

# Hymn for the Dudes

## Mott the Hoople

God ain't jive for I can see his love  
As it runs alive  
One by one through fields of rusted wire  
The war has just begun Oh, cross over shame like the wise dove  
Who cares not for fame just for shy love  
An' rejoice for the king ain't lost his throne, oh no  
He's still here, you are not alone Correct your heads for there's a new song rising  
High above the waves  
Go write your time, go sing it on the streets  
Go tell the world but you go brave Oh my sweet instant Christian, you're such a sly clown  
Too many questions, no replies now  
An' rejoice for the king ain't lost his throne, oh no  
He's still here, you are not alone I got an idea, go tell the superstar  
All his hairs are turning grey  
Star-spangled fear as all the people disappear  
The limelight fades away 'Cause if you think you are a star  
For so long they'll come from near and far  
But you'll forget just who you are, yes you will  
You ain't the Nazz, you're just a buzz  
Some kinda temporary Cross over shame like the wise dove  
Who cares not for fame just for shy love  
Oh, my sweet instant Christian you're such a sly clown  
Too many questions, no replies, now  
An' rejoice for the king ain't lost his throne, oh no  
He's still here, you are not alone, you are not alone

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