

# Mott The Hoople, Ballad Of Mott (March 26th 1972)

(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 miiiiind...from my miiiiind...from my miiiiiiiind  
From my miiiiiiiiiiiind