

# I Call That True Love

Dr. Hook

(Shel Silverstein) Ever' mornin' won't you wake up early cook me great big T-bone steak  
Serve it to me in bed go on the street and hustle bring me back all the money you make  
Won't you rub my body with sweet scented oil, cool me with a 'lectric fan  
Run to the church fall down on your knees say Lord I wanna thank you for that man And I'll call that true love,  
true and sweet  
That ain't the kind of love I'm gettin'  
But baby that's the kind of love I need I wanna come home every evenin' to a great big meal of wine and roasted  
pheasant  
I want you to say to me Ray, hey this is Susy, this is Kay, I brought 'em both home to you for a present  
When The Man downs his soul and find my stash, won't you tell 'em it belongs to you  
And when you're sittin' in the slam tell all the other chickies when they get out they should look me up too And  
I'll call that true love, true and sweet  
That ain't the kind of love I'm gettin'  
But baby that's the kind of love I need Some guy accuses me of foolin' with his wife threatens to take me apart  
Points a gun at me, I want you to jump in the middle and take the bullet in your own heart  
And as you're lyin' on the floor and dyin', I want you to look up at me and say  
Hey Ray I'm sorry I messed up your rug, just roll my body out of the way And I'll call that true love, true and  
sweet  
That ain't the kind of love I'm gettin'  
But baby that's the kind of love I need Hollywood calls you on the telephone I want you to turn down the part  
And when we're ballin' baby, ride on top so I never ever strain my heart And I'll call that true love, true and  
sweet  
That ain't the kind of love I'm gettin'.....

Songwriters

S. SILVERSTEIN Published by

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