

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Li'l Ole Kiss of Fire

Li'l Ole Kiss of Fire

(Lester Allen & Robert Hill)

I tetch yore lips and then the trouble starts a-brewin'  
I can't resist the brand of 'Baccer you are chewin'  
and tho my heart goes boom, like a blown out tire  
I'm jist plumb crazy for yore Li'l Ole Kiss Of Fire.

Jist like a calf you've got me roped and tied and branded  
You'd make a fortune with you kisses if you canned it  
And tho' I know you're true to [\*lemon seeds and Willie]  
I'm still plumb silly for yore Li'l Ole Kiss Of Fire.

The flames are flyin', I'm on the pan a-fryin'  
What good is there denyin', a-sighin' and a cryin'  
The flame is spurtin', my darlin', I'm a-hurtin'  
If I must burn then darlin' bake me like a bun -  
'Til I'm well done, 'til I'm well don-one, ooh-oo-oh Lord.

Give me yore lips and watch me sizzle like a cinder  
Jist one more kiss and I'll go flyin' out the winder  
You got me on the griddle and I'll always be there  
Yes, what put me there? yore Li'l Ole Kiss Of Fire.

You got a pucker like a Possum eatin' 'Simmons  
The way you kiss you must have practiced on some lemons  
And when you kiss me, you set my mouth on fire  
Dadburn that cigar and yore Li'l Ole Kiss Of Fire.

Recorded by Homer & Jethro

SOURCE: H&J STRIKE BACK/RCA 1962 CAL-707

GG

Apr98