

The Rolling Stones, I Ain't Superstitious

Meet me on the bottom,
bring me my running shoes.
When I come out the window,
we ain't got time to lose.

Well I ain't superstitious,
but a black cat crossed my trail.
Don't brush me with my broom, Babe,
I just might land in jail.

Well my right hand itchin', Babe,
I get smothered by the shore.
Look down you engine, Babe,
but somebody got to go.

Meet me on the bottom, Babe,
bring me my running shoes.

When I come out the window, Babe,
we ain't got time to lose.

Well I hope you are listening,
when I come streaking by.
Got a bad old man, Babe,
and I'm too young to die.

Well I ain't superstitious,
but a black cat crossed my trail.
Don't brush me with my broom, Babe,
I just might land in jail.

Dogs been barking
all around my neighborhood.
You give a sign, Babe,
ain't do nobody no good