

When the Whip Comes Down

The Rolling Stones

Yeah, mama and papa told me
I was crazy to stay
I was gay in New York
A fag in L.A.
So I saved my money
And I took a plane
Wherever I go they treat me the same

When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down

I'm going down fifty-third street
And they're spitting in my face
I'm learning the ropes
Yeah I'm learning a trade
The east river truckers
Are churning with trash
I make so much money
That I'm spending so fast

When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the shit hits the fan
I'll be sitting on the can
When the whip comes down

Yeah, some called me garbage
When I was sleeping on the street
I never roll
And I never cheat
I'm filling a need
I'm plugging a hole
My mama's so glad
I ain't on the dole

When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
(Yeah, go ahead check it out)

Yeah, baby, when the whip comes down
When the whip comes down
(I'll be running this town, I'll tell you)
When the shit hits the fan
I'll be sittin on the can