

Turd On The Run

The Rolling Stones

Grabbed hold of your coat tail but it come off in my hand,
I reached for your lapel but it weren't sewn on so grand.
Begged, promised anything if only you would stay,
Well, I lost a lot of love over you.
Fell down to my knees and I hung onto your pants,
But you just kept on runnin' while they ripped off in my hands.
Di'mond rings, Vaseline, you give me disease,
Well, I lost a lot of lover over you.
I boogied in the ballroom, I boogied in the dark;
Tie you hands, tie you feet, throw you to the sharks.
Make you sweat, make you scream, make you wish you'd never been,
I lost a lot of love over you.

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