

Rolling Stones, Fiji Gin

I want more Fiji Gin, but full name is Billy Dean
Tell him to bring his electric guitar, 'cause a poor boy goin'
insane
Then we'll duck two bars away, snort an ounce of cocaine
Took myself about 55 jars, 6-pack more a champagne

Ohh baby... I love you...Oh my baby
Oh baby I love you

Better watch out for the Fiji Gin, come-up and spend the
day
Come on and bring your wah-wah pedal, then let's go on
stage
Ronnie brought about, 50,000 kids, and then slipped out in
the rain
Fell from the beat to the 25th floor, white girls go insane,
eeeh

I love ya...
I wanna pounce, all right

Better watch out for the split-side Anna, Fistford is out for a
raid
Call me up and feed to 21st floor, the poor chicks go insane
You bust 2 ribs (!!), you bust 2 arms, his legs is like stumps
in therain
His brain is shred, his nose is bled, but his hands, they sure
could play

Better watch out for the curse-i-anna, come on Billy Dean
Come on bring your electric guitar 'cause these boys are just
gonna play
Come on down Miss Sus-i-anna, Figi Gin's gonna rein
Tell him to bring a, wah-wah pedal, boy we're going
insaaane