

# The Rolling Stones, Fiji Gin

I want more Fiji Gin, but full name is Billy Dean  
Tell him to bring his electric guitar, 'cause a poor boy goin'  
insane  
Then we'll duck two bars away, snort an ounce of cocaine  
Took myself about 55 jars, 6-pack more a champagne

Ohh baby... I love you...Oh my baby  
Oh baby I love you

Better watch out for the Fiji Gin, come-up and spend the  
day  
Come on and bring your wah-wah pedal, then let's go on  
stage  
Ronnie brought about, 50,000 kids, and then slipped out in  
the rain  
Fell from the beat to the 25th floor, white girls go insane,  
eeeh

I love ya...  
I wanna pounce, all right

Better watch out for the split-side Anna, Fistford is out for a  
raid  
Call me up and feed to 21st floor, the poor chicks go insane  
You bust 2 ribs (!!), you bust 2 arms, his legs is like stumps  
in therain  
His brain is shred, his nose is bled, but his hands, they sure  
could play

Better watch out for the curse-i-anna, come on Billy Dean  
Come on bring your electric guitar 'cause these boys are just  
gonna play  
Come on down Miss Sus-i-anna, Figi Gin's gonna rein  
Tell him to bring a, wah-wah pedal, boy we're going  
insaaane