

# 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 cries  
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