

# I Want to Make Love to You So Bad

Isaac Hayes

The flames of love are getting higher  
Soaring through the chimneys of my mind  
Caught up in a whirl-wind of desire  
Spiraling right up to the sky

I've got an itch and I can't scratch it  
And this itch is driving me mad  
Wanting you has become a habit  
You see, I want to make love to you so bad

Girl, your love is so contagious  
The more you give the more I need  
I don't mean to be outrageous  
But your love is so good to me

If I can't get it when I want it  
I'm like a parade without a band  
Like an angel without a heaven  
I want to make love to you so bad

You're gonna have to love me in the morning  
And when the clock reaches high noon  
Even late in the evening  
And by the light of the silvery moon

Girl, you're my personal possession  
The greatest gift a man can have  
You're an everyday obsession  
That's why I wanna make love to you so bad