

# Rock and a Hard Place

The Rolling Stones

The fields of Eden  
Are full of trash  
And if we beg and we borrow and steal  
We'll never get it back  
People are hungry  
They crowd around  
And the city gets bigger as the country  
comes begging to town

Stuck between a rock  
And a hard place  
Between a rock and a hard place

this talk of freedom  
And human rights  
Means bullying and private wars and  
chucking all the dust in your eyes  
And peasant people  
Pooper than dirt  
Who are caught in the crossfire with nothing  
to lose but their shirts

Stuck between a rock  
And a hard place  
Between a rock and a hard place

You'd better stop, put on a kind face  
Between a rock and a hard place

We're in the same boat  
On the same sea  
And we're sailing south  
On the same breeze  
Building dream churches  
With silver spires  
And our rogue children  
Are playing loaded dice

Between a rock and a hard place  
You'd better stop

Give me truth now  
Don't want no slam  
I'd be hung drawn and quartered for a sheep  
just as a well as a lamb

Stuck between a rock  
And a hard place  
Between a rock and a hard place  
You'd better put a stop  
Put on a kind face  
Can't you see what you've done to me