

# X

## "True Love"

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True love, true love, true love, true love  
True love, true love is the devil's crowbar

Pulled out, pulled apart, torn apart by finding out  
Loneliness is fine, then you find someone who has to  
stay away  
It pulls apart your wishbone but you get to wish  
Loneliness is never the same again

It becomes true love, true love, true love, true love  
True love, true love is the devil's crowbar

He uses it to pry you out of your car and into the arms  
of  
The devil drives a Buick, he sits inside and eats lunch  
Then he sticks his pitchfork through the trunk and into  
the spare  
And he pulls out

True love, true love, true love, true love  
True love, true love is the devil's crowbar

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