

Chris Whitley, WPL

All these lies
Pass you by
And lies of dissension
In doctrine of tension
Nowhere time
Obvious town
Some religion's sex
All around
Well, she must have just got here
She had nothing to sell nobody yet
Wild pagan love
Wild pagan love
Just to talk with her
Just whatever was goin' on
She got no dogma about her, no
No moral questions
No moral questions
Wild pagan love
Wild pagan love
Wild pagan love