

B.B. King, KNOCK ME A KISS

I like cake, no mistake, but baby if you insist
I'll cut out the cake, just for your sake
Baby! C'mon and knock me a kiss

I like pie, I hope to die, just to get a load of this
When you get high, doggone the pie
Baby! C'mon and knock me a kiss

When you pressed your little lips to mine, that was then I understood
They taste like candy, brandy and wine, peaches, bananas and everything
good
I love jam and no film flam, scratch that off my list
This ain't no jam, the jam can scram
Baby! C'mon and knock me a kiss

When you pressed your sweet little lips to mine, that was then I understood
They taste like candy, brandy and wine, peaches, bananas and everything
good
I like cars and big cigars but baby they won't be missed
If everyday I hear you say
Baby! C'mon and knock me a kiss

Baby! C'mon and knock me a kiss