

This Must Be Wrong

Janis Ian

I gave a party
I said you could come
You showed up at your door
With all your leathers on
I said This must be wrong
It can't be right
How can you make love to me
Dressed up for a fight?
Pick me up off the floor
No more -- 'cause you surely
Can't be mine

Religion came
Almost overnight
You were the high priest
I was the sacrifice
I said This must be wrong
This can't be right
Take off your stupid robe
And put down your knife
These ropes are getting tight
All right--you surely
Can't be mine

I come home half dead
Late on a Saturday night
You stand on the bed and you
Tell me you're learning to fly
I said Take off your boots
Take off your cape
Throw away your long johns
I ain't no Lois Lane
Before I get my kryptonite
All right--'cause you surely
Can't be mine

I was ready for love
Big brass bed and all
I was ready for love
You said Let's talk about the war
I said What war?
What war?
Take off your clothes
And don't you worry me no more
I ain't no fly by night
All right--you surely
Can't be mine