
The Rolling Stones - Exile on Main Street

1) **Rocks Off 4:32**

(Jagger, Richards)

The Rolling Stones - *Exile on Main Street* (1972)

I hear you talking when I'm on the street,
Your mouth don't move but I can hear you speak.
What's the matter with the boy?
He don't come around no more,
Is he checking out for sure?
Is he gonna close the door on me?
And I'm always hearing voices on the street,
I want to shout, but I can't hardly speak.
I was making love last night
To a dancer friend of mine.
I can't seem to stay in step,
'Cause she come ev'ry time that she pirouettes over me.
And I only get my rocks off while I'm dreaming,
I only get my rocks off while I'm sleeping.
I'm zipping through the days at lightning speed.
Plug in, flush out and fire the fuckin' feed.
Heading for the overload,
Splattered on the dusty road,
Kick me like you've kicked before,
I can't even feel the pain no more.
But I only get my rocks off while I'm dreaming,
I only get my rocks off while I'm sleeping.
Feel so hypnotized, can't describe the scene.
Feel so mesmerized all that inside me.
The sunshine bores the daylights out of me.
Chasing shadows moonlight mystery.
Headed for the overload,
Splattered on the dirty road,
Kick me like you've kicked before,
I can't even feel the pain no more.
But I only get my rocks off while I'm dreaming,
I only get my rocks off while I'm sleeping.

2) **Rip This Joint 2:22**

(Jagger, Richards)

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Mama says yes, Papa says no,
Make up you mind 'cause I gotta go.
I'm gonna raise hell at the Union Hall,
Drive myself right over the wall.
Rip this joint, gonna save your soul,
Round and round and round we go.
Roll this joint, gonna get down low,
Start my starter, gonna stop the show.
Oh, yeah!
Mister President, Mister Immigration Man,
Let me in, sweetie, to your fair land.
I'm Tampa bound and Memphis too,
Short Fat Fanny is on the loose.
Dig that sound on the radio,
Then slip it right across into Buffalo.
Dick and Pat in ole D.C.,
Well they're gonna hold some shit for me.

Ying yang, you're my thing,
Oh, now, baby, won't you hear me sing.
Flip Flop, fit to drop,
Come on baby, won't you let it rock?
Oh, yeah! (2x)
From San Jose down to Santa Fe,
Kiss me quick, baby, won'tcha make my day.
Down to New Orleans with the Dixie Dean,
'Cross to Dallas, Texas with the Butter Queen.
Rip this joint, gonna rip yours too,
Some brand new steps and some weight to lose.
Gonna roll this joint, gonna get down low,
Round and round and round we'll go.
Wham, Bham, Birmingham, Alabam' don't give a damn.
Little Rock fit to drop.
Ah, let it rock.

3) **Shake Your Hips 2:59**

(J. Moore)

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I wanna tell you 'bout a dance
That's goin' around,
Everybody's doin' it
From the grownups down.
Don't move your head,
Don't move your hands,
Don't move your lips,
Just shake your hips.
Do the hip shake, babe,
Do the hip shake, babe,
Shake your hip, babe,
Shake your hip, babe.
What you don't know
Don't be afraid
Just listen to me
And do what I say.
Don't move your head,
Don't move your hands,
Don't move your lips,
Just shake your hips.
Do the hip shake, babe,
Do the hip shake, babe,
Shake your hip, babe,
Shake your hip, babe,
Well ain't that easy
Well, I met a little girl
In a country town
She said, "What do you know
There's Slim Harpo!"
Didn't move her head,
Didn't move her hands,
Didn't move her lips,
Just shook her hips.
Do the hip shake, babe,
Do the hip shake, babe,
Shake your hip, babe,
Shake your hip, babe,
Well ain't that easy.

4) **Casino Boogie 3:33**

(Jagger, Richards)

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No good, can't speak, wound up, no sleep.
Sky diver insider her, skip rope, stunt flyer.
Wounded lover, got no time on hand.
One last cycle, thrill freak Uncle Sam.
Pause for bus'ness, hope you'll understand.
Judge and jury walk out hand in hand.
Dietrich movies, close up boogies,
Kissing cunt in Cannes.
Grotesque music, million dollar sad.
Got no tactics, got no time on hand.
Left shoe shuffle, right shoe muffle,
Sinking in the sand.
Fade out freedom, steaming heat on,
Watch that hat in black.
Finger twitching, got no time on hand.

