

## **Mott The Hoople** **"Whizz Kid"**

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Little Whizz kid mystified me  
She was a New York City beat  
She came on flash  
Monster mash, motors in her feet

Now we moved out of Manhattan  
To her home on the Brooklyn Heights  
Her dad's a street punk and her mum's a drunk  
But we made it out alright

Far far from home, oh I felt so alone  
Could not spin to the speed of the city  
Oh, send me my ticket, I'm too scared to stick  
With my little Whizz kid, such a pity

Now she really tried her hardest  
Just to make me leave the band  
She even hired a toy rent-a-boy  
Straight from a Times Square stand

Oh thank you little Whizz kid  
But me and my friends gotta eat  
So get back to school or the tying pool  
Just get yourself out on the street

Send you victorious, happy and glorious  
You got the stardust, the sawdust, and the smile  
Don't lose your sting, how I'd hate you to swing  
Oh my little Whizz kid you got such a style

She's a cute super sleeper  
She don't dive in deeper  
A natural leaper  
She don't let people pass

Watch out for the auto-mite  
Quick or she's out of sight  
Oh my Whizz kid  
You know you're such a gas  
Such a gas

