

Bite Marks

John Hiatt

Bite marks baby, out of control
You sink 'em in and take a chunk of my soul
Bite marks baby, up and down my mind
You know you really chewed me up this time

You like it rough, down in the mud
Your idea of fun is drawin' blood
You tear the meat from the heart of a thing
Until there's nothing worth remembering

Don't need no teeth to eat my beef
I'm tenderhearted, ain't no Lee Van Cleef
You bit my tires and it blew my mind
Now I can't even roll down the line

You go right for the jugular vein
Bared incisors and your eyes are insane
I have to handle you with chain mail gloves
There is no name for your kind of love