

# Jigsaw Puzzle

## The Rolling Stones

There's a tramp sittin' on my doorstep  
Tryin' to waste his time  
With his methylated sandwich  
He's a walking clothesline

And here comes the Bishop's daughter  
On the other side  
And she looks a trifle jealous  
She's been an outcast all her life

Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do my jigsaw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore

Oh, the gangster looks so fright'ning  
With his luger in his hand  
But when he gets home to his children  
He's a family man

But when it comes to the nitty-gritty  
He can shove in his knife  
Yes, he really looks quite religious  
He's been an outlaw all his life

Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do this jigsaw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore

Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do this jigsaw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore

Oh, the singer, he looks angry  
At being thrown to the lions  
And the bass player, he looks nervous  
About the girls outside

And the drummer, he's so shattered  
Trying to keep up time  
And the guitar players look damaged  
They've been outcasts all their lives

Me, I'm waiting so patiently  
Lying on the floor  
I'm just trying to do this jigsaw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore

Oh, there's twenty-thousand grandmas  
Wave their hankies in the air  
All burning up their pensions  
And shouting, "It's not fair"

There's a regiment of soldiers  
Standing looking on

And the queen is bravely shouting  
"What the hell is going on?"

With a blood-curdling, tally-ho  
She charged into the ranks  
And blessed all those grandmas who  
With their dying breaths screamed, "Thanks"

Me, I'm just waiting so patiently  
With my woman on the floor  
We're just trying to do this jigsaw puzzle  
Before it rains anymore