

Rolling Stones, Back Of My Hand

I hear a preacher on the corner
Ranting like a crazy man
He says there's trouble, troubles are coming
I can read it like the back of my hand

I see love, I see misery
Jamming side by side on the stage
In the wind some mournful melody
I can read it like the back of my hand

The back of my hand..... Oh yeah

Oh yeah....

I see dreams, I see visions
Images I don't understand
I see Goya's paranoias
I can read it like the back of my hand

Well, read it like the back of my hand
Oh yeah, wow yeah
Wow yeah
Read it like the back of my hand