

# Prime Time, Closer To The Soul

I get my kicks from you  
So get it off and let it do what it ought to do  
Send a message to the world  
It sigh's The passion is gone  
But when et poets die, the game is lost

I still remember the time, Over and over and over

All night, inside  
Your room is lit a red, hot light  
Hot damn, I'm ready to go  
I guess, I'm closer to my god  
High tide, in flight  
Your body struck by the morning light  
In fact I know I should go  
I guess I'm closer to the soul

I learned my tricks from you  
So lay the cards and let it unfold my life for you  
Send a message to the world  
It shines when money is love  
But when your time has come, the game is lost

And you'll remember the time, Over and over and over

All night, inside...

[solo]

All nigh, inside...