

Rolling Stones, Send It To Me

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Oh, I think I had enough of your religion
It's tough, it's a state of mind
I don't need it!
Sending a letter
To my mother
I need some loving
Send it to me
I lost my lover
Unfaithful lover
I need some money
Send it to me
I need consoling
Your boy's feeling lonely
Describe her for me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
If she can't travel
I can take the mule train
I can take the aeroplane
Send it to me
Yeah, and I'm begging you
Begging you, down on my knees
Baby please, please please
You, you, got to send it, send it, send it
Send it to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Yeah, I'm sending in a letter
To my sister
In Australia
Sister Marie
Ain't got no lover
No sense of cover
I need some loving
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
Send it to me
She won't have to watch her step
She won't have to relocate
I guarantee her personal security
She don't have to be five foot ten
Or blond or brunette
She don't have to be no social hostess
Send her
She might work in a factory
Right next door to me
In my fantasy
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
She could be Rumanian
Could be Bubarian
Could be Albanian

Might be Hungarian
Could be Australian
Could be the Alien
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me
Send her to me