

Yardbirds, I ain't got you

I got a Maserati G.T.
With snakeskin upholstery.
I got a charge account at Goldblatt's,
But I ain't got you.
I got a closet full of clothes,
But no matter where it goes,
It keeps a ring in the nose,
But I ain't got you.
I got a tavern and a liquor store.
I play the numbers, yeah, four forty-four.
I got a mojo, yeah, don't you know,
I'm all dressed up with no place to go.
I got women to the right of me.
I got women to the left of me.
I got women all around me,
But I ain't got you.
No, I ain't got you.
(Third Verse)
(Fourth Verse)
No I ain't got you.