

Memo from Turner

Mick Jagger

Didn't I see you down in San Antone
On a hot and dusty night?
We were eating eggs in Sammy's
When the black man there drew his knife.
Aw! You drowned that Jew in Rampton
As he washed his sleeveless shirt,
You know, that Spanish speaking gentlemen,
The one that we all called "Kurt".

Come now, gentlemen,
I know there's some mistake.
How forgetful I'm becoming,
Now! You fixed your business straight.

I remember you in Hemlock Road
In nineteen fifty-six,
You're a faggy little leather boy with
A smaller piece of stick.
You're a lashing,
Smashing hunk of man;
Your sweat shines
Sweet and strong.
Your organ's working perfectly,
But there's a part
That's not screwed on.

Weren't you at the Coke convention
Back in nineteen sixty-five
You're the misbred,
Grey executive
I've seen heavily advertised.
You're the great grey man
Whose daughter licks
Policemen's buttons clean.
You're the man who squats behind
The man who works the soft machine.

Come now, gentlemen,
Your love is all I crave.
You'll still be in the circus
When I'm laughing,
Laughing in my grave.

When the old men do the fighting
And the young men all look on.
And the young girls eat
Their mothers' meat
From tubes of plasticon.
Be wary please my gentle friends
Of all the skins you breed.
They have a tasty habit
They eat the hands that bleed.

So remember who you say you are
And keep your noses clean.
Boys will be boys and play
With toys so be strong

With your beast.
Oh! Rosie dear,
Doncha think it's queer,
So stop me if you please.
The baby's dead,
My lady said,
You gentlemen,
Why you all work for me!