

ZZ Top, Lovething

It must have been the way that she kissed me,
Made me as weak as a lamb.
Tastes so fine like french silk pie,
Sweet as strawberry jam.
It could have been the thing that she told me,
When she threw her wrench at my monkey.

Shoulda been a cool scene,
Like honey on a ripped queen.
I thought it was a day-dream,
But it must have been a lovething.

I smiled at the way that she told me,
i just can't turn you a-loose.
She was a force majeure in her haute couture,
I was howlin' at the moon.
That's when I jumped out of her window,
Before my monkey could cook her goose.

Shoulda been a cool scene,
Like honey on a ripped queen.
I thought it was a day-dream,
But it must have been a lovething.