

Mott The Hoople **"Growing Man Blues"**

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All right, come on now

Well it's Sunday afternoon
I'm sitting in my living room
And I'm stung by love
Baby, don't care about me

She got a place on the North End Road
I been around, the curtains were closed
And I'm stung by love, stung by love
Baby, don't care about me

I got the growing man blues
Can't get it on the National Health
I got the growing man blues
Guess I'll have to get it myself

Come on, all right
Yeah yeah

Well, I follow her around
She means another [Incomprehensible]
And I'm stung by love
Baby, don't care about me

I'm shy [Incomprehensible]
It's about eleven when she turns off the light
And I'm stung by love, stung by love
Baby, don't care about me

I got the growing man blues
Can't get it on the National Health
I got the growing man blues
Guess I'll have to get it myself

Yeah oh no yeah hey hey oh yeah oh
Oh all right, yeah

He's got the growing man blues
Can't get it on the National Health
I got the growing man blues
Guess I'll have to get it myself, all right

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