

Is This Love?

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

You're so much different than me yea

I know

And I'm my only enemy

Pain is all that I can see oh

I see you're climbing a tree

And I know

That it's easier to be up high in

The air than oh the ground

And it's love, etc.

You say you can't say anymore

You've already said it before

In a million different ways which

Were all not quite right

The rain is loud on the ground

Well I know

But I don't even make a sound when

I come around oh

And you say I'd be better off dead

This I know

But it's no use hiding this pretty

Head in the ground

And it's love, etc.

And we can do the zarathustra

We can do the broken fist

We can tear down all the borders

Or abbreviate the list

And when finally the finish line

Emerges from the mist we'll sound

A soft alarm

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