

Rolling Stones "Ventilator Blues"

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When your spine is cracking and your hands, they
shake

Heart is bursting and you butt's gonna break
Your woman's cussing, you can hear her scream
You feel like murder in the first degree

Ain't nobody slowing down no way
Everybody's stepping on their accelerator
Don't matter where you are
Everybody's gonna need a ventilator, yeah

When you're trapped and circled with no second
chances
Your code of living is your gun in hand
We can't be browed by beating, we can't be cowed by
words
Messed by cheating, ain't gonna ever learn

Everybody walking 'round
Everybody trying to step on their creator
Don't matter where you are
Everybody, everybody gonna need some kind of
ventilator
Some kind of ventilator, come down and get it

What you gonna do about it, what you gonna do?
What you gonna do about it, what you gonna do?
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it

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