Mad Love Meets and Roars Life Tenderly

Amy Holt
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Mad love meets and roars life tenderly  
But where is this love that gently woes?  
How can I convince it to come after me?

I heard about that nymph in the city  
Whose love lacked action by a loss of voice  
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Well young Echo knew more than anybody  
That love only imitates what has come before  
How can I convince it to come after me?

A bright, young man sits with a girl by a tree  
His eyes fixed on her angelic face  
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But when dominance takes over gradually  
The girl will soon learn love's bumps and tears  
How can I convince it to come after me?

If I am meant to love only the arbitrary  
God, strike my voice that I may not speak  
Mad love meets and roars life tenderly  
How can I convince it to come after me?