

# Back of My Hand

The Rolling Stones

I hear a preacher on the corner  
Ranting like a crazy man  
He says there's trouble, troubles are coming  
I can read it like the back of my hand

I see love, I see misery  
Jamming side by side on the stage  
In the wind some mournful melody  
I can read it like the back of my hand

The back of my hand..... Oh yeah

Oh yeah....

I see dreams, I see visions  
Images I don't understand  
I see Goya's paranoias  
I can read it like the back of my hand

Well, read it like the back of my hand  
Oh yeah, wow yeah  
Wow yeah  
Read it like the back of my hand