

What Is This Thing Called Love

Hank Jones

I've been your lover for the last time
All the pretending; God knows that we tried
I've been the doctor for the last time
If we weren't so good at it we'd have both been fine

I knock you down
Bruise you with my words
I patch you up
Now it's your turn

What is this thing called love that you speak?
We're out of it, we're out of it
What is this thing called love that you speak?
We're out of it, we're out of it

We built this city, now we tear it to the ground
This fight is over, hear the bell ringing out
At the end of the final round

And you knock me down
Cut me with a stare
You patch me up
Now it's my turn

What is this thing called love that you speak?
We're out of it, we're out of it
What is this thing called love that you speak?
Cause we're out of it, we're out of it

What is this thing called love that you speak?
We're out of it, we're out of it
What is this thing called love that you speak?
Cause we're out of it, we're out of it

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