

What Kind of Love Is This

Streetheart

I don't hear a word, I don't hear a thing,
I need something to make me feel better.
I've tried her at home,
I've tried on the phone,
But somehow I can't seem to get her. I'm waiting in line, I'm wasting my time.
Again and again
I keep hoping there's love in her eyes.
What kind of love is this?
Kind that keeps me standing in line.
What kind of love is this?
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. Why can't it be that when she needed me,
Are memories so hard to recover?
I'm nobody's fool,
She's mean when she's cruel,
She's saving herself for another. I'm waiting in line, I'm wasting my time.
Again and again
I keep hoping there's love in her eyes.
What kind of love is this?
Kind that keeps me standing in line.
What kind of love is this?
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. What kind of love is this?
Kind that keeps me standing in line.
What kind of love is this?
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. What kind of love is this?
Kind that keeps me standing in line.
What kind of love is this?
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. I don't hear a word,
I don't hear a thing,
I need something to make me feel better.

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