

No Wheels to Ride

Mott the Hoople

No wheels to ride
No wheels to travel
No tracks to take on down
The road I walk is getting heavy
But I must still go on
And in the night
I hear the calling
As the train goes by
Then all I hear is my footsteps falling
Upon the tears I cry
(yeah)
If I could find a better way to get to you
You know that I would
No money lines my pockets now
But by the spring you know that it should
Well I just cant wait to catch that greyhound bus
That will take me back right to your side
(oh oh)
Can't get enough
Can't get enough
I can't get enough of your love
(baby)
(whoa)
(hey)
So I'll go on making time
'Til I can see a way
Maybe tomorrow I'll find a future
Baby all I can say
If I can find a better way to get to you
You know that I will
Nobody rides my pockets now
But by the spring you know yes you know that they will
And someday soon I'll see you there waiting at the station just
for me
(oh)
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
For you to get back
(home)
(oh please)