

# Soft Ground

## Mott the Hoople

Too many people about  
Telling me what to do with myself  
It's hard to get around  
Walking on soft, soft ground Well they can say what they feel  
'Cause I'm completely foreign  
I know it's clear, it's putting  
My mind, my mind at ease She's reliable but demanding  
She orders me about  
She often keeps on wanting  
'Til the morning light is out Too many mouths  
Arguing over nothing  
It's hard to get around  
Walking on soft, soft ground

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