

Buzzards of Love

Jim White

Wonder if you know, what you see ain't what you get. Wonder have you learned a dirty word - did you forget? 'Cause there's talk on the street... say sugar taste sweet... but it'll tear you apart... when what's easy on the eyes... is hard on the heart... when you're loving ...loving on them buzzards. See the shiny-winged angel things catch your eye in the big parade. You think you got it made. It's all monkey see, monkey do, but in the end the joke's on you. It ain't nothing but a big charade. Watch the money talk... see the suckers walk... feel the lonely ache... take its toll, soul-sucking pain, yeah. Everybody knows... that's just how it goes... when you're loving, loving on them buzzards. Funny how you feel, like a thing is real, just 'cause it feels good - You know what I'm saying? Yeah yeah. Funny how you run straight for the gun when you know when the fun is done ain't nothing but hell to pay. See the face in the mirror, it looks alone and afraid. Well, if you think you a player, most times it's you that's getting played by them buzzards buzzards buzzards buzzards, them buzzards of love.