I Call That True Love

Dr. Hook

Ever' mornin' won't you 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 'l ectric fan
Run to the church fall down on your knees say "Lord I wanna tha nk 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
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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 t he 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"

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But baby that's the kind of love I need

Hollywood calls you on the telephone I want you to turn down th e part
And when we're ballin' baby, ride on top so I never ever strain my heart

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That ain't the kind of love I'm gettin

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