

Crown Of Thorns

Mother Love Bone

You ever heard the story
Of Mr. Faded Glory?
Say, 'He who rides the pony must someday fall...'Talking to my Alter
Said, 'Life is what you make it
And if you make it, death will rest your soul away... away... away'
Yeah, child.It's a broken kinda feelin'.
She'd have to tie me to the ceiling.
A bad moon's a-comin'
Better say your prayers, child.
I want to tell you that I love you.
But does it really matter?
I just can't stand to see you draggin' down again... again...
My baby, again... Oh yes.So I'm singing
This is my kind of love.
It's the kind that moves on.
It's unkind and leaves me alone, yes it does.This is my kind of love.
It's the kind that moves on.
It's unkind and leaves me alone.I used to treat you like a lady.
Now you're a substitute teacher.
This bottle's not a pretty, not a pretty sight.I owe the man some money
So I'm turnin' over, honey.
Say Mr. Faded Glory is-a-once again a-doin' time, oh yeah.And this is my kind of love.
It's the kind that moves on.
It's unkind and leaves me alone, yes it does, ah.
This is my kind of love.
It's the kind that moves on.
It's unkind and, it's unkind and
It LEAVE ME ALONE, YEAH!Like a crown of thorns.
It's all who you know.
So don't burn your bridges, woman,
'Cause someday, yeah...Kick it....
This is my kind of love.
It's the kind that moves on.
It's unkind and leaves me alone.
And this is my kind of love.
It's the kind that moves on.
It's the kind that leaves me.Baby... I said a come on, come on, come on, come on, do it.
I said baby...
Don't burn you bridges, woman...

I'm gonna come back to you...

Songwriters

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FAIRWEATHER, BRUCE IAN

Published by
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