Free Love

Morphine

Free love
Oh, what is it?
Free love
Oh, I can't stand it, it's a panicNormally love costs a bundle and plenty of trouble
But you fooled me, you fooled me
You ran away to Italy, ahh
You fooled me
Yea, you fooled me, you fooled me
You ran away to Italy, ahh
With your psychiatrist
Who's now a scientologist
I should have foreseen this
Business with your psychiatristFree love
Don't bank on it, baby
Don't bank on it
Don't bank on it
Don't bank on it
Don't bank on it, baby
Free loveSo the next time
Someone offers you free love
You know it
You better run
Run for shelter
Run for help
Run for the nearest downtown lounge in the afternoon
Run for the cynical arms of a stranger
Run for the open arms of an unknown tomorrow
Because love, love, love is expensive, haaFree love
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Don't bank on it, babyFree love
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