

Mott The Hoople, Barking Up The Wrong Tree

I love those great big blue eyes
I love those laughter lines
Round about where an ill wind blows
That's where for me it shines

And I have no inhibitions
That I wish to, put on
If I did what would I inhibit
A painting I've never done

And such is life as Ned once said
However let's be clear
If you think that a noose round my neck
Makes a happy man of me
You're barking up the wrong tree

And I have those cold damp mornings
Despite a good night's sleep
Stepping out when it's still not light
Feels like I should retreat

And as for those glamour model types
Who when they strut their stuff
Look about as dressed as a naked chef
Making his powder puff

And while we're on the subject
Where in God's name have you been
I've been waiting around for hours
If you think it's good for me
You're backing up the wrong tree

And to the idiots who say for tusk
Killing elephants is not unjust
Don't you wish a herd would come along
And overrule them

Can't for the life of me see
How marksmen armed with guns
Think a man with a table leg
As threatening to either one

And yet as marksmen, surely
Assuming as I've said
That there is some doubt
They must take him out

Who do it in the head?
And such is life as Ned once said
However let's be clear
If barking mad's where you think I'm from
Take a little tip from me
You're barking up the wrong tree