

Tom Verlaine, The Grip Of Love

(Verlaine)

You do the moon
You do the snake,
Everywhere you go
You make the right mistake,
You take a picture
And lay it in my tray
Some kind of window,
Just like the Milky Way.

I don't understand,
Must be the grip of love,
Sure had it in your hand,
Must be the grip of love.
We did so many things,
You found out how I felt,
Now you say, "Get lost!";
Well don't that buckle my belt?

I don't understand,
Must be the grip of love,
Sure had it in your hand,
Must be the grip of love.

I guess you've got the grip of love.

Must be the grip of love,
Must be the grip of love,
Must be the grip of love,
Sure had it in your hand,
Must be the grip of love.