

Mott The Hoople, No Wheels To Ride

(Ian Hunter)

No wheels to ride

No wheels to travel

No tracks to take on down

The road I walk is getting heavy

But I must still go on

And in the night

I hear the calling

As the train goes by

Then all I hear is my footsteps falling

Upon the tears I cry

(yeah)

If I could find a better way to get to you

You know that I would

No money lines my pockets now

But by the spring you know that it should

Well I just can't wait to catch that greyhound bus

That will take me back right to your side

(oh oh)

Can't get enough

Can't get enough

I can't get enough of your love

(baby)

(whoa)

(hey)

So I'll go on making time

'Til I can see a way

Maybe tomorrow I'll find a future

Baby all I can say

If I can find a better way to get to you

You know that I will

Nobody rides my pockets now

But by the spring you know yes you know that they will

And someday soon I'll see you there waiting at the station just for me

(oh)

I just can't wait

I just can't wait

I just can't wait

For you to get back

(home)

(oh please)