

# Mick Jagger, Secrets

(Jagger)

I heard a story, all about you  
I heard the secrets, maybe they're true  
I read the papers, I read the news  
I hear the gossip, all about you  
They say that you're really not so prim and prude  
Behind it all you're rather rude  
And really go for younger men  
Italian types and lots of them  
I can't believe it baby  
Maybe it's true

Honey, honey, honey!  
Do it for the money

I heard the stories  
On saturday night, out in the back room  
After one or two lies  
Your name is mentioned  
It gives me a fright  
Dishonorable mention  
Puts you in a new light

You've been going downtown slave romancing  
Nasty, mean and fancy dancin  
With your nose in plastic bags  
People talk and tongues all wag  
I can't believe it baby

I've been a fool  
'Cause scales have just fell from my eyes  
You can't keep up your disguise  
Tell me about your adventures in living  
I won't write a word of libel  
Swear it on a thousand Bibles  
But, I admit, I have got my misgivings  
Maybe it's true

Honey, honey, honey!  
Do it for the money

I read the papers, I read the news  
I scan the columns for pictures of you  
You with the husband, you with the mayor, youu with the kids  
Now who are you kidding, who you kidding?  
How can you dare?  
While you are the mistress of a mafia man  
Who's working for the Vatican  
And all your money crisply ironed in off-shore banks  
Your friends are kind  
I can't believe it baby  
Maybe it's true

Honey, honey, honey!  
Do it for the money  
Yeah, you've been a nasty girl  
Yeah, you've been bad  
You've been bad, you've been bad  
You better come over here  
And take your punishment  
Bad, bad, bad! Bad, bad, bad!

Honey, honey, honey!

Do it for the money