

Rolling Stones, Street Fighting Man

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Ev'rywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy
Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy
But what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man
No
Hey! Think the time is right for a palace revolution
But where I live the game to play is compromise solution
Well, then what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man
No
Hey! Said my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his servants
Well, what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man
No