

Sticky Fingers - Rum Rage

Tom: D

m

It takes a beaten up animal to put em all away
 Rushing me around and sending me astray
 Don't you lie to me, yes we finally
 Got a handle on the doors we open and shut

Packing up my suitcase, cause I'm going far away
 I'm going to a place where the credit cards
 Don't decline on me, yes we finally
 Got a handle on the doors we open and shut

She took her time
 Took my mind
 But forget mine

Me in my frame of mind
 We took our time
 But she took mine

But she took mine

We're remotely secluded in this far away place
 Heading to a land where everything is okay
 Don't think suddenly that you and me
 Got a handle on the doors we open and close

Can you take a little time ego balance your ways
 Cause everything we do and we put on display
 Maybe you and me are a little the same
 So what do you think of-a what we've made?

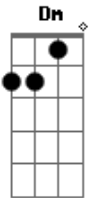
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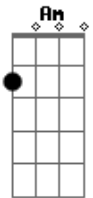
Acordes



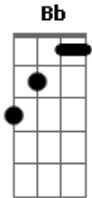
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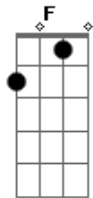
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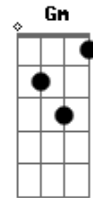
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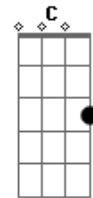
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