Rolling Stones, Turd On The Run

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Grabbed hold of your coat tail but it come off in my hand, I reached for your lapel but it weren't sewn on so grand. Begged, promised anything if only you would stay, Well, I lost a lot of love over you. Fell down to my knees and I hung onto your pants, But you just kept on runnin' while they ripped off in my hands. Di'mond rings, vaseline, you give me disease, Well, I lost a lot of lover over you. I boogied in the ballroom, I boogied in the dark; Tie you hands, tie you feet, throw you to the sharks. Make you sweat, make you scream, make you wish you'd never been, I lost a lot of love over you.