

Gone Jackals, The "Love Comes Crawling"

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"Love is strange"
Dick told Twain,
"Fan that distant spark
And realize the animal
Within each beating heart"

Don't be stalling
When love comes crawling

Dance, dance, dance
Here comes Lance
You're my lump of clay
I'll grade and critique your work today
Then's my turn to play

No one can move you the way I do
There's nothing left to hold on to
And no denying my shadow your light
I'll come to you in your dreams tonight
Oh yeah!

Crawl...

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