

Mott The Hoople **"Little Christine"**

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(mick ralphs)

The light in the bar came on
The place was in a mess
An hour before there'd been an awful scene
Early on that day while matt was on the phone
His long time friend took a fancy to his little christine
Matt was in a state when I saw him later on
Tried to cool him down but he was havin' none
"i'm gonna fix him good", said matt in a chokey way
Together we know the sound of a ready gun

Well it must have been around eight
When we both saw sam's hunched back
Holdin' up a boarded bar room wall
Matt soon altered that as he kicked sam to the floor
Pretty soon the place was one big brawl
Someone doused the lights
Still the pumps blew

Suddenly a voice caught in the night
"whoever comes off best can only lose my hand
Leavin' now you are welcome to your fight, you can
have it".

Well matt he cocked his gun
Fired towards that voice
"i'd rather know you're dead" was his reply
Christine breathed her last
The bar was like a tomb
Not a sound, except to hear sam call

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