

# Sarah Brightman, This Love

This love  
This love is a strange love  
A faded kind of day love  
This love

This love  
I think I'm gonna fall again  
And even when you held my hand  
It didn't mean a thing  
This love

This love  
Never has to say love  
Doesn't know it is love  
This love

This love  
Doesn't have to say love  
Doesn't need to be love  
Doesn't mean a thing  
This love

This love, oh-oh-oh ...  
This strange love (strange love)  
This love, ... (lines are repeated several times)

This love