

Rolling Stones "Honky Tonk Women"

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Sugar, I met a gin soaked, bar-room queen in Memphis
I tried to take me upstairs for a ride
I had to heave her right across to my shoulder
I could not seem to drink you off my mind
Come on babe

It's the 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
But they just don't seem to sail you off my mind

It's the 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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