

NINETEENTH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN (MICK JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS, 1966)

D
You re the kind of person, you meet at certain dismal dull affairs.
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud, running up and down the stairs.

G
Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in too few years.

D
And though you've tried you just can't hide; your eyes are edged with tears.

Chorus:

A G D
You better stop, look a-round Here it comes, here it comes,

G D
here it comes, here it comes. Here comes your nineteenth nervous
breakdown.

(D)
When you were a child, you were treated kind,
but you were never brought up right.
You were over-spoiled with a thousand toys, but still you cried all night.

G
Your mother who neglected you, owes a million dollars tax.

D
And your father's still perfecting ways of making sealing wax. **(Chorus)**

Bridge:

A G A G A G
Oh, who's to blame, that girl's just insane. Well, nothing I do don't seem to work
A G D
it only seems to make matters worse, oh please.

(D)
You were still in school, when you had that fool, who really messed your mind.
And after that you turned your back, on treating people kind.

G
On our first trip, I tried so hard to rearrange your mind.

D
But after while I realized you were disarranging mine. **(Chorus)**