

Wired All Night (2015 Remastered Version)

Mick Jagger

You go squeeze in your dress, and go strap on your boots
I'm gonna sharpen my nails and primp up real cute
I'm gonna smoke up a storm and step into the night
I'm getting ready to burn, I'm getting ready to fly I said a, hey, are you shooting to kill
Hey, would I tell you a lie
We'll be slamming tequilas, popping hydrogen
And lose the coils and the kinks that are wrecking my life Give me a drink, don't be talking so much, you're a
pain in the butt
How can I think when you puke up your guts, I'll be juiced on this stuff We'll be wired all night
We hit the high life
We'll be wired all night
We hit the high life
Watch me now You blew a jelly-face Joe, Pedro the pimp
I'm as hard as a brick, hope I never go limp
Is the earthquake shaking, is there gonna be war
Tell the National Guard to mind the grocery store I said, hey, and I don't give a hoot
Hey, I need some earthly delights
I'll be drowning my sorrows, banging my box
'Til the sirens start singing and I'm ready to fly Give me a drink, don't be talking so much, you're a pain in the
butt
How can I think when you puke up your guts, I'll be juiced on this stuff We'll be wired all night
We hit the high life
We'll be wired all night
We hit the high life Give me a drink, don't be talking so much, you're a pain
in the butt
How can I think when you puke up your guts, I'll be juiced
on this stuff
I'll be kicked in the nuts We'll be wired all night
We hit the high life
We'll be wired all night
We hit the high life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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