

Mott The Hoople, The Moon Upstairs

(Ian Hunter/Mick Ralphs)

Well my brother he was a drinking man

And I asked him for release

He said this won't do you no good

And sent for the police

Well they busted me for nothing

Cos they said I was insane

So they let my body go

But they locked away my brain

Well I wandered freely as a bird that had broken both its wings

And I hated them and they hated me and I hated everthing

And I realise that to survive well my body is not mine

And I feel neglected feel rejected

Living in the wrong time

And to those of you who always laugh

Let this be your epitaph

And my head is down and I'm called a clown by comedians that grace

The living stage of every page of worthless meaningless space

But I swear to you before we're though you're gonna feel our every blow

We ain't bleeding you we're feeding you but you're too f*cking slow

And to those of you who always laugh

Let this be your epitaph