5) **Tumbling Dice** 3:45

(Jagger, Richards)

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Women think I'm tasty, but they're always tryin' to waste me
And make me burn the candle right down
But baby, baby, don't need no jewels in my crown

'Cause all you women is low down gamblers
Cheatin' like I don't know how
But baby, I go crazy, there's fever in the funk house now

This low down bitchin' got my poor feet a-itchin'
You know you know the deuce is still wild
Baby, can't stay
You got to roll me and call me the tumblin' dice

Always in a hurry, I never stop to worry
Don't you see the time flashin' by
Honey, got no money, I'm all sixes and sevens and nines

Say now, baby, I'm the rank outsider
You can be my partner in crime
Baby, can't stay
You got to roll me and call me the tumblin'
Roll me and call me the tumblin' dice

Oh my my my, I'm the lone crap shooter
Playin' the field every night
Baby, can't stay
You got to roll me and call me the tumblin'
Roll me and call me the tumblin' dice

Got to roll me
Keep on rolling
Got to roll me
Keep on rolling
Got to roll me
Keep on rolling

Got to roll me
Got to roll me

6) **Sweet Virginia** 4:25

(Jagger, Richards)

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Wadin' through the waste stormy winter,
And there's not a friend to help you through.
Tryin' to stop the waves behind your eyeballs,
Drop your reds, drop your greens and blues.
Thank you for your wine, California,
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruits.
Yes I got the desert in my toenail
And I hid the speed inside my shoe.
I want you to come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
I want you come on, honey child, I beg of you.
I want you come on, come on down, you got it in you.
(honey child)
Got to scrape the shit right off you shoes.
But Come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.
(honey child)
Got to scrape that shit right off you shoes.
But Come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.
(honey child)
Got to scrape that shit right off you shoes.

7) **Torn and Frayed** 4:16

(Jagger, Richards)

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Hey let him follow you down,
Way underground wind and he's bound.
Bound to follow you down,
Just a dead beat right off the street.
Bound to follow you down.
Well the ballrooms and smelly bordellos
And dressing rooms filled with parasites.
On stage the band has got problems,
They're a bag of nerves on first nights.
He ain't tied down to no home town,
Yeah, and he thought he was wreckless.
You think he's bad, he thinks you're mad,
Yeah, and the guitar player gets restless.
And his coat is torn and frayed,
It's seen much better days.
Just as long as the guitar plays
Let it steal your heart away,
Let it steal your heart away.
Joe's got a cough, sounds kind a rough,
Yeah, and the codeine to fix it.

Doctor prescribes, drug store supplies,
Who's gonna help him to kick it?
Well his coat is torn and frayed,
It's seen much better days.
Just as long as the guitar plays
Let it steal your heart away,
Let it steal your heart away.

8) **Sweet Black Angel 2:54**

(Jagger, Richards)

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Got a sweet black angel,
Got a pin up girl,
Got a sweet black angel,
Up upon my wall.
Well, she ain't no singer
And she ain't no star,
But she sure talk good,
And she move so fast.
But the gal in danger,
Yeah, de gal in chains,
But she keep on pushin',
Would ya take her place?
She countin' up de minutes,
She countin' up de days,
She's a sweet black angel, woh,
Not a sweet black slave.
Ten little niggers
Sittin' on de wall,
Her brothers been a fallin',
Fallin' one by one.
For a judges murder
In a judges court,
Now de judge he gonna judge her
For all dat he's worth.
Well de gal in danger,
De gal in chains,
But she keep on pushin'
Would you do the same?
She countin' up de minutes,
She countin' up de days,
She's a sweet black angel,
Not a gun toting teacher,
Not a Red lovin' school mom,
Ain't someone gonna free her,
Free de sweet black slave,
Free de sweet black slave.

