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
Sometimes it's like someone took a knife, baby, 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, I'm on fire

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