

The Rolling Stones, Honky tonk women

Met a gin soaked 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.

Chorus:

It's the Honky Tonk Women,
give me, give me, give me the honky tonk blues.
Strollin' on the boulevards of Paris,
as naked as the day that I will die.

The sailors they're so charming there in Paris,
but they just don't seem to sail you off my mind.

Chorus

I laid a divorcee in New York City,
I had to put up some kind of a fight.
The lady she all dressed me up in roses,
she blew my nose and then she blew my mind.