

# I'm On Fire

J.C. Lodge

Hey, little boy, is your mama home?

Did she go and leave you alone?

Oh, got a bad desire

Oh-oh-oh, I'm on fire

Tell me now, baby, is she good to you?

Does she do to you the things that I do?

Oh, I can take you higher

Oh-oh-oh, I'm on fire

Sometimes it's like someone took a knife, edgy and blunt

Put a six inch valley through the middle of my soul

Oh, at night I lay at home with the sheets soaking wet

And a freight train running through the middle of my head

But you, you cool my desire

Oh-oh-oh, I'm on fire

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Oh, I'm on fire

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