

Whizz Kid

Mott the Hoople

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Little Whizz Kid mystified me
She was a New York City beat
She came on flash
Monster mash, motors in her feet
Now we moved out of Manhattan
To her home on the Brooklyn Heights
Her dad's a street punk and her mum's a drunk
But we made out alright
Far far from home, oh I felt so alone
Could not spin to the speed of the city
Oh, send me my ticket, I'm too scared to stick
With my little Whizz Kid, such a pity
Now she really tried her hardest
Just to make me leave the band
She even hired a toy rent-a-boy
Straight from a Times Square stand
Oh thank you little Whizz Kid
But me and my friends gotta eat
So get back to school or the typing pool
Just get yourself out on the street
Send you victorious, happy and glorious
You got the stardust, the sawdust, and the smile
Don't lose your sting, how I'd hate you to swing
Oh my little Whizz Kid you got such a style
She's a cute super sleeper
She don't dive in deeper
A natural leaper
She don't let people pass
Watch out for the auto-mite
Quick or she's out of sight
Oh my Whizz Kid
You know you're such a gas
Such a gas

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>