

Rolling Stones

"Send It To Me"

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I think I had enough
You know religion, it's tough
It's a state of mind
I don't need it!

I'm sending a letter
To my mother
I need some loving
Send it to me

I lost my lover
Unfaithful lover
I need some money
Send it to me

I need consoling
Your boy's feeling lonely
Describe her for me
Send it to me

Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me

If she can't travel
I can take the mule train
I can take the aeroplane
Send it to me

So here I'm begging you
Begging you, begging you
Down on my knees

Baby, please, please, please
You, you, you got to send it
Send it, send it, send it to me
Send her, oh, send her to me

You got to send her
Send her to me
Send her to me

Send her to me

Yeah, I'm sending a letter
To my sister
In Australia
Sister Marie

An' she got no doctor
No sense of [Incomprehensible]
That needs my loving
Send it to me

Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me

She won't have to watch her step
She won't have to relocate
I guarantee her personal security

She don't have to be five foot ten
Or blond or brunette
She don't have to be no social hostess
Send her

She may work in a factory
Right next door to me
In my fantasy
Send her to me

Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me

She could be Romanian
She could be Bubarian
She could be Albanian
She could be Hungarian

She might be Ukrainian
She could be Australian
She could be the Alien
Send her to me

Send her to me
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