

Thing Called Love

John Hiatt

Don't have to humble yourself to me
I ain't your judge or your king
And baby, you know you ain't no Queen of Sheba
And we may not even have our dignity, no
This could be just a prideful thing
But baby, we can choose you know,
We ain't no amoebas
But

Are you ready for this thing called love
Don't come from you and me,
It comes from up above
I ain't no porcupine, take off your kid gloves
Are you ready for this thing called love

And you ain't some icon carved out of soap
Sent down here to clean up my reputation
And baby, I ain't your prince charming
Now we can live in fear, or act out of hope
For some kind of peaceful situation
Baby, don't know why the cry of love is so alarming
But

The ugly ducklings don't turn into swans
And glide off down the lake
Whether your sunglasses are off or on
You only see the world you make

Before the laws of God and the laws of man
I take you for my wife, yeah
To love, honour, cherish and obey,
Now, I didn't have no plans to live
This kind of life, no
It just worked out that way
And

Just a crazy little thing called love
Its justs a crazy little thing called love