

Bad Books

"Not The Loving Kind"

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Is that what you call life
Asking for trouble and longing for strife
You're chasing me
The rumour's rife

Your intention's all too clear
Calling me up and calling me dear
And filling me
With dread and fear

I can't deny it's true that love is blind
If you can't see that it's all in the mind
Just leave me be I'm not the loving kind
It's plain to see I'm not the loving kind

You know you won't succeed
In winning cocks with chicken feed
The sing are there
For you to read

Your efforts are effete
The stakes too high for easy meat
Why don't you just
Amidst defeat

I can't deny it's true that love is blind
If you can't see that it's all in the mind
Just leave me be I'm not the loving kind
It's plain to see I'm not the loving kind

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