

## Pearl 'N' Roy (England)

Mott the Hoople

Shut up!!!

It's clean the chimneys kids, and it's 1974  
Shake a fist, make Oliver Twist  
There's no way you ain't poor  
Work the mine, work the factory line  
Watch the news, get the blues, blow a fuse  
Number one ain't gettin' it done  
And number two always got to lose

Pearl 'atta girl, high school hooker  
Money funny honey, cook book looker  
Roy atta' boy, silk suit slicker  
Easy fee degree, cute boot licker

Now I'll tell you something  
It seems like the rich dudes live in the sun  
And if Eton be a democracy - well I'm gonna get me some

They got no chins and they always win  
Piece of glass hides the class from the mass  
Uni-own jack is starting to crack  
The greed breed's killin' off the grass

Come on, own up! - you're blown-up, you're shown-up  
Amatuers - amateurs - bullshit calamitors!

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Thought you said, you'd make us into a star  
You just jive, you connived with our lives  
You're a scar, a disgrace, such a waste, filthy taste - lost your case

Hi number ten, how's things goin'?  
Times are a-changin', winds are blowin'  
Big white chief, false teeth showin'  
I'm sittin' here growin, I'm sittin' here knowin'  
You're on the lamm, can't control it  
You're just a sham, you mink stole it  
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