

# Rolling Stones, Sweet Virginia

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Wadin' through the waste stormy winter,  
And there's not a friend to help you through.  
Tryin' to stop the waves behind your eyeballs,  
Drop your reds, drop your greens and blues.  
Thank you for your wine, California,  
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruits.  
Yes I got the desert in my toenail  
And I hid the speed inside my shoe.  
I want you to come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,  
I want you come on, honey child, I beg of you.  
I want you come on, come on down, you got it in you.  
(honey child)  
Got to scrape the shit right off you shoes.  
But Come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,  
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.  
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.  
(honey child)  
Got to scrape that shit right off you shoes.  
But Come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,  
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.  
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.  
(honey child)  
Got to scrape that shit right off you shoes.