

# The Grateful Dead, When Push Comes To Shove

Shaking in the forest, what have you to fear?  
Here there may be tigers, to punch you in the ear.  
With gloves of stainless steel, bats carved out of bricks  
Knock you down and beat you up and give your ass a kick.  
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

Shaking in the desert, now wherefore do you cry?  
Here there may be rattlesnakes, to punch you in the eye.  
With Shotgun's full of silver and bullet's made of glass  
String barbed wire at your feet, that will not let you pass.  
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

When push comes to shove, when push comes to shove,  
You're afraid of love, when push comes to shove.

Shaking in the bedroom, covers on your head,  
Are you still in fear of the hand beneath the bed?  
Grabbing at the handle, scratching at the door,  
Maybe it's mystery killer you saw on channel four.  
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

Shaking in the garden, the fear within you grows,  
Here there may be roses, to punch you in the nose.  
Put my arms around you, love you til you cry,  
Wrap you in your sweet perfume and squeeze you 'til you die.  
When push comes to shove, you're afraid of love.

When push comes to shove, when push comes to shove,  
You're afraid of love, when push comes to shove.