Mott The Hoople "The Journey"

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(ian hunter)

All the changes they will take their time In the morning dust they'll begin to rise Halfway to a borderline Well I can see the end For the very first time

Well I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
When my mind's been split by little things that didn't fit
on the way
Oh I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
'cos I'm trying so hard to get going

There's a man on a bridge called suicide And he hides his head while the coast is dark And the river drags and the water sways Oh his rags've seen better days

And I guess he lost just a little bit on the journey For his mind was split by little things that didn't fit on the way (oh) yes I know he lost just a little bit on the journey

For every gift he had to give For every life (yeah) he had to live Well they meant nothing without her to guide him on his way

Well he told her he was a leader Of a well respected [load]

But when he tried to leave her Well she looked right down her nose Many times he tried to make her believe in herself But she wouldn't listen to a word he said

Well he followed her though the darkness
All the chances I take
He followed her though the wilderness
Her mystery to break
Many times he tried to make her believe in herself

But she wouldn't listen to a word he said

So for 40 days and for 40 nights
Well they tied my [ways] they can see the light
And the angel screamed in my nightmare ride
And the changes left (yeah) but they will take their time

And I guess I lost just a little bit on the journey Yes I know I lost just a little bit on the way I know I lost just a little bit on the journey Oh I know I lost just a little bit on the journey Yes I guess I lost just a little bit on the way Yes I know I lost just a little bit on the journey (everybody's got a journey)

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