

Soul Survivor

The Rolling Stones

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.

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