

Rolling Stones, The "Ventilator Blues"

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Rolling stones - Ventilator Blues

When your spine is cracking and your hands, they
shake,
Heart is bursting and you butt's gonna break.
Your woman's cussing, you can hear her scream,
You feel like murder in the first degree.
Ain't nobody slowing down no way,
Ev'rybody's stepping on their accelerator,
Don't matter where you are,
Ev'rybody's gonna need a ventilator.
When you're trapped and circled with no second
chances,
Your code of living is your gun in hand.
We can't be browed by beating, we can't be cowed by
words,
Messed by cheating, ain't gonna ever learn.
Ev'rybody walking 'round,
Ev'rybody trying to step on their Creator.
Don't matter where you are, ev'rybody, ev'rybody
gonna
Need some kind of ventilator, some kind of ventilator.
What you gonna do about it, what you gonna do?
What you gonna do about it, what you gonna do?
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it?

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