

## What Love Is

Dead Boys

I don't need none of your bedroom bruised sweet box  
And I don't need none of your spoiled ass sweet talk

I wanna write on your face with my pretty knife  
I wanna toy with your precious life  
Want cha to know  
I want you to know what love is

I don't need none of your tender back seat love  
An' I don't need none of your two-bit machine love