

The Journey

Mott the Hoople

(ian hunter)All the changes they will take their time
In the morning dust they'll begin to rise
Halfway to a borderline
Well I can see the end
For the very first timeWell I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
When my mind's been split by little things that didn't fit on the way
Oh I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
'cos I'm trying so hard to get goingThere's a man on a bridge called suicide
And he hides his head while the coast is dark
And the river drags and the water sways
Oh his rags've seen better daysAnd I guess he lost just a little bit on the journey
For his mind was split by little things that didn't fit on the way
(oh) yes I know he lost just a little bit on the journeyFor every gift he had to give
For every life (yeah) he had to live
Well they meant nothing without her to guide him on his wayWell he told her he was a leader
Of a well respected [load]
But when he tried to leave her
Well she looked right down her nose
Many times he tried to make her believe in herself
But she wouldn't listen to a word he saidWell he followed her though the darkness
All the chances I take
He followed her though the wilderness
Her mystery to break
Many times he tried to make her believe in herself
But she wouldn't listen to a word he saidSo for 40 days and for 40 nights
Well they tied my [ways] they can see the light
And the angel screamed in my nightmare ride
And the changes left (yeah) but they will take their timeAnd I guess I lost just a little bit on the journey
Yes I know I lost just a little bit on the way
I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
Oh I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
Yes I guess I lost just a little bit on the way
Yes I know I lost just a little bit on the journey
(everybody's got a journey)

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