

# Rolling Stones, Tie You Up (The Pain Of Love)

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

You're deaf to it, blind to it  
It's like a thunderclap  
Feel the prickles running  
Up and down your back  
Why so divine, the pain of love  
You have to work at it, stay with it  
Pay for it, bust your ass  
Lie for it, cheat for it  
Forget about your past  
Why so divine, the pain of love  
You dream of it passionate  
You get a rise from it  
Feel the hot cum  
Dripping on your thighs from it  
Why why so divine, the pain of love  
Sometimes you crave for it, cry for it  
Women will die for it  
Looking back, cut the crap  
Was it really worth the rap?  
It's hard to survive the pain of love  
Ooh I need a time out  
Time to make my mind up  
Substitute a line out  
I'll be back next season with a bang  
No release from the jail  
No parole, no bail  
Hard labor, fifty lashes  
Hard labor, money splashes  
It's hard to survive the pain of love  
The old maid is roughing up  
Applying final touches  
Even though she's late for the dance  
I tell you tonight she's really gonna have a ball  
She's gonna really tie me up  
She's gonna really tie me up  
She's gonna really tie me up  
She's gonna really tie me up  
She's gonna really tie me up  
She's gonna really tie me up  
Why so divine the pain of love  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me  
Why so divine the pain of love  
That's what they call it: the pain of love  
Tie me up, tie me up, tie me up, tie me up  
Why do divine, the pain of love  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me  
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me