

Wrong Side of the River

Mott the Hoople

I was born on the wrong side of the river
Where the sun never shone on my brass
Though the seasons were rapidly changing
Oh the best things were coming too fast

I was waving the flag of indifference
Never knowing the real reason why
Casting doubt on my uncertain future
It was time for a sudden goodbye

I was born on the wrong side of the river
Where the sun never shone on my breast
Though the seasons were rapidly changing
Oh the best things were coming too fast