

# John Hiatt, Thing Called Love

Don't have to humble yourself to me

I ain't your judge or your king

And baby, you know you ain't no Queen of Sheba

And we may not even have our dignity, no

This could be just a prideful thing

But baby, we can choose you know,

we ain't no amoebas

But

CHORUS:

Are you ready for this thing called love

Don't come from you and me,

It comes from up above

I ain't no porcupine, take off your kid gloves

Are you ready for this thing called love

And you ain't some icon carved out of soap

Sent down here to clean up my reputation

And baby, I ain't your prince charming

Now we can live in fear, or act out of hope

For some kind of peaceful situation

Baby, don't know why the cry of love is so alarming

But

REPEAT CHORUS

The ugly ducklings don't turn into swans

And glide off down the lake

Whether your sunglasses are off or on

You only see the world you make

Before the laws of God and the laws of man

I take you for my wife, yeah  
To love, honour, cherish and obey,  
Now, I didn't have no plans to live  
this kind of life, no  
It just worked out that way  
And

REPEAT CHORUS 2 TIMES

Just a crazy little thing called love  
Its justs a crazy little thing called love