

Rolling Stones, The

"Rock And A Hard Place"

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The fields of Eden
Are full of trash
And if we beg and we borrow and steal
We'll never get it back
People are hungry
They crowd around
And the city gets bigger as the country
comes begging to town

Stuck between a rock
And a hard place
Between a rock and a hard place

this talk of freedom
And human rights
Means bullying and private wars and
chucking all the dust in your eyes
And peasant people
Pooper than dirt
Who are caught in the crossfire with nothing
to lose but their shirts

Stuck between a rock
And a hard place
Between a rock and a hard place

You'd better stop, put on a kind face
Between a rock and a hard place

We're in the same boat
On the same sea
And we're sailing south
On the same breeze
Building dream churches
With silver spires
And our rogue children
Are playing loaded dice

Between a rock and a hard place
You'd better stop

Give me truth now
Don't want no slam
I'd be hung drawn and quartered for a sheep
just as a well as a lamb

Stuck between a rock
And a hard place
Between a rock and a hard place
You'd better put a stop
Put on a kind face
Can't you see what you've done to me

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