

Robert Cray, Labor Of Love

I'm spending too much time with her problems,
Worrying about what she might think.
Her hold on my heart, you know it drives me crazy,
And buddy, I'm on the brink.

Thought I'd worked my way through all the heartaches,
Jealously, anger, and pain.
But this feeling I've got, it's so doggone desperate, man,
I'll have to do it all over again.

I'm awake late at night, an emotional fool,
Making vows to myself that I can't keep.
Another know-it-all, lonesome man of the world,
Who can't stop crying himself to sleep.

If push comes to shove, seems like this labor of love
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I can't stop thinking about her,
It's a sad but natural fact,
She's a devil and a saint and a whole lot more that I ain't.
I want this monkey off of my back.

Now, people bad love's an addiction,
Same as cocaine and cheap whiskey, too.
When you're a prisoner of love, that's all that you think of.
You act confused and you ain't got a clue.