The Rolling Stones, No Spare Parts

Baby, baby, baby, baby...

Daddy drunk, daddy drunk himself to death When he was thirty-five years old Left five daughters An' book 'em on the Cayman row Put 'em down an' left an' he left all pain to me An' a pullin' outta Dallas An' the dirt back in Tennessee

So I called big sister on the telephone I said how y'all down there in 'ere call t'home Girl you won't starve for fortune and fame To earn big money in Dallas and make her name

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
Ain't no oil to change

Honey, I ain't accustomed to lose If I want somethin' bad I always find a way to get thru

I tell ya somethin'
I ain't accustomed t'lose
If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get thru

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
Ain't no oil to change

I could be there Thanksgiving afternoon
With a turkey in m'hand
And ah oughta buy a bottle o' boo'...
I took a short cut about a quarter down
The turnpike road
And I'll fill 'er up with gas
Ah'm a fill 'er 'bout San Antone
An' I'll make it t'Dallas 'bout a quarter pa'...half past three
Just another 30 miles
On the road back to 443

You know, lonely hearts They're just made to break There ain't no spare parts There ain't no oil to change

I tell ya I ain't accustomed to lose If I want somethin' bad enough I always find a way to get it, baby Including you

I tell ya something I ain't ever gonna lose

If I want somethin' bad enough I always find a way to get it, baby Including you

I could be there Thanksgiving afternoon

If I start off now put my foot down the floor, damn too

I spoke to big sister on the telephone She said come on big brother Why don't you come on back home

I said, lonely hearts They're just made to break There ain't no spare parts Aint' no oil to change

I tell ya, honey
I ain't accustomed to lose
If I want somethin' bad enough
I always find a way to get it, mmmmm
Talkin ' bout you

If I want somethin' bad enough I always find a way to get it Don't I?

If I want somethin' bad enough I always find a way to get it Don't I?

If I want somethin' strong enough I always find a way to get it

Baby! Shoo-gahh! Ahhhh, yah, yah, yah...

Tell ya somethin', babe I ain't accustomed to lose

If I want somethin' bad enough I always find a way to get it

If I want somethin' bad enough I always find a way to get it

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
There ain't no spare parts
There ain't no oil to change

Lonely hearts
They're just made to break
Ain't no spare parts
There ain't no oil to change

Now, I'm, I'm a-comin' back Comin' back a'home Thursday afternoon If I don't tumble down hard Really like a way to get thru