

Mott The Hoople **"Pearl 'n' Roy"**

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(ian hunter)

Shut up!!!

It's clean the chimneys kids, and it's 1974
Shake a fist, make oliver twist
There's no way you ain't poor
Work the mine, work the factory line
Watch the news, get the blues, blow a fuse
Number one ain't gettin' it done
And number two always got to lose

Pearl 'atta girl, high school hooker
Money funny honey, cook book looker
Roy atta' boy, silk suit slicker
Easy fee degree, cute boot licker

Now I'll tell you something
It seems like the rich dudes live in the sun
And if eton be a democracy - well I'm gonna get me
some

They got no chins and they always win
Piece of glass hides the class from the mass
Uni-own jack is starting to crack
The greed breed's killin' off the grass

Come on, own up! - you're blown-up, you're shown-up
Amatuers - amateurs - bullshit calamitors!

Pearl 'atta girl, high school hooker
Money funny honey, cook book looker
Roy atta' boy, silk suit slicker
Easy fee degree, cute boot licker

Thought you said, you'd make us into a star
You just jive, you connived with our lives
You're a scar, a disgrace, such a waste, filthy taste -
lost your case

Hi number ten, how's things goin'?
Times are a-changin', winds are blowin'

Big white chief, false teeth showin'
I'm sittin' here growin, I'm sittin' here knowin'
You're on the lamm, can't control it
You're just a sham, you mink stole it
Roy atta' boy, silk suit slicker
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