

Stephen Stills, The Love Gangster

Have you got a feelin' botherin' you like a bumble bee
Give yourself room for breathin' love you 'til you're fit to be
Tied...do you need a place to hide
Can you be believin' what they told you yesterday
Looks can be deceivin', you look like you're runnin' away
Why...if you don't stop you'll die
Everyone lookin' at my girl
Everyone thinkin'bout my girl. So tough
Everyone birdoggin' at my girl
You can take her if you got enough
You better fly
The love gangster gonna make y'cry
Policeman on the corner another one down the street
Kinda makes you wonder what you gonna do with your feet
An' it ain't no lie...everybody gonna need a place to hide
Yes...the love gangster gonna make you cry
You need a place to hide