

# 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