

Agent Double-O-Soul

Edwin Starr

Double-O-Soul I dig rock and roll music
I can do the twine and the jerk
I wear strictly continental suits
And high collared shirts I've got a reputation of being
Gentle but bold
And that's why they call me Agent Double-O-Soul, baby
(Double-O-Soul)
Agent Double-O-Soul
(Double-O-Soul) They call me Double-O-Soul, baby
(Double-O-Soul)
I'm agent Double-O-Soul
(Double-O-Soul) I don't carry no pistol
I don't wear a false mustache
And you'll never see me carrying
Around a little black bag My real name's no secret
But from me it will never be told
I'm just known as Agent Double-O-Soul, baby
(Double-O-Soul)
Agent Double-O-Soul
(Double-O-Soul) They call me Double-O-Soul, baby
(Double-O-Soul)
I'm agent Double-O-Soul
(Double-O-Soul) There once was a fella
Who was down on a rock and roll
He couldn't get himself together
He didn't have no kind of soul The office put me on his case
And I tracked him down right away
Now he's a deejay on a radio show
A station that everybody knows Call me Double-O-Soul
Call me Double-O-Soul
Double-O-Soul
Double-O-Soul
Double-O-Soul
Double-O-Soul At my job, I work real hard
I'm on the go
Rain, sleet, or snow I'm agent Double-O-Soul, baby
(Double-O-Soul)
I'm Agent Double-O-Soul
(Double-O-Soul) They call me Double-O-Soul, baby

(Double-O-Soul)
Baby, Double-O-Soul

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