

Growin Man Blues

Mott the Hoople

(All right, come on now)

Well it's sunday afternoon
I'm sitting in my living room
And I'm stung by love
Baby don't care about me

She got a place on the north end road
I been around, the curtains were closed
And I'm stung by love, stung by love
Baby don't care about me

I got the growing man blues
Can't get it on the national health
I got the growing man blues
Guess I'll have to get it myself

(Come on, all right)

Well I follow her around
She means [?]
And I'm stung by love,
Baby don't care about me
I'm shy [?]
It's about eleven when she turns off the light
And I'm stung by love, stung by love
Baby don't care about me

I got the growing man blues
Can't get it on the national health
I got the growing man blues
Guess I'll have to get it myself

He's got the growing man blues
Can't get it on the national health
I got the growing man blues
Guess I'll have to get it myself