

Mott The Hoople, Thunderbuck Ram

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Will there come a time when sorrow's hard to find
And all those nursery rhymes will find a meaning
There's got to be a change, thoughts to rearrange
Does it seem so strange to try redeeming
Only time will show if the unrelenting blow
That's cast from down below does strike the ceiling
Life must still go on whatever's right or wrong
Realise what's gone and was never healing