

Miss Soul

The Cat Empire

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)

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