

## Edwin Starr

# "Agent Double-O-Soul"

Visit "[Agent Double-O-Soul](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Double-O-Soul

I dig rock and roll music  
I can do the twine and the jerk  
I wear strictly continental suits  
And high collared shirts

I've got a reputation of being  
Gentle but bold  
And that's why they call me

Agent Double-O-Soul, baby  
(Double-O-Soul)  
Agent Double-O-Soul  
(Double-O-Soul)

They call me Double-O-Soul, baby  
(Double-O-Soul)  
I'm agent Double-O-Soul  
(Double-O-Soul)

I don't carry no pistol  
I don't wear a false mustache  
And you'll never see me carrying  
Around a little black bag

My real name's no secret  
But from me it will never be told  
I'm just known as

Agent Double-O-Soul, baby  
(Double-O-Soul)  
Agent Double-O-Soul  
(Double-O-Soul)

They call me Double-O-Soul, baby  
(Double-O-Soul)  
I'm agent Double-O-Soul  
(Double-O-Soul)

There once was a fella  
Who was down on a rock and roll

He couldn't get himself together  
He didn't have no kind of soul

The office put me on his case  
And I tracked him down right away  
Now he's a deejay on a radio show  
A station that everybody knows

Call me Double-O-Soul  
Call me Double-O-Soul  
Double-O-Soul  
Double-O-Soul  
Double-O-Soul  
Double-O-Soul

At my job, I work real hard  
I'm on the go  
Rain, sleet, or snow

I'm agent Double-O-Soul, baby  
(Double-O-Soul)  
I'm Agent Double-O-Soul  
(Double-O-Soul)

They call me Double-O-Soul, baby  
(Double-O-Soul)  
Baby, Double-O-Soul

Visit [Edwin Starr](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.