

Mott The Hoople

"Iron Horse/Born To Lose"

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He rides a road, that don't have no end,
An open highway, without any bends,
Tramp and his stallion, alone in a dream,
Proud in his colours, as the chromium gleams,
On Iron Horse he flies, on Iron Horse he gladly dies,
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life

He lives his life, he's living it fast,
Don't try to hide, when the dice have been cast,
He rides a whirlwind, that cuts to the bone,
Loaded forever, and righteously stoned,
On Iron Horse he flies, on Iron Horse he gladly dies,
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life

Yeah, slide it to me!

One day one day, they'll go for the sun,
Together they'll slide, on the eternal run,
Wasted forever, on speed bikes and booze,
Yeah tramp and the brothers, all born to lose,
On Iron Horse he flies, on Iron Horse he gladly dies,
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life

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