

The Rolling Stones

"Honky Tonk Women"

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I met a gin soaked, bar-room queen in Memphis,
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride.
She had to heave me right across her shoulder
'Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind.

It's the honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.

I laid a divorcee in New York City,
I had to put up some kind of a fight.
The lady then she covered me with roses,
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind.

It's the honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.

(Yeah!) It's the honky tonk women.
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.

(Yeah!) It's the honky tonk women.
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues.

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