

Ian Janis

"This Must Be Wrong"

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I gave a party
I said you could come
You showed up at your door
with all your leathers on
I said This must be wrong
It can't be right
How can you make love to me
dressed up for a fight?
Pick me up off the floor
No more -- 'cause you surely
can't be mine

Religion came
almost overnight
You were the high priest
I was the sacrifice
I said This must be wrong
This can't be right
Take off your stupid robe
and put down your knife
These ropes are getting tight
All right--you surely
can't be mine

I come home half dead

Late on a Saturday night
You stand on the bed and you
tell me you're learning to fly
I said Take off your boots
Take off your cape
Throw away your long johns
I ain't no Lois Lane
Before I get my kryptonite
All right--'cause you surely
can't be mine

I was ready for love
Big brass bed and all
I was ready for love
You said Let's talk about the war
I said What war?

What war?
Take off your clothes
and don't you worry me no more
I ain't no fly by night
All right--you surely
can't be mine

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