

## Mott The Hoople

### "Beer Drinkers & Hellraisers"

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If you see me walkin' down the line  
with my fav'rite honky tonk in mind,  
well, I'll be here around supertime  
with my can of dinner and a bunch of fine.  
Beer drinkers and hell raisers, yeah.  
Uh-huh-huh, baby, don't you wanna come with me?  
The crowd gets loud when the band gets right,  
steel guitar cryin' through the night.  
Yeah, try'n to cover up the corner fight  
but ev'rything's cool 'cause bass is tight.  
Beer drinkers and hell raisers, yeah.  
Huh, baby, don't you wanna come with me?  
Ah, play it boy.  
The joint was jumpin' like a cat on hot tin.  
Lord, I thought the floor was gonna give in.  
Soundin' a lot like a House Congressional  
'cause we're experimental and professional.  
Beer drinkers, hell raisers, yeah.  
Well, baby, don't you wanna come with me?

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