

The Moon Upstairs

Mott the Hoople

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 its wings
And I hated them and they hated me and I hated everything
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 fucking slow

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