## Rolling Stones, Heaven

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Smell of you baby, my senses, my senses be praised Smell of you baby, my senses, my senses be praised Kissing and running, kissing and running away Kissing and running, kissing and running away Senses be praised Senses be praised Your my saving grace, saving grace Nothing will harm you Nothing will stand in your way Nothing, Nothing Nothing will stop you And nothing will stand in your way No one will harm you No one will stand in your way No one will bar you Nothing will stand in your way Nothing There's nothing