

Mott The Hoople, Original Mixed-Up Kid

(Ian Hunter)

The original mixed-up kid
Sleeps with the ladies all night
Home in the morning light
To nothin'

Climbs in to an empty bed
Pillows around his head
Hide the tears he sheds
For no one

And Byron said Happiness is born its twin
In those who share, for they will always win
But what about the man who tries so hard
But his heart is locked within

The original mixed-up kid
Must have been at the end of the line
When they gave out the forms to sign
For someone

And he can't make up his mind where he wants to go
Ain't there a heaven ain't there a hell well he just don't know
For in a crowded street he can see the sleet
When the other men just see the snow
The original mixed-up kid be on your conscience bound (?)
For you turned him upside down for nothin'