

Rock and a Hard Place

The Rolling Stones

The fields of Eden
Are full of trash
And if we beg and we borrow and steal
We'll never get it back
People are hungry
They crowd around
And the city gets bigger as the country comes begging to town
We're stuck between a rock
And a hard place
Between a rock and a hard place
This talk of freedom
And human rights
Means bullying and private wars and chucking all the dust into our eyes
And peasant people
Poorer than dirt
Who are caught in the crossfire with nothing to lose but their shirts
Stuck between a rock
And a hard place
Between a rock and a hard place
You'd better stop put on a kind face
Between a rock and a hard place
We're in the same boat
On the same sea
And we're sailing south
On the same breeze
Guiding dream churches
With silver spires
And our rogue children
Are playing loaded dice
Give me truth now
Don't want no sham
I'd be hung drawn and quartered for a sheep just as well as a lamb
Stuck between a rock
And a hard place
Between a rock and a hard place
You'd better stop
Put on a kind face
Can't you see what you've done to me

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