

The Black Crowes, Song Of The Flesh

Written by: R. Robinson & C. Robinson

Curse the wicked whisper here in this ear
Make my honey
Grind that salt before the rains come this year
Make it all muddy

So now you have called
And now you want to ring my neck
Oh baby you talk so tight
Tell me now who's all wet

I could kiss your promiscuous mind

My flesh is yours and there is nothing to fear
Make us all alone
Wind your watch and bless all my prayers
Make ready to get home

Oh now you get so hard
Now you ring my neck
Now you wanna talk so tight
Tell me who's all wet

I could kiss your promiscuous mind
I could kiss your promiscuous mind

Yes I could

I have four lone stars
That you have given me

Yeah, why don't you give it baby
Well, the feeling you're giving baby
Tell me, what you give away
Give it, give it, give it