

Mott The Hoople, Road To Birmingham

(Ian Hunter)

His feet lay heavy on the road that led to Birmingham
Unseeing eyes, defeated cries, the mysteries of men.
Many hears, the helpless tears that leave the troubled brow
A man once tall, he fought them, but he is older now.
For in your youth, you think the truth will always win the game
Some men are Kings, some men are rook, some men are pawns to blame
But if your skin is coloured black, well the dice are hidden in
The minds of fools who twist the rules, so you can never win
Birmingham, Birmingham, underneath your face
There's nothing but a space - you're hollow.
Unlighted sky, begins to cry, the shabby coat is weak
And homes with windows dressed in warmth, and mouths that never speak
His mind is dead, his visions spread that pass before his feet
And thankfully he wears that dream that shields him from the street
Goodnight my friend, this is the end, you'll never cry again
You'll never have to smile away the bastards and the pain
Is it too late, or can you wait to take another turn
And walk together down that road that leads to Birmingham
Birmingham, Birmingham, underneath your face
There's nothing but a space - inside you.
Birmingham, Birmingham, underneath your face
There's nothing but a space - you're hollow.