

## Solid Sender

John Lee Hooker

You's a solid sender, babe.  
Baby, you send my soul.  
You's a solid sender, babe.  
Baby, you send my soul.  
I lay my hands on your body, baby  
You chill me, you chill me through and through.

You don't wear no fine clothes, baby  
And you don't, you don't, you don't look

You don't wear no lipstick and powder, baby  
When you send my soul, send my soul on fire.

You's a natural born sender, baby  
You's a natural born sender, baby

You, sender, sender, I declare you a natural born sender, baby  
You send my soul, send my soul,  
Plead me  
Gave away  
MmmMmm

You's a natural born sender baby,  
Sender, sender babe