

Gramm Lou

"Sell Your Soul"

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Sunsets fade to night
And flowers die away,
The world is turning 'round
And you are turning grey,
Money burns a hole
Inside the wealthy's heads.
Why do you insist
Pretending you're not dead?
:chorus:
Sell your soul, sell your soul for
Sell your soul, sell your soul for free.
Bottles always empty,
Leaves their prey alone.
Lovers often leave you
Waiting by the phone.
Nothing seems to satisfy
The need for peace.
Jesus stands before you
Wanting you to see.

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