

Sweet Virginia

The Rolling Stones

Wadin' through this waste stormy winter
And there's not a friend to help you through
Tryin' to stop the waves behind your eyeballs
Drop your reds, drop your greens and blues

Thank you for the wine, California
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruits
Yes, I've got the desert in my toenail
And hid the speed inside my old shoe

Well, come on, come on down, sweet Virginia
Come on, honey child, I beg of you
Come on, come on down, you got it in ya
You got to scrape that shine right off your shoes

Oh, come on, come on down, sweet Virginia
Come on, honey child, I beg of you
Come on, come on down, you got it in ya
You got to scrape that shine right off your shoes

Come on, come on down, sweet Virginia
Come on, honey child, I beg of you
Come on, come on down, you got it in ya
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Oh come on, come on down, sweet Virginia
Come on, honey child, I beg of you
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