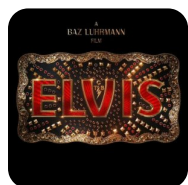


Burning love – Elvis Presley

Lord Almighty, I feel my temperature rising
Higher, higher, it's burnin' through
To my soul
Girl, girl, girl, girl, you're gonna set me
On fire, mm
My brain is flamin', I don't know which way
To go, mm
Your kisses lift me higher
Like the sweet song of a choir
You light my mornin' sky
With burnin' love (Burnin' love)
Ooh, ooh, ooh, I feel my temperature risin'
Help me, I'm flamin', I must be a hundred
And nine
Burnin', burnin', burnin' and nothin'
Can cool me, yeah
I just might turn to smoke, but I feel fine
'Cause your kisses lift me higher
Like a sweet song of a choir
And you light my mornin' sky
With burnin' love (Burnin' love)
(Ah, ah, ah)
Burnin' love (Burnin' love)
It's comin' closer, the flames are now
Lickin' my body
Won't you help me? I feel like I'm slippin'
Away
It's hard to breathe and my chest is
A-heavin', mm, mm
Lord, have mercy, I'm burnin' a hole
Where I lay, yeah
Your kisses lift me higher
Like the sweet song of a choir
And you light my mornin' sky
With burnin' love
With burnin' love (Burnin' love)

I'm just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
Hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
Hunk, a hunk of burnin' love



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych