Rolling Stones, Shattered

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Shattered, shattered

Love and hope and sex and dreams

Are still surviving on the street

Look at me, I'm in tatters!

I'm a shattered

Shattered

Friends are so alarming

And my lover's never charming

Life's just a cocktail party on the street

Big Apple

People dressed in plastic bags

Directing traffic

Some kind of fashion

Shattered

Laughter, joy, and loneliness and sex and sex and sex and sex

Look at me, I'm in tatters

I'm a shattered

Shattered

All this chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter 'bout

Shmatta, shmatta, shmatta -- I can't give it away on 7th Avenue

This town's been wearing tatters (shattered, shattered)

Work and work for love and sex

Ain't you hungry for success, success, success, success

Does it matter? (Shattered) Does it matter?

I'm shattered.

Shattered

Ahhh, look at me, I'm a shattered

I'm a shattered

Look at me- I'm a shattered, yeah

Pride and joy and greed and sex

That's what makes our town the best

Pride and joy and dirty dreams and still surviving on the street

And look at me, I'm in tatters, yeah

I've been battered, what does it matter

Does it matter, uh-huh

Does it matter, uh-huh, I'm a shattered

Don't you know the crime rate is going up, up, up, up, up

To live in this town you must be tough, tough, tough, tough!

You got rats on the west side

Bed bugs uptown

What a mess this town's in tatters I've been shattered

My brain's been battered, splattered all over Manhattan

Uh-huh, this town's full of money grabbers

Go ahead, bite the Big Apple, don't mind the maggots, huh

Shadoobie, my brain's been battered

My friends they come around they

Flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter

Pile it up, pile it high on the platter