

The Rolling Stones, Uptight

Baby, everything is all right, uptight, out of sight
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I'm a poor man's son, from across the railroad tracks,
the only shirt I own, is hanging on my back,
but I'm the envy of every single guy
since I'm the apple of my girls eye
when we go out stepping on the town.

For a while my money's low,
and my suit's out of style, but it's all right
if my clothes aren't new,
out of sight, because my heart is true,
she says baby everything is all right,
uptight, out of sight, baby everything is
all right, uptight, clean out of sight.