The Sleepy Jackson, Play A Little Bit For Love

This is the start of fashion, not the end.
The truth don't come easily
If you don't let your ears breathe.
High heels and wine frills and a cut of coloured car. Corvette corner, long fringe crooner or a black

You all wanted grace,
but you just kept in line.
You all wanted space, you just kept in line.

You stole my lines from the fireplace.
Replaced them with an old drunk tape.
Don't really know if you want to see God around,
I sure do know he don't hand at your loft.
He's so far the middle,
he can hardly wait to see me and all of us,
Standing there.

Play a little bit for love. Play a little bit for love.