

The Cult, Wolf Child's Blues

Drive a hard bargain baby

Think about you all night long

This road ain't getting shorter

Night's getting longer

Think about your good lov'in arms

Way back home

Where the good times roll

And the angels do stroll, yeah

Drive on through, all night

Always with you

All I need is good lov'in woman

All we really need is good times

Try to blow off a little steam

And embrace that silly life

Had too much of a good time one night

Sure did get into one hell of a fight

Yeah, that dude pulled a knife on me

All I really saw was red

Hey come on you mothers

I'm gonna break off your f**king head

All I need is good lov'in woman

All we really need is good times

You drive a hard bargain lady luck

Sometime you might smile

Right down on my soul

I'm talk'in about ahhhh

Like a run-a-way train

Drive through the night

Drive through the night

Drive through the day

Drive through the day

All I need is good lov'in woman

All we really need is good times

Ahhhhhhh. Yeahhhhhh.

Just call me Wolfchild

For that is my name

I ain't got no claim to fame

No I don't

My face still feels the same

Yeah, you drive a hard bargain lady luck

Sure bought you some time

Sure bought you some time

All I need is good lov'in woman

All we really need is good times