

## Memo from Turner

Mick Jagger

Didn't I see you down in San Antone  
On a hot and dusty night?  
We were eating eggs in Sammy's  
When the black man there drew his knife.  
Aw! You drowned that Jew in Rampton  
As he washed his sleeveless shirt,  
You know, that Spanish speaking gentlemen,  
The one that we all called "Kurt".

Come now, gentlemen,  
I know there's some mistake.  
How forgetful I'm becoming,  
Now! You fixed your business straight.

I remember you in Hemlock Road  
In nineteen fifty-six,  
You're a faggy little leather boy with  
A smaller piece of stick.  
You're a lashing,  
Smashing hunk of man;  
Your sweat shines  
Sweet and strong.  
Your organ's working perfectly,  
But there's a part  
That's not screwed on.

Weren't you at the Coke convention  
Back in nineteen sixty-five  
You're the misbred,  
Grey executive  
I've seen heavily advertised.  
You're the great grey man  
Whose daughter licks  
Policemen's buttons clean.  
You're the man who squats behind  
The man who works the soft machine.

Come now, gentlemen,  
Your love is all I crave.  
You'll still be in the circus  
When I'm laughing,  
Laughing in my grave.

When the old men do the fighting  
And the young men all look on.  
And the young girls eat  
Their mothers' meat  
From tubes of plasticon.  
Be wary please my gentle friends  
Of all the skins you breed.  
They have a tasty habit  
They eat the hands that bleed.

So remember who you say you are  
And keep your noses clean.  
Boys will be boys and play  
With toys so be strong

With your beast.  
Oh! Rosie dear,  
Doncha think it's queer,  
So stop me if you please.  
The baby's dead,  
My lady said,  
You gentlemen,  
Why you all work for me!