I'm on Fire

Ron Pope

Hey, little girl, is your daddy home?
Did he go away and leave you all alone?
I got a bad desire

Oh, oh, oh
I'm on fire

Tell me now, baby, is he good to you?
And can he do to you the things that I do?
Oh no, I can take you higher

Oh, oh, oh
I'm on fire

Sometimes it's like someone took a knife, baby, edgy and dull
And cut a six-inch valley through the middle of my skull
At night, I wake up with the sheets soaking wet
And a freight train running through the middle of my head
Only you can cool my desire

Oh, oh, oh
I'm on fire
Oh, oh, oh
I'm on fire
Oh, oh, oh
I'm on fire

Ooh-ooh, ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

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