

You Let My Love Grow Cold

Dinah Washington & Quincy Jones and His Orchestra

You let my love grow cold
I'm calling out, 'light the fire again.'
Don't let my vision die
I'm calling out, 'light the fire again.'You know my heart, my deeds
I'm calling out, 'light the fire again.'
I need Your discipline
I'm calling out, 'light the fire again.'I am here to buy gold
Refined in the fire
Naked and poor
Wretched and blind, I come
Clothe me in white
So I won't be ashamed
Lord, light the fire again!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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