

Cat Empire, The

"Miss Soul"

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Miss Soul won't you tell me all the pretty things you
need
I got my shopping list of love right here,
Remind me what's the 1, 2, 3
And if I get you all those lovely things my working
money buy
Oh won't you gimme some, could you gimme some,
do I get a little piece of that honey pie?

Sunday morning hits, like a straight ball to the eye
I sit up and wonder why, now I wonder why,
Then I ask myself as I listen to the music,
sweet music coming in from outside

Miss Soul won't you tell me all the pretty things you
need
(Miss Soul won't you tell me all the pretty things you
need)
I got my shopping list of love right here,
Remind me what's the 1, 2, 3
(I'll get your shopping list, remind you what's the 1, 2,
3)

And if I get you all those lovely things my working
money buy
(And if I get you all those lovely things my working
money buy)
Oh won't you gimme some, a gimme some, gimme
some of your honey pie
(ya ya ya ya ya ya ya)

Sunday morning hits, like a straight ball to the eye
I sit up and wonder why, now I wonder why,
Then I ask myself as I listen to the music,
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