

Mott The Hoople

"Out Of The Sun"

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The wind is cold where I live,
The blizzard is my home,
Snow and ice and loaded dice, the Wizard lives alone,
The wind is cold where I live, white and cold, and clean,
White and cold and bought and sold and heartbreak in
between,
And so we shall see what is done and done and done.

Trees are stone where I live, leaves of razor steel,
High and low and ice and snow, broken on the wheel,
Trees are stone where I live, flowers made of glass,
Cold and white and wrong and right and voices from
the past.
And all our yesterdays are now undone.
Out of the sun

Frozen and insane, I alone remain,
Held in the vice of my disdain,
There is now way that anyone will ever,
Make me warm again.

Life is death where I live, frozen grin my smile,
Sun is moon and out of tune, broken strings and bile,
Death is life where I live, hearts turned into stone,
Frozen breath, and froze death and prisons made of
bone.
And so we shall see what become's become,
Out of the sun.

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