

Mott The Hoople, Growing Man Blues

(Ian Hunter)

(All right, come on now)

Well it's Sunday afternoon

I'm sitting in my living room

And I'm stung by love

Baby don't care about me

She got a place on the North End Road

I been around, the curtains were closed

And I'm stung by love, stung by love

Baby don't care about me

I got the growing man blues

Can't get it on the National Health

I got the growing man blues

Guess I'll have to get it myself

(Come on, all right)

Well I follow her around

She means (?)

And I'm stung by love,

Baby don't care about me

I'm shy(?)

It's about eleven when she turns off the light

And I'm stung by love, stung by love

Baby don't care about me

I got the growing man blues

Can't get it on the National Health

I got the growing man blues

Guess I'll have to get it myself

He's got the growing man blues

Can't get it on the National Health

I got the growing man blues

Guess I'll have to get it myself