

# Where the Boys Go

The Rolling Stones

Hey girls, you better listen to me  
I'm getting starved for your company  
All day Monday, and all day Tuesday  
I played football, there's nothing on the telly  
Now ever since I was just 13 years old  
Well, I always felt shy but I acted so bold  
I never had the money and I never had the class  
But I always seemed to get myself a Saturday night piece of ass  
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Where the boys go, Saturday night  
Where the boys all go, hold me tight  
Where the boys all go, Saturday night  
Where the boys all go

Saturday morning you can see me at the pub  
and I'm pissing away me money and I can't stand up  
Cab fare, pop? You look silly in the road  
Get in everybody, where the boys all go!

Hey! Never keep a secret from meeeee--eeeeeeee  
Hey! Never keep a secret from yuuuuuuuuuuwwwwww  
Hey! Never keep a secret from meeeee--eeeeeeee

Where the boys go, Saturday night  
Where the boys go, hold me tight  
Where the boys go, stand around and grope  
Where the boys go, showing off their clothes  
Where the boys go, down the disco!

Hey girls, what you doin' tonight?  
Now do you want to dance, or do you want to bite?  
Look here, darlin, I know the score  
Paint your face, dye your hair, I'll see you round the back!

Where the boys go, Saturday night  
Where the boys go, hold me tight  
Where the boys go, Saturday night

Where the boys go, for a giggle and a lawff  
Where the boys go, and a little piece of ass  
Where the boys go, for a little piece of this  
Where the boys go, for a little piece of that  
Where the boys go, for a little piece of skirt  
Where the boys go, for a little piece of dirt