

# Mott The Hoople, Growin' Man Blues

(All right, come on now)

Well it's sunday afternoon  
I'm sitting in my living room  
And I'm stung by love  
Baby don't care about me

She got a place on the north end road  
I been around, the curtains were closed  
And I'm stung by love, stung by love  
Baby don't care about me

I got the growing man blues  
Can't get it on the national health  
I got the growing man blues  
Guess I'll have to get it myself

(Come on, all right)

Well I follow her around  
She means (?)  
And I'm stung by love,  
Baby don't care about me  
I'm shy(?)  
It's about eleven when she turns off the light  
And I'm stung by love, stung by love  
Baby don't care about me

I got the growing man blues  
Can't get it on the national health  
I got the growing man blues  
Guess I'll have to get it myself

He's got the growing man blues  
Can't get it on the national health  
I got the growing man blues  
Guess I'll have to get it myself