

Mott The Hoople, Black Scorpio

(Ian Hunter/Overend Watts)

Momma's little jewel, just left school.
Fresh from the nuns who made you.
I don't know why, but I'm gonna try to re-incelibate you.
True when I hold you near, and I
Come even when I'm on the run, and I'm
Wearing Black Scorpio faces, when I
Come in the noonday sun.
Momma's little jewel you got the rules
But I'll be the one to educate you
Take what's mine, take a little time
But don't bite the hand that makes you
Laugh in the evening when I
Catch you in the (?)
Wearing Black Scorpio eyes, when I
Come in the morning sun
What you want I can't buy
Why don't you try it my way
What you look for ain't in the book
And I'm gonna show you someday
You won't rise, you won't shine
You won't bleed if you try, boys
You got brains if your luck changes
You'll have to play with my toys
True when I hold you near, and I
Come even when I'm on the run, and I'm
Wearing Black Scorpio faces, when I
Come in the noonday sun, and I
Laugh in the evening when I
Catch you in the (?)
Wearing Black Scorpio faces, when I
Come in the morning sun
Momma's, Momma's little Jewel
Momma's, Momma's little jew-ew-ew-ew-ew
Momma's, Momma's little Jewel
Momma's, Momma's little jew-ew-ew-ew-ew
Momma's, Momma's little Jewel
Momma's, Momma's little jew-ew-ew-ew-ew