

## The Rolling Stones

### "Something Better"

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He walks along singing his fairy song  
Picking up magic that grows at his feet.  
She says the same her peculiar way  
Dreaming good fortune on everyone's street.

Say, hey, have you heard, blue whiskey's the rage,  
I'll send you a jug in the morning.  
It is absurd to live in a cage,  
You know there's got to be something better.

As they go by, don't look with eagle's eyes  
Smile on your jailers until they grow weak.  
Nothing can compare to something that's almost there  
The cherry plum madness that all of us seek.

Say, hey, have you heard, blue whiskey's the rage,  
I'll send you a jug in the morning.  
It is absurd to live in a cage,  
You know there's got to be something better.

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