

## 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