

Ventilator Blues

The Rolling Stones

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 gonna do about it, what you gonna do?
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it?
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it?
Gonna fight it, gonna fight it?
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Gonna fight it, gonna fight it?

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