

# Mott The Hoople, Little Christine

(Mick Ralphs)

The light in the bar came on  
The place was in a mess  
An hour before there'd been an awful scene  
Early on that day while Matt was on the phone  
His long time friend took a fancy to his little Christine  
Matt was in a state when I saw him later on  
Tried to cool him down but he was havin' none  
"I'm gonna fix him good", said Matt in a chokey way  
Together we know the sound of a ready gun  
Well it must have been around eight  
When we both saw Sam's hunched back  
Holdin' up a boarded bar room wall  
Matt soon altered that as he kicked Sam to the floor  
Pretty soon the place was one big brawl  
Someone doused the lights  
Still the pumps blew  
Suddenly a voice caught in the night  
"Whoever comes off best can only lose my hand  
Leavin' now you are welcome to your fight, you can have it".  
Well Matt he cocked his gun  
Fired towards that voice  
"I'd rather know you're dead" was his reply  
Christine breathed her last  
The bar was like a tomb  
Not a sound, except to hear Sam call  
The light in the bar was on  
The place is in a mess  
An hour before there'd been an awful scene  
Early on that day while Matt was on the phone  
His long time friend took a fancy to his little Christine.