us

All of the doubts and the certainties

That lay in store for us

There was a time

When all of my mind was love

Now I find that most of the time

Love's not enough in itself

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