

Mott The Hoople

"Cradle To The Grave"

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Ain't so bad, ain't so bad, could've been a loser
Ain't so bad, ain't so bad, rather be a boozier
Standing at the crossroads, see where the wind blows
Following the white line, following my nose
You've been living on a razor's edge, soon as you
learned to shave
Make sure you live, be a long time dead
Cradle To The Grave
Ain't too good, don't look good, but it'll get worse
Don't look good, don't feel good, it's gonna take years
Life drives you nuts, babe, 'cos you ain't certain
Kicks you in the guts, babe, and leaves you hurting
Don't matter up or down, sideways, in or out
If it makes you feel good, do it, and then get out
Don't spend your life on your own bed
Cradle To The Grave
Ain't so bad, ain't so bad, could've been a junkie
Ain't so bad, ain't all bad, could've had a monkey
You can't take it with you, not even if you earn it
So find out what you need babe, then you'd better learn
it
It don't matter who you are, millionaire or whore
Just get out and scrape that jar, that's what they've got
it for
You've been living on a razor's edge, one way to
behave
Make sure you do it, it'll cut you dead
Cradle To The Grave

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