

# Michigan

## Moor Hound

Michigan  
It seems that I'm always just passing through  
Michigan  
This time I think I need something from you Give up the wonder that you hold  
'Cause just singing about it is getting old  
Let's meet before that heat in our bodies turns cold  
'Cause I'm no man until this ticket's sold States away  
Those 1,200 miles of interstate  
My will at bay  
The distance keeps me from what I would say Give up any lovin' that you have  
And I'll give you twice the lovin' right back  
The freedom that you bring  
When our bones are rattlin'  
'Cause I'm no man until I've made you sing

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