

Soft Ground

Mott the Hoople

Too many people about
Telling me what to do with myself
It's hard to get around
Walking on soft, soft ground

Well they can say what they feel
'Cause I'm completely foreign
I know it's clear
It's putting my mind, my mind at ease

She's reliable, but demanding
She orders me about
She often keeps on wanting
Till the morning light is out

Too many mouths
Arguing over nothing at all
It's hard to get around
Walking on soft, soft ground