

Mick Jagger

"Memo From Turner"

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Didn't I see you down in San Antone on a hot and dusty night?

We were eating eggs in Sammy's
When the black man there drew his knife
Aw, you drowned that Jew in Rampton
As he washed his sleeveless shirt
You know, that Spanish-speaking gentlemen
The one we all called "Kurt"

Come now, gentleman, I know there's some mistake
How forgetful I'm becoming, now you fixed your
bus'ness straight

I remember you in Hemlock Road in nineteen fifty-six
You're a faggy little leather boy with a smaller piece of
stick
You're a lashing, smashing hunk of man;
Your sweat shines sweet and strong
Your organs working perfectly, but there's a part that's
not screwed on

Weren't you at the Coke convention back on nineteen
sixty-five
You're the misbred, grey executive I've seen heavily
advertised
You're the great, gray man whose daughter licks
policemen's buttons clean
You're the man who squats behind the man who works
the soft machine

Come now, gentleman, your love is all I crave
You'll still be in the circus when I'm laughing, laughing
on my grave

When the old men do the fighting and the young men
all look on
And the young girls eat their mothers meat from tubes
of plasticon
Be wary of these my gentle friends of all the skins you
breed
They have a tasty habit they eat the hands that bleed

So remember who you say you are and keep your
noses clean
Boys will be boys and play with toys so be strong with
your beast
Oh Rosie dear, doncha think it's queer, so stop me if
you please
The baby is dead, my lady said, "you gentlemen, why
you all work for me?"

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