

Rolling Stones, The

"Street Fighting Man"

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(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Ev'rywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging
feet, boy

Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting
in the street, boy

But what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band

Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man
No

Hey! Think the time is right for a palace revolution
But where I live the game to play is compromise
solution

Well, then what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man
No

Hey! Said my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his
servants

Well, what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man
No

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