

Blue Eyed Soul

Ted Russell Kamp

BLUE EYED SOUL

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Ch:

Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.
She used to sing along to the radio.
Fire it up, let the old tubes glow.
Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.

From a little town on the Mexican border, I didnâ€™t come to fight.
I drove all day in a friendâ€™s Camaro to see my baby tonight.

Ch

Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.
She used to sing along to the radio.
Fire it up, let the old tubes glow.
Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.

Any given town, any Saturday night, she gonna make a bad day good.
Lay her hand in mine, help me feel all right, like a preacherâ€™s daughter could.

Ch

Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.
She used to sing along to the radio.
Fire it up, let the old tubes glow.
Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.

Solo

Faded silver and sacred steel.
A memory blurs what a kiss can heal.
And her cheap silk flowers from Chinatown
that used to hang on the wall have long fallen down.

20 somethinâ€™ years just came and went and I moved on to Chicago.
an assembly line and a bottle of wine, you know they make a dream fade slow.

Ch

Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.
She used to sing along to the radio.

Fire it up, let the old tubes glow.
Come on, turn up the blue eyed soul.

Lyrics submitted by julie.

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