

Mott The Hoople, Waterlow

(Ian Hunter)

I followed the night till the morning sunlight
And I thought of the changing times
And I followed the child with the evergreen smile
And the blue broken tears start to cry
Blue broken tears hide away the years
Misty highway seems colder today
And I saw a Waterlow where the evergreen grows
And the wise man knows why he crys
And I heard a child call me away from this all
And the blue broken tears start to rise
Blue broken tears ain't nobody here
Lost in the sun my only young one
Blue broken tears our love disappears
The evergreen dies drowned in my eyes