

Midnight Rambler

The Rolling Stones

Did you hear about the midnight Rambler
Everybody got to go
Did you hear about the midnight Rambler
The one that shut the kitchen door
He don't give a hoot of warning
Wrapped up in a black cat cloak
He don't go in the light of the morning
He split the time the cock'rel crows

Talkin' about the midnight gambler
The one you never seen before
Talkin' about the midnight gambler
Did you see him jump the garden wall
Sighin' down the wind so sadly
Listen and you'll hear him moan
Talkin' about the midnight gambler
Everybody got to go
Yeah

Did you hear about the midnight Rambler
Well, honey, it's no rock 'n' roll show
Well, I'm talkin' about the midnight gambler
Yeah, the one you never seen before

(Don't you do that)

Well you heard about the Boston,
It's not one of those
Well, talkin' 'bout the midnight, sh,
The one that closed the bedroom door
I'm called the hit-and-run raper in anger
The knife-sharpened tippie-toe...
Or just the shoot 'em dead, brainbell jangler
You know, the one you never seen before

So if you ever meet the midnight Rambler
Coming down your marble hall
Well he's pouncing like a proud black panther
Well, you can say I, I told you so
Well, don't you listen for the midnight Rambler

Play it easy, as you go
I'm gonna smash down all your plate glass windows
Put a fist, put a fist through your steel-plated door

Did you hear about the midnight Rambler
He'll leave his footprints up and down your hall
And did you hear about the midnight gambler
And did you see me make my midnight call

And if you ever catch the midnight Rambler
I'll steal your mistress from under your nose
I'll go easy with your cold fanged anger
I'll stick my knife right down your throat, baby and it hurts!

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