

Heaven

The Rolling Stones

Smell of you baby, my senses, my senses be praised
Smell of you baby, my senses, my senses be praised

Kissing and running, kissing and running away
Kissing and running, kissing and running away
Senses be praised
Senses be praised

You're my saving grace, saving grace
Nothing will harm you
Nothing will stand in your way
Nothing, Nothing
Nothing will stop you
And nothing will stand in your way
No one will harm you
No one will stand in your way
No one will bar you
Nothing will stand in your way
Nothing
There's nothing