

Kill My Body

Eric Burdon

You can kill my body
But you cannot, cannot, cannot kill my spirit
You can kill my body
But you cannot, cannot, cannot kill my spirit

You missed a spot
Put on the lock
In his rock and roll yellow
Rocked out rug
He received a pardon
For complete disregard
Knocking on to doors
Of fate and of god
Which got god hot
He hollered loud and clear
If you hold your life, dear baby
Don't [?]

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Now people passing by
Like the bird on the wire
And the cat buys its time

His disappointment

Kiss my hand
It's a hand of a rock and roll band
Whose hand is probably tucked
In his hip pocket

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My sweet love
Would break your narrow, arrowed bones
But this here god
He carries a club
And an unsatisfied

And when the gun went off
Who got fired
Certainly not the god
But the man who retired

You can kill my body
But you cannot, cannot, cannot kill my spirit
You can kill my body
But you cannot, cannot, cannot kill my spirit
You can kill my body, my body, my body
Lord knows
My spirit, my body

Yeah you can kill my body
But you cannot, cannot, cannot kill my spirit