

Rolling Stones

"Sweet Virginia"

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Wading through the waste stormy winter
And there's not a friend to help you through
Trying to stop the waves behind your eyeballs
Drop your reds drop your greens and blues

Thank you for your wine, California
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruits
Yes, I've got the desert in my toenail
And hid the speed inside my shoe

But come on come on down Sweet Virginia
Come on honey child I beg of you
Come on come on down you got it in you
Got to scrape that shit right off your shoes

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