Rolling Stones, The "Midnight Rambler"

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Roling Stones - Midnight rambler (LIVE)

Did you hear about the midnight rambler Everybody got to go Did you hear about the midnight rambler The one that shut the kitchen door He don't give a hoot of warning Wrapped up in a black cat cloak He don't go in the light of the morning He split the time the cock'rel crows Talkin' about the midnight gambler The one you never seen before Talkin' about the midnight gambler Did you see him jump the garden wall Sighin' down the wind so sadly Listen and you'll hear him moan Talkin' about the midnight gambler Everybody got to go Did you hear about the midnight rambler Well, honey, it's no rock 'n' roll show Well, I'm talkin' about the midnight gambler Yeah, everybody got to go Well did ya hear about the midnight gambler? Well honey its no rock-in' roll show Well I'm talking about the midnight gambler The one you never seen before Oh don't do that, oh don't do that, oh don't do that Don't you do that, don't you do that (repeat) Oh don't do that, oh don't do that

Well you heard about the Boston...
It's not one of those
Well, talkin' 'bout the midnight...sh...
The one that closed the bedroom door
I'm called the hit-and-run raper in anger
The knife-sharpened tippie-toe...
Or just the shoot 'em dead, brainbell jangler
You know, the one you never seen before
So if you ever meet the midnight rambler
Coming down your marble hall
Well he's pouncing like proud black panther

Well, you can say I, I told you so
Well, don't you listen for the midnight rambler
Play it easy, as you go
I'm gonna smash down all your plate glass windows
Put a fist, put a fist through your steel-plated door
Did you hear about the midnight rambler
He'll leave his footprints up and down your hall
And did you hear about the midnight gambler
And did you see me make my midnight call
And if you ever catch the midnight rambler
I'll steal your mistress from under your nose
I'll go easy with your cold fanged anger
I'll stick my knife right down your throat, baby
And it hurts!

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