

Rolling Stones, Where The Boys Go

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Hey girls, you better listen to me
I'm getting starved for your company
All day Monday, and all day Tuesday
I played football, there's nothing on the telly
Now ever since I was just 13 years old
Well, I always felt shy but I acted so bold
I never had the money and I never had the class
But I always seemed to get myself a Saturday night piece of ass!
Where the boys go, Saturday night
Where the boys all go, hold me tight
Where the boys all go, Saturday night
Where the boys all go
Saturday morning you can see me at the pub
and I'm pissing away me money and I can't stand up
Cab fare, pop? You look silly in the road
Get in everybody, where the boys all go!
Hey! Never keep a secret from meeeee--eeeeeee
Hey! Never keep a secret from yuuuuuuuuuuwwwwwwww
Hey! Never keep a secret from meeeeeee-eeeeeee
Where the boys go, Saturday night
Where the boys go, hold me tight
Where the boys go, stand around and grope
Where the boys go, Showing off their clothes
Where the boys go, Down the disco!
Hey girls, what you doin' tonight?
Now do you want to dance, or do you want to bite?
Look here, darlin, I know the score
Paint your face, dye your hair, I'll see you round the back!
Where the boys go, Saturday night
Where the boys go, hold me tight
Where the boys go, Saturday night
Where the boys go, for a giggle and a lawff
Where the boys go, and a little piece of ass
Where the boys go, for a little piece of this
Where the boys go, for a little piece of that
Where the boys go, for a little piece of stick!
Where the boys go, for a little piece of cunt!