

Mott The Hoople

"Dancing On Your Grave"

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I know you thought you're a real operator
But I don't know why
All you had was a bankroll, babe
And a glint in your eye
I'm a high-steppin' like an indian brave
I'm the one
Dancing on your grave

You know I'm a killer babe
Here's late news for you
You couldn't buy me with a million, babe
I'm too good for you
I'm know you think I'm real rough trade
Now I'm the one
Dancing on your grave

One time you was a real high-stepper
On the high trapeze
But you know you ran out of money
Wound up on your knees
I'm the one you never made
Now I'm the one
Dancing on your grave

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