

## **Stones Rolling**

### **"Live With Me"**

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I got nasty habits, I take tea at three  
Yes, and the meat I eat for dinner  
Must be hung up for a week  
My best friend, he shoots water rats  
And feeds them to his geese  
Don'cha think there's a place for you  
In between the sheets?

Come on now, honey  
We can build a home for three  
Come on now, honey  
Don't you wanna live with me?

And there's a score of harebrained children  
They're all locked in the nursery  
They got earphone heads they got dirty necks  
They're so 20th century  
Well they queue up for the bathroom  
'Round about 7:35  
Don'cha think we need a woman's touch to make it  
come alive?

You'd look good pram pushing  
Down the high street  
Come on now, honey  
Don't you wanna live with me?

Whoa, the servants they're so helpful, dear  
The cook she is a whore  
Yes, the butler has a place for her  
Behind the pantry door  
The maid, she's French, she's got no sense  
She's wild for Crazy Horse  
And when she strips, the chauffeur flips  
The footman's eyes get crossed

Don'cha think there's a place for us  
Right across the street  
Don'cha think there's a place for you,  
In between the sheets

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