

## Mott The Hoople

### "Complainte De La Butte"

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The too pale moon poses a tiara on your red hair  
the too brown moon spills glory on your tattered  
petticoat  
the too pale moon carresses the whites of your  
uninterested eyes  
Princess of the street  
You are welcome in my broken heart

The staircase up to the hillock is hard on the miserable  
The wings of the mill protect the lovers

My little mandigotte, I sense your little hand  
that finds mine  
I sense your breast and your slender waist,  
I forget my sorrow  
I feel on your breath a scent of fever of malnourished  
children  
And in your caress, I feel an ecstasy that overwhelms  
me.

The staircase up to the hillock is hard on the miserable  
The wings of the mill protect the lovers

And that's why she scampers, the moon who floats  
The princess, also  
La la lala la, la la lala la,  
My dreams bloom

The staircase up to the hillock is hard on the miserable  
The wings of the mill protect the lovers

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