

Mott The Hoople, Honaloochie Boogie (Another V

(Ian Hunter)

My cardboard face looks out of place
Among all those plastic plates
My Brillianteen sure adds that sheen
But I can't believe my fate

I mean all this dressing up is a travesty
It's costing all my bread and I ain't no Red Indian Chief
It's getting somehow (?) and really embarrassingly

I wanna dance to Honaloochie Boogie yeah
Get in time, don't worry 'bout the shirt shine
Honaloochie Boogie, you sure started something

And the Kings are dying
The Queens are crying
And the Princes now stake their claim
Then you became the rebels reign
And the wise men slag in vain

Now I feel like I'm in a REock 'N Roll war
Some kind of mathematical jive competition
The trouble is allk I can think about is getting a gig somewhere

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