

# Born Late '58

## Mott the Hoople

Baby took me out last night  
Got a little Cadillac bite  
Shook me about, inside out  
Didn't get home till light  
She's a grower, a goer  
You gotta get to know her  
No chooser, a cruiser  
You turn around, she'll lose you  
Burned out as the light turned green  
Smoke-screened off her rail  
He didn't see me comin' but he shoulda saw me runnin'  
Faster than the U.S. Mail  
She's a speeder, a leader  
You're really gotta meet her  
You see her, she thrills you  
You look at her, she'll kill you  
Listen, fella, baby, don't you sell her  
Don't you try and steal her away  
Hush, man logs in her dam  
Think you better fade away  
Detonator, jail-baiter  
A radar radiator  
She'll annoy ya, destroy ya  
She'll bring ya down in  
Create her, mistreat her  
No use tryin' to beat her  
Admit it, she's greater  
Shame you weren't born later

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