

# Dr. Feelgood, Every Kind Of Vice

(Lee Brilleaux/Gypie Mayo)

If everybody is saying that  
Love is free  
How come they keep it  
Under lock and key  
When it comes to love  
You've gotta shop around  
On and off, the foreman sell it by the pound  
Every kind of vice  
Is only merchandise

When you're making love  
Check your wallet every minute  
Cause that little girl  
Wants everything that's in it  
Another thing with love  
Apart from the money  
You might get stung  
If you're stealing honey  
Every kind of vice  
Is only merchandise

When you're feeling down  
And you take it on the streets  
Take your boys, you'll need them  
It's gonna lift you off your feet  
You really gonna fly  
When you remember what I said  
Moaning like a sleeper  
And you'll wish that you were dead  
Now it's lovin' or it's leave her  
Or it's this or that  
The man who's selling tickets  
That's getting fat  
Every kind of vice  
Is only merchandise