

Cult, The

"Wolf Child's Blues"

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Drive a hard bargain baby
Think about you all night long
This road ain't getting shorter
Night's getting longer
Think about your good lov'in arms
Way back home
Where the good times roll
And the angels do stroll, yeah
Drive on through, all night
Always with you
All I need is good lov'in woman
All we really need is good times
Try to blow off a little steam
And embrace that silly life
Had too much of a good time one night
Sure did get into one hell of a fight
Yeah, that dude pulled a knife on me
All I really saw was red
Hey come on you mothers
I'm gonna break off your fucking head
All I need is good lov'in woman
All we really need is good times

You drive a hard bargain lady luck
Sometime you might smile
Right down on my soul
I'm talk'in about ahhhh
Like a run-a-way train
Drive through the night
Drive through the night
Drive through the day
Drive through the day
All I need is good lov'in woman
All we really need is good times
Ahhhhhhh. Yeahhhhhh.
Just call me Wolfchild
For that is my name
I ain't got no claim to fame
No I don't
My face still feels the same
Yeah, you drive a hard bargain lady luck

Sure bought you some time
Sure bought you some time
All I need is good lov'in woman
All we really need is good times

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