

You Better Move On

The Rolling Stones

You ask me to give up the hand of the girl I love
You tell me, I'm not the man she's worthy of
But who are you to tell her who to love?
That's up to her, yes, and the Lord above
You better move on

Well I know you can buy her fancy clothes
But I believe she's happy with me without those things
Still you beg me to set her free
But my friend, that will never be
You better move on

Now I don't blame you for loving her
But can't you understand, man, she's my girl
And I, never never ever gonna let her go
'Cuz I, yeah, I love her so

I think you better go now , I'm getting mighty mad
You ask me to give up the only love I've ever had
Maybe I would, oh, but I love her so
I'm never gonna let her go
You better move on