

Honky Tonk Women

The Rolling Stones

I met a gin soaked bar-room queen in Memphis
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride
She had to heave me right across her shoulder
'Cos I just can't seem to drink you off my mind

It's the honky, tonky woman
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues

I laid a divorcee in New York City
I had to put up some kind for a fight
The lady then she covered me with roses
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind

It's the honky tonk, tonky woman
Gimme, gimme, gimme the honky tonk blues