

Call It Love

You said it was over for months before
you ever decided to walk out the door
i didn't say but i wanted to know
why you didn't leave when you wanted to go
wanted to go

(i really didn't mean that)
but i'm sad and i'm blue
and i'm mad at you too
i'm broken up

i never knew why you did things that you did
but didn't mind keeping some of them hid
but when you start playing the games that you do
well then you go and break my heart in two
my heart in two

well you give me the blues
and i'm mad at you too
i guess i'm broken up

you're good in bed
you're the best i've ever had the pleasure of
but i love you too much
baby you've got the touch
of mess'n up
mess'n up my head

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i was your my friend
and you was my pal
i was your boy
and you was my good good gal
but now you been out for a while on your own
congratulations baby
you're a woman full grown
you're a woman full grown

so when you get the blues
and they tear you in two
call it love

yeah when you get the blues
and they tear you in two
call it love

well you can call it love

by Keith Sykes © 1977