

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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