

## **Soul Preachers**

### **"DON'T BURN YOUR LIPS"**

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I'm just a country boy, lost in the town  
Playing hide and seek, wanting to be found  
I'm drowning in a ditch, they don't understand to die  
I bet a dime they won't find me alive

Lady sings the blues, her lips are catching fire  
She lies like a wizard does, I listen and admire  
Her beer is full of tears, waiter gives her all his tips  
She hypnotizes people with their whips

Don't burn your lips with that cigarette  
Give it to me

A boy meets a girls like that, a boy who's never hunted  
The best thing he knows is to know that he is wanted  
She wants to show him places, she don't know much  
about them  
but she recognizes all the faces

She takes me to a ride, I never fall asleep  
I don't care if I get tired, we're no here to weep  
She let me buy her all her drinks, to buy her eighty  
things  
Confused of all this fuzz around me

Don't burn your lips with that cigarette  
Give it to me

When I came to this town my currency was gold  
Im wanted the world but it was already sold  
Now club's are closed and I'm on hold, yet I don't see a  
soul  
Who'll fix a hole in almost brand new soul?

I threw my darts away, yet I was willing to stay  
Found a stone on the street, filled the empty place  
Put my face in empty pocket, it has no warmth to give  
You will learn as long as you will live

Don't burn your lips with that cigarette  
Give it to me

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