

Rolling Stones, The

"Mother's Little Helper"

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What a drag it is getting old.

"Things are different today,"
I hear ev'ry mother say
Mother needs something today to calm her down
And though she's not really ill
There's a little yellow pill
She goes running for the shelter of her mother's little
helper
And it helps her on her way, gets her through her busy
day.

"Things are different today,"
I hear ev'ry mother say
Cooking fresh food for a husband's just a drag
So she buys an instant cake and she buys a frozen
steak
And goes running for the shelter of her mother's little
helper
And to help her on her way, get her through her busy
day.

Doctor, please, some more of these
Outside the door, she took four more
What a drag it is getting old.

"Men just aren't the same today,"
I hear ev'ry mother say
They just don't appreciate that you get tired
They're so hard to satisfy. You can tranquilise your
mind
So go running for the shelter of your mother's little
helper
And four help you through the night, help to minimise
your plight.

Doctor, please, some more of these
Outside the door, she took four more
What a drag it is getting old.

Life's just much too hard today,"

I hear ev'ry mother say
The pursuit of happiness just seems a bore
And if you take more of those, you will get an overdose
No more running for the shelter of a mother's little
helper
They just helped you on your way through your busy
dying day.

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