

Rolling Stones "I'm Going Down"

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Hey babe, what more can you tell
The good Lord ring your front doorbell
Though our love go down, don't cry
Thought I saw a man, yes I fell in the ground

Here we go down now, here we go down
There's nothing but the powers that be
I know you're fine, I know you're right, I know I
'Cause you're going down
Oh, you're going down

Oh babe, what's your fairy tale
The good Lord's gonna ring your front doorbell
Ah shake your face, lose your place
Shoot your mother-in-law, yeah
I think I saw her goin' down to Paraiso Mexico

Here we go down now, yeah, when you're down
There's just nothing but the powers that be
I know, oh my, I know you're right, I know
You're going down
You're going down
You're going down, huh huh, yes sir
Yes sir, you're going down

All right it's war, fight your love
Shoot your mother-in-law
You got a center floor
Lay your hips to the left
Keep your problems at your arm's length
Spit on the ground, never look around
Keep on movin' on up, to be pushed around

Yeah, everybody slow down

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