

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...