9) **Loving Cup 4:23**

(Jagger, Richards)

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I'm the man on the mountain, come on up.
I'm the plowman in the valley with a face full of mud.
Yes, I'm fumbling and I know my car don't start.
Yes, I'm stumbling and I know I play a bad guitar.
Give me little drink from your loving cup.
Just one drink and I'll fall down drunk.
I'm the man who walks the hillside in the sweet summer sun.
I'm the man that brings you roses when you ain't got none.
Well I can run and jump and fish, but I won't fight

You if you want to push and pull with me all night.
Give me little drink from you loving cup.
Just one drink and I'll fall down drunk.
I feel so humble with you tonight,
Just sitting in front of the fire.
See your face dancing in the flame,
Feel your mouth kissing me again,
What a beautiful buzz, what a beautiful buzz,
What a beautiful buzz, what a beautiful buzz.
Oh, what a beautiful buzz, what a beautiful buzz.
Yes, I am nitty gritty and my shirt's all torn,
But I would love to spill the beans with you till dawn.
Give me little drink from you loving cup.
Just one drink and I'll fall down drunk.

10) **Happy 3:04**

(Jagger, Richards)

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Well I never kept a dollar past sunset,
It always burned a hole in my pants.
Never made a school mama happy,
Never blew a second chance.
I need a love to keep me happy,
I need a love to keep me happy.
Baby, baby keep me happy.
Baby, baby keep me happy.
Always took candy from strangers,
Didn't wanna get me no trade.
Never want to be like papa,
Working for the boss ev'ry night and day.
I need a love to keep me happy,
I need a love, baby won't ya keep me happy.
Baby, won't ya keep me happy.
Baby, please keep me
I need a love to keep me happy,
I need a love to keep me happy.
Baby, baby keep me happy.
Baby, baby keep me happy.
Never got a flash out of cocktails,
When I got some flesh off the bone.
Never got a lift out of Lear jets,
When I can fly way back home.
I need a love to keep me happy,
I need a love to keep me happy.
Baby, baby keep me happy.
Baby, baby keep me happy.

11) **Turd on the Run 2:36**

(Jagger, Richards)

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Grabbed hold of your coat tail but it come off in my hand,
I reached for your lapel but it weren't sewn on so grand.
Begged, promised anything if only you would stay,
Well, I lost a lot of love over you.
Fell down to my knees and I hung onto your pants,
But you just kept on runnin' while they ripped off in my hands.
Di'mond rings, vaseline, you give me disease,
Well, I lost a lot of lover over you.
I boogied in the ballroom, I boogied in the dark;
Tie you hands, tie you feet, throw you to the sharks.

Make you sweat, make you scream, make you wish you'd never been,
I lost a lot of love over you.

- 12) **Ventilator Blues** 3:24
(Jagger, Richards, Taylor)
The Rolling Stones - *Exile on Main Street* (1972)

When your spine is cracking and your hands, they shake,
Heart is bursting and you butt's gonna break.
Your woman's cussing, you can hear her scream,
You feel like murder in the first degree.
Ain't nobody slowing down no way,
Ev'rybody's stepping on their accelerator,
Don't matter where you are,
Ev'rybody's gonna need a ventilator.
When you're trapped and circled with no second chances,
Your code of living is your gun in hand.
We can't be browed by beating, we can't be cowed by words,
Messed by cheating, ain't gonna ever learn.
Ev'rybody walking 'round,
Ev'rybody trying to step on their Creator.
Don't matter where you are, ev'rybody, ev'rybody gonna
Need some kind of ventilator, some kind of ventilator.
What you gonna do about it, what you gonna do?
What you conna do about it, what you gonna do?
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it?

- 13) **I Just Want to See His Face** 2:52
(Jagger, Richards)
The Rolling Stones - *Exile on Main Street* (1972)

That's all right, that's all right, that's all right.
Sometimes you feel like trouble, sometimes you feel down.
Let this music relax you mind, let this music relax you mind.
Stand up and be counted, can't get a witness.
Sometimes you need somebody, if you have somebody to love.
Sometimes you ain't got nobody and you want somebody to love.
Then you don't want to walk and talk about Jesus,
You just want to see His face.
You don't want to walk and talk about Jesus,
You just want to see His face.

- 14) **Let It Loose** 5:16
(Jagger, Richards)
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Who's that woman on your arm all dressed up to do you harm?
And I'm hip to what she'll do, give her just about a month or two.
Bit off more than I can chew and I knew what it was leading to,
Some things, well, I can't refuse,
One of them, one of them the bedroom blues.
She delivers right on time, I can't resist a corny line,
But take the shine right off you shoes,
Carryin', carryin' the bedroom blues.
Oo...
In the bar you're getting drunk, I ain't in love, I ain't in luck.
Hide the switch and shut the light, let it all come down tonight.
Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger,
Some face you'll never see no more.
Let it all come down tonight.
Keep those tears hid out of sight, let it loose, let it all come down.

