

# Mott The Hoople, I Wish I Was Your Mother

(Ian Hunter)

I scream at you for sharing  
'n I curse you just for caring  
I hate the clothes you're wearing, they're so pretty  
'n I tell to not to see me  
'n I tell you not to feel me  
'n I make your life a drag, it's such a pity  
'n I watch your warm glow palin'  
'n I watch your sparkle fadin'  
As you realise you're failin', cos you're so good  
Now I don't mean to upset you  
But there's so much crime to get through  
If only I could make it easier, then I would  
Oh I wish I was your mother  
I wish I'd been your father  
'n then I would have seen you  
Would have been you as a child  
Played houses with your sisters  
And wrestled with all your brothers  
And then who knows  
I might have felt a family for a while  
It's no use me pretendin'  
You give and I do the spendin'  
Is there a happy ending, I don't think so  
Cos even if we make it  
I'll be too far out to take it  
You'll have to try and shake it from my head  
Ooooooh I wish I was your mother  
I wish I'd been your father  
'n then I would have seen you  
Would have been you as a child  
Played houses with your sisters  
And wrestled with all your brothers  
And then who knows  
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