

## **Mott**

# **"Shouting And Pointing"**

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(Overend Watts/Morgan Fisher)

There's trouble coming  
I feel it deep in my bones  
I can't avoid it, no way,  
Gotta face it, not gonna be long  
It's got me shouting, pointing,  
Panting, begging tonight  
I need some people  
To see me through it  
Loving me right

Gonna pull some tarts together  
Better dress them up in leather  
Gonna find some kindred spirits  
Gonna throw the searchlight in it  
Want some volunteers!

You do and you do and you do  
Get in to trouble  
And maybe you do and you do and you do  
Get in to luck  
'cos I've been shouting, pointing, panting  
And when it's done  
We're gonna walk out smiling, laughing  
Because we won!

Gonna pull... (etc)

Watch out, they'll get ya  
They're hiding under your nose  
They'll try to dare you, scare you, snare you  
Stand on your toes  
'cos they'll be shouting, pointing, panting  
And when it's done  
We're gonna settle down a-loving, and a-howling  
Because we won

Gonna pull... (etc)

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