

Pass The Wine (Sophia Loren)

The Rolling Stones

Walking down the street with a sad face
Always complaining about the rat race
Nobody said that life was free and easy

Your job it sucks, it's on the line
Your wife act mean, your kids all cring
I need something that's guaranteed to please me

But listen, I'll tell you

I'm glad to be alive and kicking
I'm glad to hear my heart's still ticking
So pass me the wine, baby, and let's make some love

Sometimes things don't work out the way you want
I don't know if I'm gonna laugh or cry

Your friends will never call you back
You're feeling such a sad sack
Like some snack that's gone all cold and greasy, yes

The car you drive a rusty wreck
It's always you that pays the check
Who said life was warm and peachy?

But listen, yeah, I'll tell you
I'm glad to be alive and kicking
My blood is up, my pulse is quickening
Pass the wine bowl but let's make some love

Sometimes things don't work out the way you want
I wonder why, I wonder why - ah yeah
Sometimes mistakes come back to haunt you, babe
And I don't know whether to laugh or cry, yeah

Yeah, come on
Got to be alive and kicking
Glad to be alive and kicking
Glad to have a pot to piss in
Glad to be alive and kicking

You got to be alive and kicking
Got to be... come on...come on....

Got to be alive and kicking
Got to be alive and kicking
Glad to see the plot is thickening
Pass the wine, let's make some love
Let's make some love
Let's make some love
Let's make some love