

Brooks Garth

"The Fever"

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(Steven Tyler, Joe Perry, Bryan Kennedy, Dan Roberts)

He's got a split finger wrap
And his rope's pulled way to tight
He's got a lunatic smile
'Cause he's really drawn deep tonight

He's got a fever, fever, fever, fever
Grab a hold of anything and hold on tight
It hits you like the venom from a rattle snake bite
We're all here 'cause he's not all there tonight

He takes one breath
And time turns inside out
Then the gate busts open to the world he dreams about

He's got a fever, fever, fever, fever
Stick a rope on anything 'cause he don't care
He'd even take a ride on the electric chair
We're all here cause he's not all there tonight

He says it's really kind of simple
Keep your mind in the middle
While your butt spins 'round and 'round
Take heed to Sankey's preachin'
Keep liftin' and reachin'
And ridin' like there ain't no clowns

What he loves might kill him
But he's got no choice
He's a different breed
With a voice down deep inside
That's screamin' he was born to ride

He's got a fever, fever, fever, fever
Fever makes you crazy 'cause it makes no sense
Like runnin' from your shadow out of self-defense
He won't run and baby he can't hide
He thinks the odds are even leavin' one hand tied
He gets so tired of hangin' on so tight
I know you think he's crazy well I think you're right

We're all here 'cause he's not all there that's right

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