

Rolling Stones, The

"Hearts For Sale"

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Rolling Stones - Hearts For Sale

My spirit is winging
My soul is free
I'm doing my drinking
In good company
The music's screaming
My feet are flying
Everybody's laughing
And nobody's crying
Sneak suspicion
It drags me down
A nagging feeling
Going round
Hearts for sale
Going cheap
Hearts for sale
Lovers' leap
My belly's full
My glass is brimming
The women look so beautiful
And I feel like singing
The voice of conscience
The voice of reason
Is yacking in my plans
I call that treason
Hearts for sale
Going cheap
Hearts for sale
Blood runs deep
I'm losing my willpower
My blood's running cold
My body's on pause
My mind's stuck on hold
There ain't nothing I can do about it
Sneak suspicion
It drags me down
Nagging feeling
Going round
Hearts for sale
Going cheap

Hearts for sale
Blood runs deep
Hearts for sale
I don't need a doctor
I need a deputation
You don't want my loving
You can just take my resignation
I'm under the hammer
I'm a full time worker
I'm a real body slammer

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