

## Ride On, Baby

The Rolling Stones

A smile on your face  
But not in your eyes  
You're looking through me  
You don't feel it inside

Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
I could pick your face out in an FBI file  
You may look pretty but I can't say the same for your mind  
Ah ah ah

You walk up to me  
And try to look shy  
The red round your eyes  
Says that you ain't a child

Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
Well I've seen your face in a trashy magazine  
You know where you're going but I don't like the places  
you've been  
Ah ah ah

Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
I can pick your face out from the front or behind  
You may look pretty but I can't say the same for your mind  
Ah ah ah

Laugh it a bit  
Give it a try  
If I'm not impressed  
You can still cry

Get out and ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
Ride on, baby, ride on, baby  
By the time your thirty gonna look sixty-five  
You won't look pretty and your friends will have kissed you  
goodbye

Ride on, baby  
Ride on, baby...