

# Rolling Stones, Midnight Rambler

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Did you hear about the midnight rambler  
Everybody got to go  
Did you hear about the midnight rambler  
The one that shut the kitchen door  
He don't give a hoot of warning  
Wrapped up in a black cat cloak  
He don't go in the light of the morning  
He split the time the cock'rel crows  
Talkin' about the midnight gambler  
The one you never seen before  
Talkin' about the midnight gambler  
Did you see him jump the garden wall  
Sighin' down the wind so sad  
Listen and you'll hear him moan  
Talkin' about the midnight gambler  
Everybody got to go  
Did you hear about the midnight rambler  
Well, honey, it's no rock 'n' roll show  
Well, I'm talkin' about the midnight gambler  
Yeah, the one you never seen before  
(ad lib)  
Well you heard about the Boston...  
It's not one of those  
Well, talkin' 'bout the midnight...sh...  
The one that closed the bedroom door  
I'm called the hit-and-run raper in anger  
The knife-sharpened tippie-toe...  
Or just the shoot 'em dead, brainbell jangler  
You know, the one you never seen before  
So if you ever meet the midnight rambler  
Coming down your marble hall  
Well he's pouncing like proud black panther  
Well, you can say I, I told you so  
Well, don't you listen for the midnight rambler  
Play it easy, as you go  
I'm gonna smash down all your plate glass windows  
Put a fist, put a fist through your steel-plated door  
Did you hear about the midnight rambler  
He'll leave his footprints up and down your hall  
And did you hear about the midnight gambler  
And did you see me make my midnight call  
And if you ever catch the midnight rambler  
I'll steal your mistress from under your nose  
I'll go easy with your cold fanged anger  
I'll stick my knife right down your throat, baby  
And it hurts!