

BURNING LOVE

Words and Music by
DENNIS LINDE

Moderate Boogie-Rock



mf



Lord Al-might - y, I feel my temp - 'ra - ture ris - ing. —
Oo - ee, I feel my temp - 'ra - ture ris - ing. —
It's com - in' clos - er, the flames are now lick - in' my bod - y. —



High - er, high - er, it's burn - ing through — to my soul. —
Help me, I'm flam - in', it must be a hun - dred and nine. —
Won't you help — me? I feel like I'm slip - pin' a - way. —



Girl, girl, girl, girl,
Burn - in', burn - in',
It's hard to breathe —