

LOVE IN ITSELF

Words & music by Martin L. Gore

Dm



G



G/D



Dm



G/D



Dm



G/D



Dm



Gm



G/D



Dm



G/D



Dm



G/D



Dm



Gm



Dm



All of these in-sur-mount-a-ble tasks that lay — be-fore me
Con-se-quent-ly I've a tend-en-cy to be — un-hap-py you — see, the

all of the firsts and the de - fin - ite lasts that lay in store for me.
 thoughts in my head, all the words that were said, all the blues and the reds get to me.

F Bb F G/D Dm G/D Dm

There was a time when all on my mind was love.

F Bb F A7+

Now I find that most of the time love's not e - nough in it -

1 Dm G To Coda

self.

G/D Dm G/D Dm G/D Dm Gm

2 G/D Dm G/D Dm G/D Dm Gm

self.

G/D Dm G/D Dm G/D Dm Gm

Dm Em

All of these ab-surd-i-ties — that lay — be-fore us all of the doubts and the

F#m A /G C D.S. al Coda

cer-tain-ties — that lay — in store for — us.

♣ CODA G/D Dm G/D Dm G/D Dm Gm Repeat to fade