

Buzzards Of Love

[Jim White](#)

Wonder if you know, what you see ain't what you get
Wonder have you learned a dirty word, did you forget?
'Cause there's talk on the street say sugar taste sweet
But it'll tear you apart when what's easy on the eyes is hard on the heart
When you're loving, loving on them buzzards
See the shiny-winged angel things catch your eye in the big parade
You think you got it made
It's all monkey see, monkey do, but in the end the joke's on you
It ain't nothing but a big charade
Watch the money talk see the suckers walk feel the lonely ache
Take its toll, soul-sucking pain, yeah

Everybody knows that's just how it goes
When you're loving, loving on them buzzards
Funny how you feel, like a thing is real, just 'cause it feels good
You know what I'm saying? Yeah, yeah
Funny how you run straight for the gun when you
Know when the fun is done ain't nothing but hell to pay
See the face in the mirror, it looks alone and afraid
Well, if you think you a player, most times it's you that's getting played
By them buzzards buzzards buzzards buzzards, them buzzards of love

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