

The Rolling Stones

"19th Nervous Breakdown"

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You're the kind of person you meet at certain dismal,
dull affairs
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud, running up
and down the stairs
Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in
too few years
And though you've tried you just can't hide your eyes
are edged with tears

You better stop, look around
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it
comes
Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown

When you were a child you were a treated kind
Byt you were never brought up right
You were always spoiled with a thousand toys but still
you cried all night
Your mother who neglected you owes a million dollars
tax
And your father's still perfecting ways of making
ceiling wax

You better stop, look around
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it
comes
Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown
Oh, who's to blame, that girl's just insane
Well, nothing I do don't seem to work
It only seems to make the matters worse. Oh, please

You were still in school when you had that fool who
really messed your mind
And after that you turned your back on treating people
kind
On our first trip I tried so hard to rearrange your mind
But after awhile I realized you were disarranging mine

You better stop, look around
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it
comes

Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown
Oh, who's to blame, that girl's just insane
Well, nothing I do don't seem to work
It only seems to make the matters worse. Oh, please

When you were a child you were treated kind
But you were never brought up right
You were always spoiled with a thousand toys but still
you cried all night
Your mother who neglected you owes a million dollars
tax
And you father's still perfecting ways of making
sealing wax

You better stop, look around
Here it comes, here comes your nineteenth nervous
breakdown

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