

# Keith Richards, All About You

Well if you call this a life  
Why must I spend it with you?  
If the show must go on  
Let it go on without you  
So sick and tired hanging around with jerks like you

Who&#039;ll tell me those lies  
And let me think they&#039;re true?  
What am I to do  
You want it, I got it too

Though the lies might be true  
That&#039;s just cause the joke&#039;s about you  
I&#039;m so sick and tired hanging around with dogs like you  
You&#039;re the first to get blamed, always the last bitch to get paid

Oh, tell me those lies  
Let me think they&#039;re true  
I heard one or two  
They weren&#039;t about me, they weren&#039;t about her  
They were all about you

I may miss you  
But missing me just isn&#039;t you  
I&#039;m so sick and tired hanging around with dogs like you

Tell me those lies  
Let me think they&#039;re true  
I heard one or two, and they weren&#039;t about me, they weren&#039;t about her  
They&#039;re all about you  
I&#039;m so sick and tired  
What should I do  
You want it, you get it...  
So how come I&#039;m still in love with you?