

Love Is

Emmylou Harris

Love is a shiny car
Love is a steel guitar
Love is a battle scar
Love is a morning song Love is a twelve-bar blues
Love is your blue suede shoes
Love is a heart abused
Love is a mind confused And love is the pleasures I'm told
And for some love is still a band of gold
My love has no reason, has no rhyme
My love cross the double line Love is a mine of gold
Love is a man to hold
Love is a drowning soul
Love is it's own reward And love is the pleasures I'm told
And for some love is still a band of gold
My love has no reason, has no rhyme
My love cross the double line And love is the pleasures I'm told
And for some love is still a band of gold
My love has no reason, has no rhyme
My love cross the double line Oh, my love cross the double line
Oh, my love cross the double line

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