

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