

Elvis Presley, Burning Love

(Linde)

Lord Almighty,
I feel my temperature rising
Higher higher
It's burning through to my soul

Girl, girl, girl
You gonna set me on fire
My brain is flaming
I don't know which way to go

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

Ooh, ooh, ooh,
I feel my temperature rising
Help me, I'm flaming
I must be a hundred and nine
Burning, burning, burning
And nothing can cool me
I just might turn into smoke
But I feel fine

Cause your kisses lift me higher
Like a sweet song of a choir
And you light my morning sky
With burning love

It's coming closer
The flames are reaching my body
Please won't you help me
I feel like I'm slipping away
It's hard to breath
And my chest is a-heaving

Lord Almighty,
I'm burning a hole where I lay
Cause your kisses lift me higher
Like the sweet song of a choir
You light my morning sky
With burning love
With burning love
Ah, ah, burning love
I'm just a hunk, a hunk of burning love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burning love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burning love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burning love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burning love
Just a hunk, a hunk of burning love