

Rolling Stones, No Spare Parts

Baby, baby, baby, baby...

Daddy drunk, daddy drunk himself to death
When he was thirty-five years old
Left five daughters An' book 'em on the Cayman row
Put 'em down an' left an' he left all pain to me
An' a pullin' outta Dallas
An' the dirt back in Tennessee

So I called big sister on the telephone
I said how y'all down there in 'ere call t'home
Girl you won't starve for fortune and fame
To earn big money in Dallas and make her name

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
Ain't no oil to change

Honey, I ain't accustomed to lose
If I want somethin' bad
I always find a way to get thru

I tell ya somethin'
I ain't accustomed t'lose
If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get thru

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
Ain't no oil to change

I could be there Thanksgiving afternoon
With a turkey in m'hand
And ah oughta buy a bottle o' boo'...
I took a short cut about a quarter down
The turnpike road
And I'll fill 'er up with gas
Ah'm a fill 'er 'bout San Antone
An' I'll make it t'Dallas 'bout a quarter pa'...half past three
Just another 30 miles
On the road back to 443

You know, lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
There ain't no oil to change

I tell ya
I ain't accustomed to lose
If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it, baby
Including you

I tell ya something
I ain't ever gonna lose

If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it, baby
Including you

I could be there Thanksgiving afternoon

If I start off now put my foot down the floor, damn too

I spoke to big sister on the telephone
She said come on big brother
Why don't you come on back home

I said, lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
Ain't no oil to change

I tell ya, honey
I ain't accustomed to lose
If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it, mmmmm
Talkin 'bout you

If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it Don't I?

If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it Don't I?

If I want somethin' strong enough
I always find a way to get it

Baby! Shoo-gahh!
Ahhhh, yah, yah, yah...

Tell ya somethin', babe
I ain't accustomed to lose

If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it

If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
There ain't no oil to change

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
Ain't no spare parts
There ain't no oil to change

Now, I'm, I'm a-comin' back
Comin' back a'home Thursday afternoon
If I don't tumble down hard
Really like a way to get thru