

Rolling Stones, All About You

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Well if you call this a life
Why must I spend it with you?
If the show must go on
Let it go on without you
So sick and tired hanging around with jerks like you
Who'll tell me those lies
And let me think they're true?
What am I to do
You want it, I got it too
Though the lies might be true
That's just cause the joke's about you
I'm so sick and tired hanging around with dogs like you
You're the first to get blamed, always the last bitch to get paid
Oh, tell me those lies
Let me think they're true
I heard one or two
They weren't about me, they weren't about her
They were all about you
I may miss you
But missing me just isn't you
I'm so sick and tired hanging around with dogs like you
Tell me those lies
Let me think they're true
I heard one or two, and they weren't about me, they weren't about her
They're all about you
I'm so sick and tired
What should I do
You want it, you get it...
So how come I'm still in love with you?