

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