

The Moon Upstairs

Mott the Hoople

Well, my brother, he was a drinking man and I asked him for release
He said, This won't do you no good, and sent for the police"
Well, they busted me for nothing, 'cos they said, I was insane
So, they let my body go, but they locked away my brainWell, I wandered freely as a bird that had broken both
it's wings
And I hated them and they hated me, and I hated everything
And I realize that to survive, well, my body is not mine
And I feel neglected feel rejected, living in the wrong timeAnd to those of you who always laugh
Let this be your epitaphAnd my head is down and I'm called a clown by comedians that grace
The living stage of every page of worthless meaningless space
But I swear to you before we're though you're gonna feel our every blow
We ain't bleeding you we're feeding you but you're too fucking slow

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