

Mott The Hoople **"The Moon Upstairs"**

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(ian hunter/mick ralphs)

Well my brother he was a drinking man
And I asked him for release
He said this won't do you no good
And sent for the police

Well they busted me for nothing
Cos they said I was insane
So they let my body go
But they locked away my brain

Well I wandered freely as a bird that had broken both
it's wings
And I hated them and they hated me and I hated
everthing
And I realise that to survive well my body is not mine
And I feel neglected feel rejected
Living in the wrong time

And to those of you who always laugh
Let this be your epitaph

And my head is down and I'm called a clown by
comedians that grace
The living stage of every page of worthless
meaningless space
But I swear to you before we're though you're gonna
feel our every blow
We ain't bleeding you we're feeding you but you're too
f*cking slow

And to those of you who always laugh
Let this be your epitaph

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