

My Soul, My Soul

Richard Thompson

My soul, my soul, my soul
My soul, my soul, my soul
My soul, my soul, my soul
My soul, my soul, my soul

She's never gonna shake it up
She's never gonna shake it up
She's never gonna shake it up
She'll never be satisfied

She's never gonna eye me right
She's never gonna eye me right
She's never gonna eye me right
The way I want to be eyed

My soul, my soul, my soul
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Way she crimps her curls
Way she calls that hog
Way she sips her tea
Way she smokes that log
Way she bangs the wall
Way she walks the dog

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I showed her my invitation
I showed her my invitation
I showed her my invitation
If she didn't go and scratch me off

She gave me my party favors
She gave me my party favors
She gave me my party favors
But nothing was sweet enough

My soul, my soul, my soul
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Haven't I flipped you a thousand times or more?
Haven't I flipped you a thousand times or more?
Haven't I flipped you a thousand times or more?

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She?s never gonna shake it up
She?s never gonna shake it up
She?ll never be satisfied

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The way I want to be eyed

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