

Evil Thing

John Fogerty

You know I feel just like a prisoner, the way your love has chained me down, so I gave your letter to the mailman, I turned your picture to the wall,
But still you have claimed me forever, and that's what scares me most of all!

Ooh! you evil thing, why do you haunt me?
You evil thing, what good is love?

The other night, I had a feeling there was somebody else in my room,
Now I don't know if I was dreamin', but I still get a chill from your perfume.
When my telephone rings, and there's no answer, and the wind comes knockin' at the door,
I can see things flashin' by the window, lord I can't take it much more!

Ooh! you evil thing, why do you haunt me?
You evil thing, what good is love?
Yeah! yeah! yeah!

So I gave your letter to the mailman, I turned your picture to the wall,
But still you have claimed me forever, and that's what scares me most of all!

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