

## Rolling Stones "I Ain't Superstitious"

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Meet me on the bottom,  
bring me my running shoes.  
When I come out the window,  
we ain't got time to lose.

Well I ain't superstitious,  
but a black cat crossed my trail.  
Don't brush me with my broom, Babe,  
I just might land in jail.

Well my right hand itchin', Babe,  
I get smothered by the shore.  
Look down you engine, Babe,  
but somebody got to go.

Meet me on the bottom, Babe,  
bring me my running shoes.  
When I come out the window, Babe,  
we ain't got time to lose.

Well I hope you are listening,  
when I come streaking by.  
Got a bad old man, Babe,  
and I'm too young to die.

Well I ain't superstitious,  
but a black cat crossed my trail.  
Don't brush me with my broom, Babe,  
I just might land in jail.

Dogs been barking  
all around my neighborhood.  
You give a sign, Babe,  
ain't do nobody no good

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