# Rolling Stones, Live With Me

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

I got nasty habits, I take tea at three
Yes, and the meat I eat for dinner
Must be hung up for a week
My best friend, he shoots water rats
And feeds them to his geese
Don'cha think there's a place for you
In between the sheets?
Come on now, honey
We can build a home for three
Come on now, honey
Don't you wanna live with me?
And there's a score of harebrained children
They're all locked in the nursery
They got earphone heads they got dirty necks
They're so 20th century
Well they queue up for the bathroom
Round about 7:35
Don'cha think we need a woman's touch to make it come alive?
You'd look good pram pushing
Down the high street
Come on now, honey
Don't you wanna live with me?
Whoa, the servants they're so helpful, dear
The cook she is a whore
Yes, the butler has a place for her
Behind the pantry door
The maid, she's French, she's got no sense
She's wild for Crazy Horse
And when she strips, the chauffeur flips
The footman's eyes get crossed
Don'cha think there's a place for us
Right across the street
Don'cha think there's a place for you,
In between the sheets?