

# Kiss It Off

## Little Feat

One so sad, feeling's painful  
You can't deny, there is no peace  
Is no love, milk-toasted love  
Ain't no velvet glove  
You were the child of some electric nightmare  
And you could move mountains, the swords of fire  
They keep you around to watch their house of gold  
Keep the hungry away from the sacred grove  
You were holy and you made me wonder how  
But you looked like a devil who would seize and shake you down  
On the hopes of a tyrant  
No one makes it over  
There is no peace  
Is no love, a milk-toasted love  
Ain't no velvet glove

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