

Rolling Stones

"Honky Tonk Woman"

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Sugar

I met a gin soaked, bar-room queen in Memphis
I tried to take her upstairs for a ride
I had to heave her right across my shoulder
I just don't seem to drink you off my mind

Honky tonk, honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

Strollin' on the boulevards of Paris
As naked as the day that I will die

The sailors, they're so charming there in Paris
They just don't seem to sail you off my mind

It's a honky tonk, honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

Honky tonk, honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

Honky tonk, honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

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