

# King Of Soul

The Wolfgang Press

If you don't listen up, you're askin' to be told  
If you had a walk like mine, you'd crown it the king of soul

Maybe I don't want it  
You take anybody  
I can't afford it  
Shake hardening like a fire

Too many body swerves and lose control  
I wonder, am I right or am I gettin' old?  
My eyes have seen the glory but my body's on hold  
I hope I get to Heaven before the devil knows I'm cold Mr Jack

The hungry feed my only hole  
'Cause if you had a head like mine you'd crown it the king of soul

Shake my Bible  
Walk on my hands  
Rub out making your first mistake I've been told  
Maybe I won't like it

If you won't listen up, you're askin' to be told  
If you had a head like mine you'd crown it the king of soul

Too many body swerves and find control  
I wonder am right or I'm getting too old?  
'Til my eyes have seen the glory but my body's still on hold  
I hope I get to Heaven before the devil knows I'm cold Mr Jack

The hungry feed my only hole  
'Cause if you had a head like mine you'd crown it the king of soul