Rolling Stones, Hearts For Sale

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

My spirit is winging
My soul is free
I'm doing my drinking
In good company
The music's screaming
My feet are flying
Everybody's laughing
And nobody's crying
Sneak suspicion
It drags me down
A nagging feeling

Going round

Hearts for sale

Going cheap

Hearts for sale

Lovers' leap My belly's full

My glass is brimming

The women look so beautiful

And I feel like singing

The voice of conscience

The voice of reason

Is yacking in my plans

I call that treason

Hearts for sale

Going cheap

Hearts for sale Blood runs deep

I'm losing my willpower

My blood's running cold

My body's on pause

My mind's stuck on hold

There ain't nothing I can do about it

Sneak suspicion It drags me down

Nagging feeling

Going round

Hearts for sale

Going cheap

Hearts for sale

Blood runs deep

Hearts for sale

I don't need a doctor

I need a deputation

You don't want my loving

You can just take my resignation

I'm under the hammer

I'm a full time worker

I'm a real body slammer