

IT COULD BE LOVE

BY MICHAEL BRACHT

You hang around the coffee shop
Watching spirals blend into your mug
Oh what were you thinking of
It could be love

At five o'clock she gets off work
You make your way down to her favorite piece of gardened earth
What were you thinking of
It must be love

And everything has changed
Since your head's gone straight to your brain
And it must remain that you're in love

It gets too hot when you stand too close
You tap it softly and it starts to flow
It boils quick down to ambient temps
And things were said that you hadn't really meant
All because of love
It must be love

Grab hold and hold on tight
This isn't bad for a Saturday night of your life
Not for you, not for now, not for...
anyway...

And when she asks, just say
It could be love