

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
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