

# 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.