Memo From Turner

Mick Jagger

Didn't I see you down in San Antone
On a hot and dusty night?
We were eating eggs in Sammy's
When the black man there drew his knifeAw, you drowned that Jew in Rampton
As he washed his sleeveless shirt
You know, that Spanish-speaking gentlemen
The one we all called KurtCome now, gentleman
I know there's some mistake
How forgetful I'm becoming
Now you fixed your business straightI remember you in Hemlock Road
In nineteen fifty-six
You're a faggy little leather boy
With a smaller piece of stickYou're a lashing, smashing hunk of man
Your sweat shines sweet and strong
Your organs working perfectly
But there's a part that's not screwed onWeren't you at the Coke convention
Back on nineteen sixty-five
You're the misbred, gray executive
I've seen heavily advertisedYou're the great, gray man whose daughter licks
Policemen's buttons clean
You're the man who squats behind the man
Who works the soft machineCome now, gentleman
Your love is all I crave
You'll still be in the circus when I'm laughing
Laughing in my graveWhen the old men do the fighting
And the young men all look on
And the young girls eat their mothers meat
From tubes of plasticonBe wary of these my gentle friends
Of all the skins you breed
They have a tasty habit
They eat the hands that bleedSo remember who you say you are
And keep your noses clean
Boys will be boys and play with toys
So be strong with your beastOh Rosie dear, don'tcha think it's queer
So stop me if you please
The baby is dead, my lady said
"You gentlemen, why you all work for me?"

Songwriters

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