

Joe Ely, For Your Love

For your love I'd rope the moon
Put it in a blender
Mix up a concoction bound to make you surrender
I'd bite the brand off a buckin' Brahma Bull
I'd rob me a gin mill
Then I'd fill the ocean full

I'd take on the Army
And the Her Majesty's Marines
Your love ain't just the cover
It's the whole Magazine!

For your love I'd stop a freight train
Single-handed.
I would straighten out the bends in the Rio Grande
I'd climb up the tower at the T.V.station
Broadcast my affection to the United Nations

I'd take on the Government
In Washington D
Your love ain't just the en-jine
It's a rockin' machine!

For Your Love...I'd stop the hands of time
For Your Love...I'd dig a diamond mine
For Your Love...I'd do it all the time

For your love I'd walk a tight rope
Wrestle Anacondas
Jump a motorcyle over half-a-dozen Hondas
Carve your initials on a forest of bamboo
Paint the Brooklyn Bridge, baby, pink with a broom

I'd take on the press
From Tokyo to Pravda
Your love ain't just the hot sauce
It's the whole enchalada

For Your Love...I'd stop the hands of time
For Your Love...I'd dig a diamond mine
For Your Love...I'd do it all the time