

John Hiatt and the Guilty Dogs

"Thing Called Love"

Visit "[Thing Called Love](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Don't have to humble yourself to me I ain't your judge
or your king And baby, you know you ain't no Queen of
Sheba And we may not even have our dignity, no This
could be just a prideful thing But baby, we can choose
you know, we ain't no amoebas But CHORUS: Are you
ready for this thing called love Don't come from you
and me, It comes from up above I ain't no porcupine,
take off your kid gloves Are you ready for this thing
called love And you ain't some icon carved out of soap
Sent down here to clean up my reputation And baby, I
ain't your prince charming Now we can live in fear, or
act out of hope For some kind of peaceful situation
Baby, don't know why the cry of love is so alarming But
CHORUS The ugly ducklings don't turn into swans And
glide off down the lake Whether your sunglasses are
off or on You only see the world you make Before the
laws of God and the laws of man I take you for my wife,
yeah To love, honour, cherish and obey, Now, I didn't
have no plans to live this kind of life, no It just worked
out that way And CHORUS TWICE Just a crazy little thing
called love Its just a crazy little thing called love

Visit [John Hiatt and the Guilty Dogs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.