

## **Mott The Hoople** **"Backsliding Fearlessly"**

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(ian hunter)

I dreamt of being horses in shackles of gold  
And the men that were young then are now terribly old  
The graveyard was creaking with too many bones  
While the bishop was praying his cassock was sold  
Three cheers for the innocent though he is perverse  
Three screams for the hangman as he cries for the  
hearse  
I weep for the rebels conventional ways  
For he loses his mind while the devious stay  
By the way  
If the world saluted you  
Well what would you do if you could be there  
Well would you still take me  
Would you take me anywhere  
If the world saluted you  
Well what would you say when things were down  
Would you still want me

Would you want me around

So come all ye faithful and slaughter your lambs  
Your minds have been whipped by experienced hands  
I wish we were children I'd welcome the change  
And the mind of an old man you can't rearrange  
Ain't it strange  
If the world saluted you  
Well what would you do if you could be there  
Would you still  
Would you still take me anywhere  
If the world saluted you  
What would you say when things were down  
Would you still want me  
Would you still want me around

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