

# Mott The Hoople, Your Own Backyard

(Dimucci/Fasce)

I've been sitting here thinking  
When I started out drinking  
I went on to the dope surely just to change my life  
I cried a tear and a beer for me  
I lost everything near and dear to me  
Namely my children and my wife  
I've an idea of having a good time  
Was sitting up there with my head between my knees  
Well I knew everything there was to know  
Everything except which way to go  
I cried oh God please take me will you take me please  
(Yeah) Many a time (well I) swore up and down  
I don't need none of this junk that's a floating round  
I could quit - let me finish what I've got  
After all this stuff sure costs a lot  
Then I get my feet back on the ground  
Now I can't tell nobody how to live their life  
Even though inside we're all the same  
All these things are toys I was playing with  
You know, you know we're all losers in the end  
(Well now) since I've been straight  
I haven't been in my cups  
I ain't shooting downs I ain't using ups  
You know I'm still as crazy as a loon  
Even though I don't run out and cop a spoon  
Thank the good Lord God well I've had enough  
I've got a friend and his name is Robertson  
He told me "Don't need to be stoned to know a friend  
Believe me you're all beautiful people just the way you are  
Tell me, what has that stuff done for you so far?"  
I've been sitting here thinking I've been winking I've been blinking  
Well I don't have to sit around no more on the nod  
With my head in the air (you know)  
I can do anything I can do it straight I can do it so much better now  
Its gotta start  
Right here in your own back yard  
Yes it's gotta start back your own back yard  
Everybody has their own beautiful back yard  
You might find oil wells in your own back yard  
You might find anything in your own back yard  
You might even find my shadow in your own back yard  
(Who knows what you might dig up)