

# My Soul Cries Your Name

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a woman built like you, was built to serve my needs. carve initials on my back, wrap your arms around me. with your lovin' please, you're as good. i hurt you so...i gotta go. i wouldn't blame you a bit for never giving me a chance. you got red-rock too short, a gold-mine where they meet. long-fired arms, and a treasure chest where they meet. hold my hair and arch your back and scream. i hurt you so...i gotta go. i wouldn't blame you a bit for never giving me a chance. my soul cries your name over and over again. my soul cries your name over and over again. suck my heart into your haze, turn it into sex. front seat of my car, you were better than my bed. flames on your chest, hell's open gate. i hurt you so...i gotta go. i wouldn't blame you a bit for never giving me a chance. my soul cries your name over and over again. my soul cries your name over and over again.

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