

The Rolling Stones, Doom And Gloom

I had a dream last night
That I was piloting a plane
And all the passengers were drunk and insane
I crash landed in Louisiana swamp
Shot up a horde of zombies
But I come out on top

What's about?
It just reflects my mood

Sitting in the dirt
Feeling kind of hurt
All I hear is doom and gloom
All is darkness in my room
Through the light your face I see
Baby, take a chance
Baby, won't you dance with me

Lost all that treasure in an overseas war
It just goes to show you don't get what you paid for
Rich worrying about the poor
Put me feet up on the couch
And lock all the doors
Hear a funky noise tightening of the screws

Feeling kind of hurt
Sitting in the dirt
All I hear is doom and gloom
But when those drum go boom, boom, boom,
Through the night your face I see
Baby, take a chance
Baby, won't you dance with me
Yeah, baby won't you dance with me
Ah, yeah!

Fracking deep for there's oil on the sump
There's kids all pick at the garbage dump
I'm running out of water so I better prime the pump
I am trying to stay sober but I end up drunk
We'll be eating dirt
Living on the side of the road
There's some food for thought
Kids of makes your explode

Feeling kind of hurt
All I hear is doom and gloom
All is darkness in my room
Through the night your face I see
Baby, come on, dance with me
Baby, won't you dance with me
Feeling kind of hurt
Baby, won't you dance with me
Ah, yeah!
Come on, dance with me