## Mott The Hoople "I'll Wind Blowing"

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(ian hunter)

Across the naked desert
That housed a million hurts
But I heard a voice call unto me
"beware", is what it said
You're asking all the questions
That is dangerous to do
For you ain't got any answers
And your time is nearly through

There's an ill wind blowing
From the west unto the east
And I see my world going
From a beauty to a beast
And the time is getting nearer to 1974
There's an ill wind blowing
And it's blowing us, blowing us,
Yes it's blowing us off the shore

And the fortunes fading from my face And I feel a thousand fears How many know that illness grows It never disappears And I wonder when the medicine man Knows that they are sane

They qualified in genocide And specialise in pain

There's an ill wind blowing
From the west unto the east
And I see my world going
From a beauty to a beast
And the time is getting nearer to 1974
There's an ill wind blowing
And it's blowing us, blowing us,
Yes it's blowing us off the shore

There's an ill wind blowing From the west unto the east And if my redeemer lay there Then he's fighting with a priest And the time is getting nearer To the opening of the door There's an ill wind blowing And it's blowing us, blowing us, Yes it's blowing us off the shore

(see you later)

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