

Fast Talking, Slow Walking

The Rolling Stones

I'm a fast-talking
Smooth-walking
Hard-living man
When I'm on
And I'm a wild lover
Close brother
I like it warm
When I come home

And ain't it hard to find
A guide in this life at all?
I'm not alone
But I'm feeling lucky
'Cause I've got the dearest
Friends of all

I'm a fast-moving
Hip-shooting
Sharp-suited guy
When I'm on
Oh, yeah

Well, it's a hearts-grabber
Rough rider
You can sit right down
Between some coil, yeah

Well ain't it hard to find
A friend in this life at all?
Well, I'm on a call
But I'm feeling lucky
'Cause I've got the dearest
Friends of all

When the winter's biting down, oh yeah
And your coat can't keep you warm
If the rain is slow with you
Give me a call
Give me a call

And I'm a high-stepping
Go-getting
Know where I'm heading
Steady on the road
Ah, yeah

Don't wanna be
Too possessive
Too aggressive
Sometimes you've got
You've got to stand up tall

Ain't it hard to find
A guide in this world at all?
I'm on the phone
'Cause I'm feeling lucky
'Cause I've got the dearest

Friends of all

Well, I'm a fast-talking
Smooth-walking
Hard-living man
Hard-living man
When I'm on
Oh, yeah

Well, I'm a no-messing
Low-stressing
Pink-bellied guy
I can't turn on
Oh, no

Ain't it hard to find
A guide in this world at all?
That ain't all, though
'Cause I'm feeling lucky
'Cause I've got the dearest
Friends of all
Oh, oh, oh ah yeah

Fast-talking
Smooth-walking guy
Hard-living
Sharp-dressing
No-messing
Low-swooping
No-sleeping
A three-pint-drinking
Dough-fiending
Head-bruising
No-fooling
Keep on cooling
Wild, wild yeah
Wilde lover
Cold, cold brother
Call me, why don't you call?
Call me, call me any time you want

Yeah, I've got
The dearest friends of all