

Tie You Up (the Pain Of Love)

The Rolling Stones

You're deaf to it, blind to it
It's like a thunderclap
Feel the prickles running
Up and down your back
Why so divine, the pain of love

You have to work at it, stay with it
Pay for it, bust your ass
Lie for it, cheat for it
Forget about your past
Why so divine, the pain of love

You dream of it passionate
You get a rise from it
Feel the hot cum
Dripping on your thighs from it
Why why so divine, the pain of love

Sometimes you crave for it, cry for it
Women will die for it
Looking back, cut the crap
Was it really worth the rap?
It's hard to survive the pain of love

Ooh I need a time out
Time to make my mind up
Substitute a line out
I'll be back next season with a bang

No release from the jail
No parole, no bail
Hard labor, fifty lashes
Hard labor, money splashes
It's hard to survive the pain of love

The old maid is roughing up
Applying final touches
Even though she's late for the dance
I tell you tonight she's really gonna have a ball
She's gonna really tie me up

She's gonna really tie me up
She's gonna really tie me up
She's gonna really tie me up
She's gonna really tie me up

Why so divine the pain of love

Don't hurt me, don't hurt me
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me

Why so divine the pain of love
That's what they call it: the pain of love
Tie me up, tie me up, tie me up, tie me up

Why do divine, the pain of love

Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me

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