

Mott The Hoople

"Iron Horse"

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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
Wasted forever
Ferociously stoned
On Iron Horse he flies
On Iron Horse he gladly dies
Iron Horse his wife
Iron Horse his life
One day, one day
They'll go for the sun
Forever they'll fly
On the eternal run
Wasted forever
On speed, bikes and booze
Yeah, us and the brothers
We're all born to loose
On Iron Horse he flies
On Iron Horse he gladly dies
Iron Horse his wife
Iron Horse his life

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