

Stones Rolling

"Hearts For Sale"

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My spirit is winging

My soul is free

I'm doing my drinking

In good company

The music's screaming

My feet are flying

Everybody's laughing

And nobody's crying

Sneak suspicion

It drags me down

A nagging feeling

Going round

Hearts for sale

Going cheap

Hearts for sale

Lovers' leap

My belly's full

My glass is brimming

The women look so beautiful

And I feel like singing

The voice of conscience

The voice of reason
Is yacking in my plans
I call that treason
Hearts for sale
Going cheap
Hearts for sale
Blood runs deep
I'm losing my willpower
My blood's running cold
My body's on pause
My mind's stuck on hold
There ain't nothing I can do about it
Sneak suspicion
It drags me down
Nagging feeling
Going round
Hearts for sale
Going cheap
Hearts for sale
Blood runs deep
Hearts for sale
I don't need a doctor
I need a deputation
You don't want my loving
You can just take my resignation

I'm under the hammer

I'm a full time worker

I'm a real body slammer

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