

# Tumbling Dice

The Rolling Stones

Women think I'm tasty, but they're always tryin' to waste me  
And make me burn the candle right down  
Baby, baby, I don't need no jewels in my crown

'Cause all you women is low down gamblers  
Cheatin' like I don't know how  
Baby, baby, there's fever in the funk house now

This low down bitchin' got my poor feet a itchin'  
You know you know the deuce is still wild  
Baby, can't stay, you got to roll me  
And call me the tumblin' dice

Always in a hurry, I never stop to worry  
Don't you see the time flashin' by  
Honey, got no money, I'm all sixes and sevens and nines

Say now, baby, I'm the rank outsider  
You can be my partner in crime  
Baby, can't stay, you got to roll me  
And call me the tumblin', roll me and call me the tumblin' dice

Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shooter  
Playin' the field every night

Baby, can't stay  
You got to roll me and call me the tumblin' dice

Got to roll me  
Got to roll me  
Got to roll me

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