The Rolling Stones "Where The Boys Go"

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(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Hey girls, you better listen to me
I'm getting starved for your company
All day Monday, and all day Tuesday
I played football, there's nothing on the telly
Now ever since I was just 13 years old
Well, I always felt shy but I acted so bold
I never had the money and I never had the class
But I always seemed to get myself a Saturday night
piece of ass!

Where the boys go, Saturday night Where the boys all go, hold me tight Where the boys all go, Saturday night Where the boys all go

Saturday morning you can see me at the pub and I'm pissing away me money and I can't stand up Cab fare, pop? You look silly in the road Get in everybody, where the boys all go!

Hey! Never keep a secret from meeeee--eeeeeee Hey! Never keep a secret from yuuuuuuuuwwwwww Hey! Never keep a secret from meeeeee-eeeeee

Where the boys go, Saturday night Where the boys go, hold me tight Where the boys go, stand around and grope Where the boys go, showing off their clothes Where the boys go, down the disco!

Hey girls, what you doin' tonight?

Now do you want to dance, or do you want to bite?

Look here, darlin, I know the score

Paint your face, dye your hair, I'll see you round the back!

Where the boys go, Saturday night Where the boys go, hold me tight Where the boys go, Saturday night Where the boys go, for a giggle and a lawff Where the boys go, and a little piece of ass Where the boys go, for a little piece of this Where the boys go, for a little piece of that Where the boys go, for a little piece of stick! Where the boys go, for a little piece of cunt!

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