

# Lady Grinning Soul

[Angela McCluskey](#)

She'll come, she'll go  
She'll lay belief on you  
Skin sweet with musky odor  
The lady from another grinning soulCologne she'll wear  
Silver and Americard  
She'll drive a beetle car  
And beat you down at cool CanastaAnd when the clothes are strewn  
Don't be afraid of the room  
Touch the fullness of her breast  
Feel the love of her caress  
She will be your living endShe'll come, she'll go  
She'll lay belief on you  
But she won't stake her life on you  
How can life become her point of viewAnd when the clothes are strewn  
Don't be afraid of the room  
Touch the fullness of her breast  
Feel the love of caress  
She will be your living endShe will be your living end  
She will be your living end  
She will be your living end  
She will be your living end

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