

Rolling Stones, Plundered My Soul

Can you believe it,
I've won no medals
In this love game.
I've been resting on my laurels,
I'm a bad loser,
I'm a yard off my pace.

I smell rubber
And I soon discover
That you're gone for good.
My indiscretions
Made a bad impression,
Guess I was misunderstood.

I thought you needed my loving,
But it's my heart that you stole.
I thought you wanted my money,
But you plundered my soul.
Plundered my soul

I started askin' around,
But your friends'
Pretty lips were sealed.
I wrote a letter
Full of trite confessions
About wounds that heal.

I heard some gossip,
You'd become an alcoholic,
You were dryin' out.
So I phoned every clinic
In the Yellow Pages,
Not a trace I found.

I thought you needed my lovin',
But it's my heart that you stole.
I thought you wanted my money,
But you plundered my soul.
Plundered my soul

I hate quittin',
But I'm close to admittin'
I'm a sorry case.
But on quiet reflection,
My sad rejection's
Not a total disgrace.

But I do miss your quick repartee
And the smile
That lights up your face.
You'll be a hard act to follow,
A bitter pill to swallow,
You'll be tough, you'll be tough to replace.

I thought you wanted my lovin',
But it's my heart that you stole.
You were a trick up my sleeve,
My ace in the hole.
I thought you wanted my money,
But you plundered my soul.

Oh, plundered my soul
Oh yeah (plundered my soul)
You plundered my soul

Yeah, yeah (plundered my soul)
Oh, yes, yes, yes you, baby
Plundered my soul