

Mott The Hoople, Pearl 'n' Roy (England)

(Ian Hunter)

SHUT UP!!!

It's clean the chimneys kids, and it's 1974

Shake a fist, make Oliver Twist

there's no way you ain't poor

Work the mine, work the factory line

Watch the news, get the blues, blow a fuse

Number One ain't gettin' it done

And Number Two always got to lose

Pearl 'atta girl, high school hooker

Money funny honey, cook book looker

Roy atta' boy, silk suit slicker

Easy fee degree, cute boot licker

Now I'll tell you something

It seems like the rich dudes live in the sun

And if Eton be a democracy - well I'm gonna get me some

They got no chins and they always win

Piece of glass hides the class from the mass

Uni-own Jack is starting to crack

The greed breed's killin' off the grass

Come on, own up! - you're blown-up, you're shown-up

Amatuers - amateurs - bullshit calamitors!

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Thought you said, you'd make us into a star

You just jive, you connived with our lives

You're a scar, a disgrace, such a waste, filthy taste - lost your case

Hi Number Ten, how's things goin'?

Times are a-changin', winds are blowin'

Big white chief, false teeth showin'

I'm sittin' here growin, I'm sittin' here knowin'

You're on the lamm, can't control it

You're just a sham, you mink stole it

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