

## Mott The Hoople

### "Diamond Dogs"

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As they pulled you out  
Of the oxygen tent  
You asked for the latest party  
With your silicon hump  
And your ten inch stump  
Dressed like a priest you was,  
Todd Browning's freak he was  
Crawling down the alley on  
Your hands and your knees,  
I'm sure you're not protected  
For it's plain to see  
Diamond Dogs are poachers  
And they hide behind trees  
Hunt you to the ground they will,  
Mannequins with kill appeal  
Will they come?  
I keep a friend serene  
Will they come?  
Oh, baby, come unto me  
Will they come?  
Well, she's come, been, and gone  
Come out of the garden, baby  
You'll catch your death in the fog  
Young girls, they call them  
The Diamond Dogs

In the year of the scavenger  
Season of the bitch  
Sashay on the board-walk  
Scurry to the ditch  
Just another future song  
Lonely little kitsch  
There's gonna be sorrow  
Try and wake up for tomorrow  
The Halloween Jack  
Is a real cool cat,  
And he lives on top  
Of Manhattan Chase  
The elevators broke  
So he slides down a rope  
Onto the street below

Oh Tarzie, go man, go

Will they come?  
I keep a friend serene  
Will they come?  
Oh, baby, come unto me  
Will they come?  
Well, she's come, been, and gone  
Come out of the garden, baby  
You'll catch a death in the fog  
Young girls, they call them  
The Diamond Dogs  
Young girls, they call them  
The Diamond Dogs  
Who-who-who  
Who-who-who  
Who-who-who  
Who-who-who will fuck you now?

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