

## The Rolling Stones

### "Shattered"

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M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Shattered, shattered  
Love and hope and sex and dreams  
Are still surviving on the street  
Look at me, I'm in tatters!  
I'm a shattered  
Shattered

Friends are so alarming  
My lover's never charming  
Life's just a cocktail party on the street  
Big Apple  
People dressed in plastic bags  
Directing traffic  
Some kind of fashion  
Shattered

Laughter, joy, and loneliness and sex and sex and sex  
and sex  
Look at me, I'm in tatters  
I'm a shattered  
Shattered

All this chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter  
'bout  
Shmatta, shmatta, shmatta -- I can't give it away on 7th  
Avenue  
This town's been wearing tatters (shattered, shattered)  
Work and work for love and sex  
Ain't you hungry for success, success, success,  
success  
Does it matter? (Shattered) Does it matter?  
I'm shattered.  
Shattered

Ahhh, look at me, I'm a shattered  
I'm a shattered  
Look at me- I'm a shattered, yeah

Pride and joy and greed and sex

That's what makes our town the best  
Pride and joy and dirty dreams and still surviving on  
the street  
And look at me, I'm in tatters, yeah  
I've been battered, what does it matter  
Does it matter, uh-huh  
Does it matter, uh-huh, I'm a shattered

Don't you know the crime rate is going up, up, up, up,  
up  
To live in this town you must be tough, tough, tough,  
tough, tough!  
You got rats on the west side  
Bed bugs uptown  
What a mess this town's in tatters I've been shattered  
My brain's been battered, splattered all over Manhattan

Uh-huh, this town's full of money grabbers  
Go ahead, bite the Big Apple, don't mind the maggots,  
huh  
Shadoobie, my brain's been battered  
My friends they come around they  
Flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter  
Pile it up, pile it high on the platter

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