

Sheryl Crow, Honky Tonk Women

(by Rolling Stones)

I met a ginsoaked barroom queen in Memphis
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride
She had to heave me right across her shoulder
'Cause I just can't seem to drink you off my mind

It's the honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

I laid a divorcee in New York City
I had to put up some kind off a flight
The lady then she covered me with roses
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind
It's the honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

I strolled on the boulevard bars of Paris
As naked as the day that I will die
The sellers they're so charming there in Paris
But they just don't seem to sail you off my mind

It's the honky tonk women
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues