

## The Rolling Stones

### "If You Can't Rock Me/Get Off Of My Cloud"

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The band's on stage and it's one of those nights, oh  
yeah

The drummer thinks that he is dynamite, oh yeah

You lovely ladies in your leather and lace

A thousand lips I would love to taste

I've got one heart and it hurts like hell

If you can't rock me somebody will

If you can't rock me somebody will

Now who's that black girl in the bright blue hair, oh  
yeah

Now don't you know that it's rude to stare, oh yeah

I'm not so green but I'm feelin' so fresh

I simply like to put her to the test

She's so alive and she's dressed to kill, but

If you can't rock me somebody will

If you can't rock me somebody will

If you can't rock me somebody will

If you can't rock me somebody will

Now I ain't lookin' for no pretty face, oh no

Or for some hooker workin' roughish trade

And there ain't nothing like a perfect mate

And I ain't lookin' for no wedding cake

But I been talkin' 'bout it much too long

I think I better sing just one more song

I've got one heart and it hurts like hell

I'm simply dying for some thrills and spills

Oh yeah

If you can't rock me

If you can't rock me, somebody will

Somebody will, somebody will

If you can't rock me

Well, well, well, well

I live in an apartment on the ninety-ninth floor of my  
block

And I sit at home looking out the window

Imagining the world has stopped

Then in flies a guy who's all dressed up like a Union  
Jack

And says, I've won five pounds if I have his kind of  
detergent pack

I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd  
On my cloud, baby  
The telephone is ringing  
I say, "Hi, it's me. Who is it there on the line?"  
A voice says, "Hi, hello, how are you  
Well, I guess I'm doin' fine"  
He says, "It's three a.m., there's too much noise  
Don't you people ever wanna go to bed?  
Just 'cause you feel so good, do you have  
To drive me out of my head?"  
I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd  
On my cloud baby  
I was sick and tired, fed up with this  
And decided to take a drive downtown  
It was so very quiet and peaceful  
There was nobody, not a soul around  
I laid myself out, I was so tired and I started to dream  
In the morning the parking tickets were just like  
A flag stuck on my window screen  
I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd  
On my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud  
Don't hang around, baby, two's a crowd

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