

# Buzzards of Love

[Jim White](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Wonder if you know, what you see ain't what you get  
Wonder have you learned a dirty word, did you forget?  
'Cause there's talk on the street say sugar taste sweet  
But it'll tear you apart when what's easy on the eyes is hard on the heart  
When you're loving, loving on them  
buzzards  
See the shiny-winged angel things catch your eye in the big parade  
You think you got it made  
It's all monkey see, monkey do, but in the end the joke's on you  
It ain't nothing but a big charade  
Watch the money talk see the suckers walk feel the lonely ache  
Take its toll, soul-sucking pain, yeah  
Everybody knows that's just how it goes  
When you're loving, loving on them buzzards  
Funny how you feel, like a thing is real, just 'cause it feels good  
You know what I'm saying? Yeah, yeah  
Funny how you run straight for the gun when you  
Know when the fun is done ain't nothing but hell to pay  
See the face in the mirror, it looks alone and afraid  
Well, if you think you a player, most times it's you that's getting played  
By them buzzards buzzards buzzards buzzards, them buzzards of love

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