

# Mott The Hoople, Jerkin' Crocus

(Ian Hunter)

Old man Tyler had a crash in his car down on the fortune highway  
Doctor said it was his cruel sick heart didn't go to church on Sunday  
Oh your pace is going to knock you dead  
Out of the race you got time to spare  
Jerkin' Crocus is the cause of the cross you bear  
Didn't you wish you were there  
I know what she want  
Just a lick of your ice cream cone  
I know what you say  
Pappas in bed well hey hey hey  
When he got stuck with a hole in his head she asked to try it my way  
Get down low with all that haughty jive you don't know what it's like babe  
Oh oh oh it's getting down around here  
I got nothing to hide I'm to tired to fear  
Jerkin' Crocus didn't kill me but she sure came near  
She's a nads puller  
I know what she want  
A judo hold on a black mans balls  
I know what you think  
Ease over baby going to rock that thing  
Alright!  
I know what she want  
Just a lick of your ice cream cone  
I know what you say  
Pappas in bed well hey hey hey  
I know what she want  
A judo hold on a black mans bones  
I know what you think  
Ease over baby going to rock that thing  
Alright!  
C'mon Jerkin'  
C'mon Jerkin'  
I know  
No no no no  
Alright!  
I know  
That's better  
No no no no  
That's much better