

Mott The Hoople, Ill Wind Blowing

Across the naked desert
That housed a million hurts
But I heard a voice call unto me
"beware", is what it said
You're asking all the questions
That is dangerous to do
For you ain't got any answers
And your time is nearly through

There's an ill wind blowing
From the west unto the east
And I see my world going
From a beauty to a beast
And the time is getting nearer to 1974
There's an ill wind blowing
And it's blowing us, blowing us,
Yes it's blowing us off the shore

And the fortunes fading from my face
And I feel a thousand fears
How many know that illness grows
It never disappears
And I wonder when the medicine man
Knows that they are sane
They qualified in genocide
And specialise in pain

There's an ill wind blowing
From the west unto the east
And I see my world going
From a beauty to a beast
And the time is getting nearer to 1974
There's an ill wind blowing
And it's blowing us, blowing us,
Yes it's blowing us off the shore

There's an ill wind blowing
From the west unto the east
And if my redeemer lay there
Then he's fighting with a priest
And the time is getting nearer
To the opening of the door
There's an ill wind blowing
And it's blowing us, blowing us,
Yes it's blowing us off the shore

(See you later)