

# The Rolling Stones, Jig saw puzzle

There's a tramp sittin' on my doorstep  
Tryin' to waste his time  
With his methylated sandwich  
He's a walking clothesline  
And here comes the bishop's daughter  
On the other side  
She looks a trifle jealous  
She's been an outcast all her life  
Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do my jig-saw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore  
Oh the gangster looks so fright'ning  
With his luger in his hand  
But when he gets home to his children  
He's a family man  
But when it comes to the nitty-gritty  
He can shove in his knife  
Yes he really looks quite religious  
He's been an outlaw all his life  
Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore  
Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore  
Oh the singer, he looks angry  
At being thrown to the lions  
And the bass player, he looks nervous  
About the girls outside  
And the drummer, he's so shattered  
Trying to keep on time  
And the guitar players look damaged  
They've been outcasts all thier lives  
Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore  
Oh, there's twenty-thousand grandmas  
Wave their hankies in the air  
All burning up their pensions  
And shouting, &quot;It's not fair!&quot;;  
There's a regiment of soldiers  
Standing looking on  
And the queen is bravely shouting,  
&quot;What the hell is going on?&quot;;  
With a blood-curdling &quot;tally-ho&quot;;  
She charged into the ranks  
And blessed all those grandmas who  
With their dying breaths screamed, &quot;Thanks!&quot;;  
Me, I'm just waiting so patiently  
With my woman on the floor  
We're just trying to do this jig-saw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore