

# Sparks, Eaten By The Monster Of Love

Well, it's Saturday night and I'm still free  
And I ain't never gonna be  
Eaten by the monster of love

It's hard to fight it off much more  
I hear it drooling by the door  
Eaten by the monster of love

It ain't a pretty sight to see the way it leaves 'em  
It chews them up and spits out creatures with those  
Goo-gooy-ey eyes  
Sick sickly smiles  
It just isn't right

And my father said "don't worry, son"  
But look at him, he should have run  
Eaten by the monster of love

Well, it's worse than war, it's worse than death  
There ain't too many left who ain't been  
Eaten by the monster of love

Buy a dog and that might help  
Sometimes, though, a dog gets grabbed and  
Eaten by the monster of love

Eaten by the monster of love  
Let it huff, let it puff  
Eaten by the monster of love  
I hate to gripe, but I just ain't the type

(Don't let it get me, don't let it get me, etc.)

I know some really good, good people  
Overcome, and piece by piece they were  
Eaten by the monster of love

Sometimes it takes a nip at me  
But I'm too quick to ever be  
Eaten by the monster of love