

Grant Lee Buffalo, Burning Love

Lord Almighty I feel my temperature rising
Higher and higher must be a hundred and nine
It's hard to breath and my chest is a heaving
But I feel good now but I feel fine yeah

Your kisses lift me higher
Like the sweet sweet song of a choir
You light my morning sky
Burning love

Ooh ooh I feel my temperature rising
Girl girl girl girl it's a hundred and nine
It's hard to breath and my chest is a heaving
I feel good now I feel fine yeah

Your kisses lift me higher
Like the sweet sweet song of a choir
You light my morning sky
Burning love
Burning love

I got a hunk a hunk of burning love
Got a hunk a hunk of burning love
I got a hunk a hunk of burning love
Got a hunk a hunk of burning love