

# Blues Traveler, Monster

[inaudible line]  
Holding up last night  
Tearing things apart  
He giggles with delight  
[something] temptation  
[something] out tonight

You can work your incantation  
With garlic at your door  
Or hide until tomorrow  
It hasn't worked before  
When his love is known  
It turns to stone

This creature goes out hunting  
And feeling that he prowls  
Makes a jungle cat afraid to pounce  
The wolf afraid to howl  
When the [? ] becomes his victim  
And prayer becomes his prey  
Well that's his way

You can work your incantation  
With garlic at your door  
Or hide until tomorrow  
It hasn't worked before  
When his love is known  
It turns to stone

He puts upon the canvas  
Visions in his head  
With a pressure razor-fine  
He paints until I'm bled  
When the moment's captured

By his artistic eye  
He lets it die

You can work your incantation  
With garlic at your door  
Or hide until tomorrow  
It hasn't worked before  
When his love is known  
It turns to stone

And he can't be lonely  
Time comes away  
He has my own identity  
Or so he does say  
Only once the fast have weakened  
Since statue I was free  
He let it be

The demon all but vanquished  
He's finally rid of him  
But still I couldn't touch you  
And it frightened me no end  
And when at last you'd come  
The beast raged on

You can work your incantation  
With garlic at your door  
Or hide until tomorrow

It hasn't worked before  
When his love is known  
It turns to stone

And when his love is known...  
It turns to stone