

The Rolling Stones, Jig saw puzzle

There's a tramp sittin' on my doorstep
Tryin' to waste his time
With his methylated sandwich
He's a walking clothesline
And here comes the bishop's daughter
On the other side
She looks a trifle jealous
She's been an outcast all her life
Me, I'm waiting so patiently
Lying on the floor
I'm just trying to do my jig-saw puzzle
Before it rains anymore
Oh the gangster looks so fright'ning
With his luger in his hand
But when he gets home to his children
He's a family man
But when it comes to the nitty-gritty
He can shove in his knife
Yes he really looks quite religious
He's been an outlaw all his life
Me, I'm waiting so patiently
Lying on the floor
I'm just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle
Before it rains anymore
Me, I'm waiting so patiently
Lying on the floor
I'm just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle
Before it rains anymore
Oh the singer, he looks angry
At being thrown to the lions
And the bass player, he looks nervous
About the girls outside
And the drummer, he's so shattered
Trying to keep on time
And the guitar players look damaged
They've been outcasts all thier lives
Me, I'm waiting so patiently
Lying on the floor
I'm just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle
Before it rains anymore
Oh, there's twenty-thousand grandmas
Wave their hankies in the air
All burning up their pensions
And shouting, "It's not fair!";
There's a regiment of soldiers
Standing looking on
And the queen is bravely shouting,
"What the hell is going on?";
With a blood-curdling "tally-ho";
She charged into the ranks
And blessed all those grandmas who
With their dying breaths screamed, "Thanks!";
Me, I'm just waiting so patiently
With my woman on the floor
We're just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle
Before it rains anymore