

Need a Little Taste of Love

The Isley Brothers

Hey Mister, walkin' with the blues
Hey Mister, payin' heavy dues
Havin' troubles, and it ain't so hard to find
When you're ridin' double, and you're running out of time

No need to feel, that you lack the spirit
Within the body, but it's in the soul
If you wanna be loved, then let somebody hear it
Might as well face the facts, no need to be holdin' back
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Hey Mister, tell me how long has it been
Hey sister, so how could you pretend
Why keep the sorrow, where it don't belong
Well come tomorrow, oh help me sing the song

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