

Rolling Stones, When The Whip Comes Down

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Yeah, mama and papa told me
I was crazy to stay
I was gay in New York
Which is a fag in L.A.
So I saved my money
And I took a plane
Wherever I go they treat me the same
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
I'm going down fifty-third street
And they're spitting in my face
I'm learning the ropes
Yeah I'm learning a trade
The east river truckers
Is churning with trash
I've got so much money
That I'm spending so fast
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the shit hits the fan
I'll be sitting on the can
When the whip comes down
Yeah, some called me garbage
While I was sleeping on the street
I never roll
And I never cheat
I'm filling a need
I'm plugging a hole
My mama's so glad
I ain't on the dole
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
(Yeah, go ahead check it out)
Yeah, baby, when the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
(I'll be running this town, I'll tell you)
When the shit hits the fan
I'll be sittin on the can