

Webb Wilder, I'm Burning

"I'm Burning"

I've got what it takes to be your love
A gift of gab and a feather touch
I got a banker's bank roll in my pocket
I'll let you drive my road rocket

Little girl, aw you're what I need
You hit my hot spot yes indeed
You fire me up, now there's no doubt
Now it's a flame I can't put out

I'm burning for ya, baby
Condition red
I got a fever for ya, baby
I got a bumble bee inside of my head
A bumble bee inside of my head

My clothes stand out in a crowd
The girls can't see ya
If ya don't dress loud
I'm not handsome
But what I lack in looks
I compensate for in the way I hoochie cooch

You like dancing?
Well hold my coat
I can flop like a fish
In the bottom of a boat
My beat is rocking
I'm a rocking fool
They warned you about me
In bible school

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a bumble bee inside....of my head