

Rolling Stones, Beast Of Burden

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

I'll never be your beast of burden
My back is broad but it's a hurting
All I want is for you to make love to me
I'll never be your beast of burden
I've walked for miles my feet are hurting
All I want is for you to make love to me
Am I hard enough
Am I rough enough
Am I rich enough
I'm not too blind to see
I'll never be your beast of burden
So let's go home and draw the curtains
Music on the radio
Come on baby make sweet love to me
Am I hard enough
Am I rough enough
Am I rich enough
I'm not too blind to see
Oh little sister
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, girl
You're a pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty girl
Pretty, pretty
Such a pretty, pretty, pretty girl
Come on baby please, please, please
I'll tell ya
You can put me out
On the street
Put me out
With no shoes on my feet
But, put me out, put me out
Put me out of misery
Yeah, all your sickness
I can suck it up
Throw it all at me
I can shrug it off
There's one thing baby
That I don't understand
You keep on telling me
I ain't your kind of man
Ain't I rough enough, ooh baby
Ain't I tough enough
Ain't I rich enough, in love enough
Ooh! Ooh! Please
I'll never be your beast of burden
I'll never be your beast of burden
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never be
I'll never be your beast of burden
I've walked for miles and my feet are hurting
All I want is you to make love to me
I don't need beast of burden
I need no fussing
I need no nursing
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never be