Secrets (2015 Remastered Version)

Mick Jagger

I heard a story, all about you
I heard the secrets, maybe they're true
I read the papers, I read the news
I hear the gossip, all about you
They say that you're really not so prim and prude
Behind it all you're rather rude
And really go for younger men
Italian types and lots of them
I can't believe it baby
Maybe it's trueHoney, honey, honey!
Do it for the moneyI heard the stories
On saturday night, out in the back room
After one or two lies
Your name is mentioned
It gives me a fright
Dishonorable mention
Puts you in a new lightYou've been going downtown slave romancing
Nasty, mean and fancy dancin
With your nose in plastic bags
People talk and tongues all wag
I can't believe it babyI've been a fool
'Cause scales have just fell from my eyes
You can't keep up your disguise
Tell me about your adventures in living
I won't write a word of libel
Swear it on a thousand Bibles
But, I admit, I have got my misgivings
Maybe it's trueHoney, honey, honey!
Do it for the moneyI read the papers, I read the news
I scan the columns for pictures of you
You with the husband, you with the mayor, youu with the kids
Now who are you kidding, who you kidding?
How can you dare?
While you are the mistress of a mafia man
Who's working for the Vatican
And all your money crisply ironed in off-shore banks
Your friends are kind
I can't believe it baby
Maybe it's trueHoney, honey, honey!

Do it for the money
Yeah, you've been a nasty girl
Yeah, you've been bad
You've been bad, you've been bad
You better come over here
And take your puni

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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