

Trudi's Song

Mott the Hoople

Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh)
Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh)
Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh) She doesn't have to say, she only has to look
I think she sees through me, reads me like a book
And I'm in love with her and she's in love with me
And the love goes sailin' on, across the stormy seas Hmm, I got my babe, hmm, I got my babe
She's a right-on child, she goes smilin' Whoa oh, whoa oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh) Sometimes I go over the line, she has to bring me down
And the pride pulls heavy, makes some evil sounds
But I'm in love with her and she's in love with me
And the sea runs calmer now, I kiss the love that sleeps Hmm, I got my babe, hmm, I got my babe
She's a right-on child, she goes smilin' Oh, oh, oh, oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh) Hmm, I got my babe, hmm, I got my babe
Hmm, I got my babe, hmm, I got my babe
Hmm, I got my babe, hmm, I got my babe
Hmm, I got my babe, hmm, I got my babe Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>