

Secrets

Mick Jagger

I heard a story
All about you
I heard the secrets
Maybe they're true I read the papers
I read the news
I hear the gossip
All about you They say that you're really not so prim and prude
Behind it all you're rather rude
And really go for younger men
Italian types and lots of them
I can't believe it baby
Maybe it's true Honey, honey, honey!
Do it for the money
I heard the stories
On saturday night
Out in the back room
After one or two lies (one or two lines) Your name is mentioned
It gives me a fright (give me a fright)
Dishonorable mention
Puts you in a new light You've been going downtown slave romancing
Nasty, mean and fancy dancin'
With your nose in plastic bags
People talk and tongues all wag I can't believe it baby
I've been a fool 'cause Scales have just fell from my eyes
You can't keep up your disguise
Tell me about your adventures in living
I won't write a word of libel
Swear it on a thousand Bibles
But, I admit, I have got my misgivings
Maybe it's true Honey, honey, honey!
Do it for the money I read the papers
I read the news
I scan the columns
For pictures of you You with the husband
You with the mayor
You with the kids
Now who are you kidding, who you kidding?
How can you dare? While you are the mistress of a mafia man
Who's working for the Vatican
And all your money crisply ironed in off-shore banks
Your friends are kind
I can't believe it baby

Maybe it's, maybe it's true Honey, honey, honey
Do it for the money
Yeah, you've been a nasty girl
Yeah, you've been bad
You've been bad, you've been bad
You better come over here
And take your punishment Bad, bad, bad, bad
Bad, bad, bad, bad
Bad, bad, bad
Bad, bad, bad, bad Honey, honey, honey
Do it for the money
Honey, honey, honey
Do it for the money I head the story
All about you

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