

# Love

## Paul Simon

Cool me, cool my fever high  
Hold me when I cry I  
I need it so much  
Makes you want to get down  
And crawl like a beggar for its touch  
And all the while it's free as air  
Like plants the medicine is everywhere Love, love, love We crave it so badly  
Makes you want to laugh out loud  
When you receive it and gobble it like candy  
We think it's easy, sometimes it's easy  
But it's not easy, you're going to break down and cry  
We're not important, we should be grateful  
And if you're wondering why, why Love, love, love The price that we pay  
When evil walks the planet  
And love is crushed like clay  
The master races, the chosen peoples  
The burning temples, the weeping cathedrals

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