

The Grateful Dead

"When Push Comes to Shove"

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Shaking in the forest, what have you to fear?
Here there may be tigers, to punch you in the ear.
With gloves of stainless steel, bats carved out of BRICK
Knock you down and beat you up and give your ass a
kick.
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

Shaking in the desert, wherefore do you cry?
Here there may be rattlesnakes, to punch you in the
eye.
With Shotgun's full of silver and bullet's made of glass
String barbed wire at your feet, AND DO not let you
pass.
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

When push comes to shove, when push comes to
shove,
You're afraid of love, when push comes to shove.

Shaking in the bedroom, covers on your head,
CRINGING LIKE A BABY AT the hand beneath the bed?
PHANTOM IN THE CLOSET, scratching at the door,
BELIEVE IT'S THE mystery killer THAT you saw on
channel four.
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

Shaking in the garden, the fear within you grows,
Here there may be roses, to punch you in the nose.
TWIST THEIR ARMS AROUND YOU, SNAP you til you cry,
Wrap you in THEIR sweet perfume and LOVE you 'til you
die.
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

When push comes to shove, when push comes to
shove,
You're afraid of love, when push comes to shove.

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