

## **Mott The Hoople**

### **"Terminal Show"**

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The golden eyed creature sits back on his throne  
Gazing at us in despair  
Six hundred guests, humanity's best  
Are wondering why they are there  
All roads lead here, all roads are burned  
Have we digested the thins we have learned  
Have we a chance when the dead rise and dance  
Have we the time for the final romance

We better find out  
The name of the game  
Chance of a future frozen and grim  
Or of a quick death brought here on a whim  
Why are we here does anyone know  
Why are we here at the terminal show

The blind king has secrets dark and morose  
He'd like it if we were like him  
All the dark days spent in the maze  
Have made a new man of him  
All roads lead here, all roads are closed  
Are we quite certain of all that we know  
Are we miscast or do we hold fast  
Have we the time for the final repast

We better find out  
The name of the game  
Chance of a new world sunny and fine  
Or of a burning and branded design  
Why are we here, we don't even know  
Why are we here at the terminal show

The red queen is sleeping, lost in a dream  
She wakes and she sleeps all alone  
All of her fears are crowded in here  
Laughing they pick at her bones  
All roads lead here, none lead away  
Are we quite certain we're here anyway  
Have we been wise or are we despised  
Have we the time for our final demise

We better find out  
The name of the game  
Chance of a lost world, rain and dismay  
Pick-up your belongings, we all have to pay  
Why are the vultures circling above  
Why can't we fight for the right to our blood  
We are demented, everyone knows  
Misrepresented, coming to blows  
Why are we here, we don't even know  
Why are we here at the terminal show

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