

Prime Time

"Closer To The Soul"

Visit "[Closer To The Soul](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I get my kicks from you
So get it off and let it do what it ought to do
Send a message to the world
It sigh's The passion is gone
But when et poets die, the game is lost

I still remember the time, Over and over and over

All night, inside
Your room is lit a red, hot light
Hot damn, I'm ready to go
I guess, I'm closer to my god
High tide, in flight
Your body struck by the morning light
In fact I know I should go
I guess I'm closer to the soul

I learned my tricks from you
So lay the cards and let it unfold my life for you
Send a message to the world
It shines when money is love
But when your time has come, the game is lost

And you'll remember the time, Over and over and over

All night, inside...

[solo]

All nigh, inside...

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