

# Torn and Frayed

The Rolling Stones

Hey let him follow you down  
Way underground, wind and he's bound  
Bound to follow you down  
Just a dead beat right off the street, bound to follow you down

Well the ballrooms and smelly bordellos  
And dressing rooms filled with parasites  
On stage the band has got problems  
They're a bag of nerves on first nights

He ain't tied down to no home town  
Yeah, and he thought he was wreckless  
You think he's bad, he thinks you're mad  
Yeah, and the guitar player gets restless

Well his coat is torn and frayed  
It's seen much better days  
Just as long as the guitar plays  
Let it steal your heart away, steal your heart away

Well his coat is torn and frayed  
It's seen much better days  
Just as long as the guitar plays  
Let it steal your heart away

Joe's got a cough, sounds kind a rough  
Yeah, and the codeine to fix it  
Doctor prescribes, drug store supplies  
Who's gonna help him to kick it

And his coat is torn and frayed  
It's seen much better days  
Just as long as the guitar plays  
Let it steal your heart away, steal your heart away

Well his coat is torn and frayed  
It's seen much better days  
Just as long as the guitar plays  
Just as long as the guitar plays  
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Just as long as the guitar plays