

Foghat, Love Rustler

D. Linde / T. Cain - Combine Music Corp. - BMI

I was movin' up an old dusty road,
I wasn't botherin' nobody, I wasn't botherin' a soul.
I saw a woman's picture on a wanted sign,
She had the face of an angel and the eyes of a child.
So I moved a little closer, just to dig her face,
I wondered why was it hangin' now, in this lonely place?

There was fine threads hangin' beneath her face, like clothes hangin' on a line.
I said watch out man, 'cause this pretty girl is guilty of an awful crime.
She'll take your love, she'll stand you up, she'll make you feel ten feet tall.
She cuts you down, you hit the ground, you and your heart of gold.

They call her the love, the love rustler, yeah.
They call her the love, love, love, love, love, love, love,
Love rustler, ooh yeah.

So I moved on up, on in to town, just to see if this rustler, if she could be found.
Well lo' and behold, to my surprise, she laid a kiss on me, hotter than a brandin' iron.
She came on tough, and she came on strong,
She cowtied my soul, now I can't leave here alone.

And when she told me to buck, I bucked, she told me to moo, I mooed.
When she told to jump, I jumped, she told me to woo, I wooed.
She ran her spurs into my mind, she rode me in to the ground.
If I had the will or strength, I'd crawl on out of town.

They call her the love, love, the love rustler. Oh yeah!
They call her the love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love,
Love rustler, oh yeah!
They call her the love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love,
Love rustler, oohh!

Oh, the love, the love rustler do you feel alright? oh yeah
....Yippy yi yi yi, oh yeah....
C'mon baby, c'mon baby Lay that kiss on me now, lay that kiss on me right now,
Whoo! It feels so good! It feels so good!
I'm talkin' 'bout love, love, love - Love, love, love -
I'm talkin' 'bout love, yeah! I'm talkin' 'bout love, yeah!
I'm talkin' 'bout love, ooh, yeah! I'm talkin' 'bout love, ooh, yeah! Alright.
The love rustler! The love rustler!
She runs her spurs into my mind. I just can't leave her behind.
She makes me feel like - ooh! - she makes me feel like ridin' off into the sunset -
yippie-yi-yi-yi - yi - yi - yi - yi - yi - yi - yi - yi - yi - yi. Oh yeah!
Ooh! She's so rude! She's so rude! And I'm in the mood for something rude!