15) **All Down the Line** 3:48

(Jagger, Richards)

The Rolling Stones - *Exile on Main Street* (1972)

Yeah, heard the diesel drumming all down the line.
Oh, heard the wires a humming all down the line.
Yeah, hear the women sighing all down the line.
Oh, hear the children crying all down the line.
(All down the line.) We'll be watching out for trouble, yeah.
(All down the line.) And we'd better keep the motor running, yeah.
(All down the line.) Well, you can't say yes and you can't say no,
Just be right there when the whistle blows.
I need a sanctified girl with a sanctified mind to help me now.
Yeah, all the people singing all down the line.
Mmmm, watch the men all working, working, yeah. (All down the line.)
(All down the line.) We're gonna open up the throttle yeah.
(All down the line.) We're gonna bust another bottle, yeah.
(All down the line.)
I need a shot of salvation, baby, once in a while.
Hear the whistle blowing, hear it for a thousand miles.
(All down the line.) We're gonna open up the throttle, yeah.
All down the line, We're gonna bust another bottle, yeah.
Well you can't say yes, and you can't say no,
Just be right there when the whistle blows.
I need a sanctified mind to help me out right now.
Be my little baby for a while.
Won't you be my little baby for a while?

16) **Stop Breaking Down** 4:34

(Traditional)

The Rolling Stones - *Exile on Main Street* (1972)

Ev'ry time I'm walking all down the street
Some pretty mama start breaking down on me.
Stop breaking down, baby, please, stop breaking down.
Stuff is gonna bust you brains out, baby,
Gonna make you lose your mind.
You Saturday night women, now, you just ape and clown,
You don't do nothing but tear my reputation down.
Stop breaking down, mama, please, stop breaking down.
Stuff is gonna bust you brains out, baby,
Yeah, it's gonna make you lose your mind.
I love my baby ninety nine degrees,
But that mama got a pistol, laid it down on me.
Stop breaking down, baby, please, stop breaking down.
Stuff is gonna bust you brains out, baby,
Yeah, gonna make you lose your mind.
Ev'ry time I'm walking all down the street
Some pretty woman start breaking down on me.
Stop breaking down, mama, please, stop breaking down.
Stuff is gonna bust your brains out, baby,
Gonna make you lose your mind.

17) **Shine a Light** 4:14

(Jagger, Richards)

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Saw you stretched out in Room Ten O Nine
With a smile on your face and a tear right in your eye.
Oh, couldn't see to get a line on you, my sweet honey love.
Berber jew'lry jangling down the street,

Make you shut your eyes at ev'ry woman that you meet.
Could not seem to get a high on you, my sweet honey love.
May the good Lord shine a light on you,
Make every song [you sing] your favorite tune.
May the good Lord shine a light on you,
Warm like the evening sun.
When you're drunk in the alley, baby, with your clothes all torn
And your late night friends leave you in the cold gray dawn.
Just seemed too many flies on you, I just can't brush them off.
Angels beating all their wings in time,
With smiles on their faces and a gleam right in their eyes.
Whoa, thought I heard on sigh for you,
Come on up, come on up, now, come on up now.
May the good Lord shine a light on you,
Make every song you sing your favorite tune.
May the good Lord shine a light on you,
Warm like the evening sun.(x2)

18) **Soul Survivor 3:49**

(Jagger, Richards)

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When the waters is rough
The sailing is tough,
I'll get drowned in your love.
You've got a cut throat crew,
I'm gonna sink under you,
I got the bell bottom blues,
It's gonna be the death of me.
It's the graveyard watch,
Running right on the rocks,
I've taken all of the knocks.
You ain't giving me no quarter.
I'd rather drink sea water,
I wish I'd never had brought you,
It's gonna be the death of me.
Soul survivor, soul survivor.
Soul survivor, soul survivor.
Soul survivor, soul survivor.
Soul survivor, soul survivor,
Gonna be the death of me,
It's gonna be the death of me.
When you're flying your flags
All my confidence sags,
You got me packing my bags.
I'll stowaway at sea,
You make me mutiny,
Where you are I won't be,
You're gonna be the death of me.