

# The Black Crowes, Song Of The Flesh

Written by: R. Robinson & C. Robinson

Curse the wicked whisper here in this ear  
Make my honey  
Grind that salt before the rains come this year  
Make it all muddy

So now you have called  
And now you want to ring my neck  
Oh baby you talk so tight  
Tell me now who's all wet

I could kiss your promiscuous mind

My flesh is yours and there is nothing to fear  
Make us all alone  
Wind your watch and bless all my prayers  
Make ready to get home

Oh now you get so hard  
Now you ring my neck  
Now you wanna talk so tight  
Tell me who's all wet

I could kiss your promiscuous mind  
I could kiss your promiscuous mind

Yes I could

I have four lone stars  
That you have given me

Yeah, why don't you give it baby  
Well, the feeling you're giving baby  
Tell me, what you give away  
Give it, give it, give it