

# Rolling Stones, Rock And A Hard Place

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

The fields of Eden  
Are full of trash  
And if we beg and we borrow and steal  
We'll never get it back  
People are hungry  
They crowd around  
And the city gets bigger as the country comes begging to town  
We're stuck between a rock  
And a hard place  
Between a rock and a hard place  
This talk of freedom  
And human rights  
Means bullying and private wars and chucking all the dust into our eyes  
And peasant people  
Poorer than dirt  
Who are caught in the crossfire with nothing to lose but their shirts  
Stuck between a rock  
And a hard place  
Between a rock and a hard place  
You'd better stop put on a kind face  
Between a rock and a hard place  
We're in the same boat  
On the same sea  
And we're sailing south  
On the same breeze  
Guiding dream churches  
With silver spires  
And our rogue children  
Are playing loaded dice  
Give me truth now  
Don't want no sham  
I'd be hung drawn and quartered for a sheep just as well as a lamb  
Stuck between a rock  
And a hard place  
Between a rock and a hard place  
You'd better stop  
Put on a kind face  
Can't you see what you've done to me