

Soul

Lee Brice

Your body's got me weak
You're Mozart in the sheets
You make a sinner out of me
I'ma need a priest

And I'll be singing, Holy Mother of Moses
I just wanna buy you roses
Open every door that closes
And kiss you from your head to your toeses

I like your soul, baby
You've got that heart made of gold, baby
I'm gonna love you till I'm old, baby
I just wanna be your baby

I like your soul (I like your soul)
I like your soul (I like your soul)

Don't need to be undressing
To feel like you're impressing
Must have died and gone to heaven
Go on and take me to confession

You've got me singing, Holy Mother of Moses
I just wanna buy you roses
Open every door that closes
And kiss you from your head to your toeses

I like your soul, baby
You've got that heart made of gold, baby
I'm gonna love you till I'm old, baby
I just wanna be your baby

I like your soul (I like your soul)
I like your soul (I like your soul)
Just so you know (Just so you know)
I like your soul, baby

I like your soul, baby
You've got that heart made of gold, baby
I'm gonna love you till I'm old, baby
I just wanna be your baby

I like your soul, baby
You've got that heart made of gold, baby
I'm gonna love you till I'm old, baby
I just wanna be your baby

I like your soul (I like your soul)
I like your soul (I like your soul)