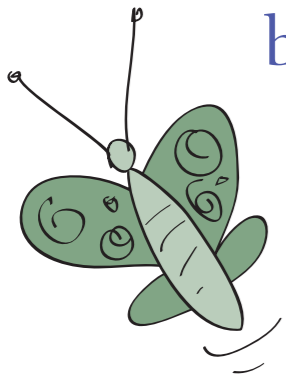
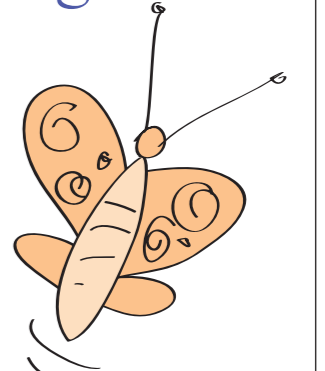
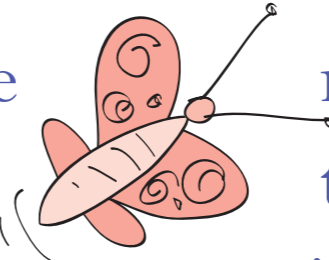


It's a random glance snatched across a tube carriage. It's a flicker of recognition; a chance meeting.

It's counting e-kisses and re-reading texts. It's butterflies flapping their wings in your belly. It's too excited to sleep; not being able to eat. It's checking your phone, email, facebook, every 14 seconds. It's thunderbolts from nowhere.



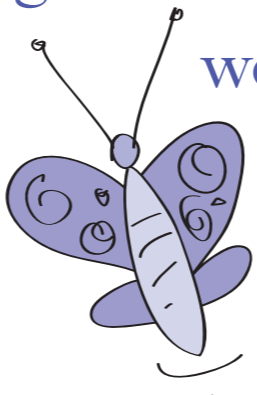
It's just not knowing what to do with yourself at all... It's picnics on the common on a sunny day, and huddling in a doorway on a rainy one. It's redrafting messages over and over. It's the most potent drug you ever



took. It's pining. It's wanting to share every kooky thing you see. It's being together when you're apart. It's yet another broly left on the bus. It's walking home at 3.am. singing at the tops of your voices. It's letting go. It's not knowing whose arm is whose. It's counting minutes and eyelashes. It's only ever wanting to be in that one moment, forever. It's coming home.

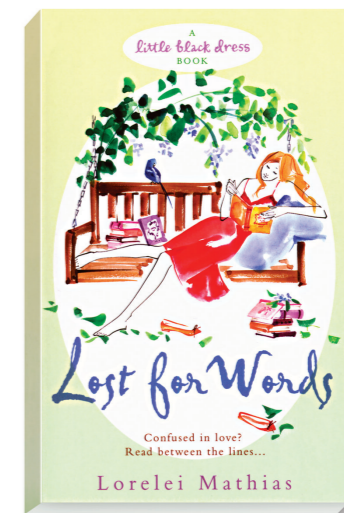
It's an incomparable lust for life. It's not really listening; a big daft grin on your face. It's a 'drop of madness and a drop of reason.' It's just knowing. It's a flash of nostalgia on the radio. It's a scent on the pillow and one stray sock.

It's being spectacularly inarticulate; when all seeing the other 27 people in your carriage.



words fail you but the three hardest ones. It's no longer It's none of these things; it won't be put into words.

When were you last in love?

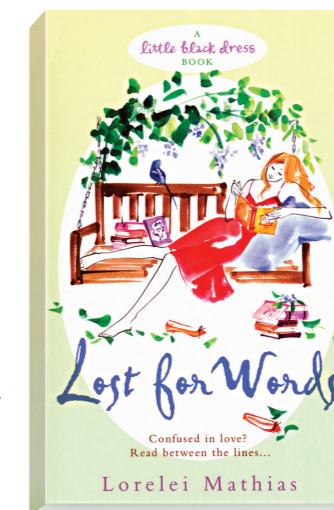


It's

oh.

I forgot what I was going to say.

When were you last in love?



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