

# Tumbling Dice

## The Rolling Stones

Wo Yeah! (Wo, wo)  
Women think I'm tasty, but they're always tryin' to waste me  
And make me burn the candle right down,  
But baby, baby, I don't need no jewels in my crown.  
Cause all you women is low down gamblers,  
Cheatin' like I don't know how,  
But baby, baby, there's fever in the funk house now.  
This low down bitchin' got my poor feet a itchin',  
Don't you know you know the duece is still wild.  
Baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me  
And call me the tumblin' dice.  
Always in a hurry, I never stop to worry,  
Don't you see the time flashin' by.  
Honey, got no money,  
I'm all sixes and sevens and nines.  
Say now baby, I'm the rank outsider,  
You can be my partner in crime.  
But baby, I can't stay,  
You got to roll me and call me the tumblin',  
Roll me and call me the tumblin' dice.  
Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shooter,  
Playin' the field ev'ry night.  
But baby, I can't stay,  
You got to roll me and call me the tumblin' dice, (Call me the tumblin')  
Got to roll me (yayes), Got to roll me, Got to roll me (Oh yeah)  
Got to roll me  
Got to roll me (yeah)  
Got to roll me (Keep on rolling)  
Got to roll me (Keep on rolling)  
Got to roll me (Keep on rolling)  
Got to roll me  
My baby, call me the tumblin' dice, yeah  
Got to roll me  
Baby sweet as sugar (Got to roll me)  
Yeah, my, my, my yeah (Got to roll me)  
I went down baby, oh  
Got to roll me (hit me)  
Baby I'm down

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by Jagger, Mick / Richards, Keith  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>