Burning Desire

Manufactured Soul

Every Saturday night,
I get dressed up to ride for you, baby.
Cruising down the street on
Hollywood and Vine for you, baby.
I drive fast, wind in my hair.
I push you to the limits
'Cause I just don't care.
You ask me where I've been -
I've been everywhere.
But I don't wanna be
Nowhere but here.
(Come on tell me, boy)
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
I drive fast, wind in my hair.
I push you to the limits
'Cause I just don't care.
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
Every Saturday night,
I seem to come alive for you, baby.
Santa Monica ?
I'm racing in the lights for you, baby.
I drive fast, radio blares,
Have to touch myself
To pretend you're there.
Your hands are on my hips,
Your name is on my lips,
Over, over again
Like my only prayer.
(Come on tell me, boy)
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)

(Come on tell me, boy)

I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
I drive fast, wind in my hair.
I push you to the limits
'Cause I just don't care.
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
I'm driving fast, flash.
Everyone knows it -
I'm try'na get to you, baby.
I'm feeling scared and you know it.
I'm driving fast, flash.
Everyone knows it -
I'm try'na get to you, baby.
I'm feeling scared and you know it.
I'm driving fast, flash.
Everyone knows it -
I'm try'na get to you, baby.
I'm feeling scared and you know it.
I'm driving fast, flash.
Everyone knows it -
I'm try'na get to you, baby.
I'm feeling scared and you know it.
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)
I drive fast, wind in my hair.
I push you to the limits
'Cause I just don't care.
I've got a burning desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)

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