

Rolling Stones "Something Better (Marianne Faithfull)"

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He walks along singing his fairy song
Picking up magic that grows at his feet
She says the same her peculiar way
Dreaming good fortune on everyone's street

Say, hey, have you heard, blue whiskey's the rage?
I'll send you a jug in the morning
It is absurd to live in a cage
You know there's got to be something better

As they go by, don't look with eagle's eyes
Smile on your jailers until they grow weak
Nothing can compare to something that's almost there
To [Incomprehensible] of madness that all of us seek

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I'll send you a jug in the morning
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You know there's got to be something better

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