The Rolling Stones "When The Whip Comes Down"

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(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Yeah, mama and papa told me
I was crazy to stay
I was gay in New York
A fag in L.A.
So I saved my money
And I took a plane
Wherever I go they treat me the same

When the whip comes down When the whip comes down When the whip comes down When the whip comes down

I'm going down fifty-third street
And they're spitting in my face
I'm learning the ropes
Yeah I'm learning a trade
The east river truckers
Are churning with trash
I make so much money
That I'm spending so fast

When the whip comes down When the shit hits the fan I'll be sitting on the can When the whip comes down

Yeah, some called me garbage
When I was sleeping on the street
Out on the road
I'm on the cheap
I'm filling a need
I'm plugging a hole
My mama's so glad
I ain't on the dole

When the whip comes down (Yeah, go ahead check it out)

Yeah, baby, when the whip comes down When the whip comes down (I'll be running this town, I'll tell you) When the shit hits the fan I'll be sittin on the can

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