Mott The Hoople, Ballad Of Mott

(ian hunter/overend watts/mick ralphs/verden allen/dale griffin)

I changed my name in search of fame
To find the midas touch
Oh I wish I'd never wanted then
What I want now twice as much
We crossed the mighty oceans
And we had a few divides
But we never crossed emotion
For we felt too much inside

You know all the tales we tell
You know the band so well
Still I feel, somehow, we let you down
We went off somewhere on the way
And now I see we have to pay
The rock'n'roll circus is in town

Buffin lost his child-like dreams
And mick lost his guitar
And verden grew a line or two
And overend's just a rock'n'roll star

Behind these shades the visions fade
As I learn a thing or two
Oh but if I had my time again
You all know just what I'd do

Rock'n'roll's a loser's game
It mesmerises and I can't explain
The reasons for the sights and for the sounds
We went off somewhere on the way
And now I see we have to pay
The rock'n'roll circus is in town

So rock'n'roll's a loser's game
It mesmerises and I can't explain
The reasons for the sights and for the sounds
The greasepaint still sticks to my face
So what the hell, I can't erase
The rock'n'roll feeling from my mind

From my mind...from my mind...from my mind
From my miiiiiind...from my miiiiind...from my miiiiiiiind
From my miiiiiiiiiiind