

# 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 brain

Well I wandered freely as a bird that had broken both its wings  
And I hated them and they hated me and I hated everything  
And I realise that to survive well my body is not mine  
And I feel neglected feel rejected  
Living in the wrong time

And to those of you who always laugh  
Let this be your epitaph

And 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

And to those of you who always laugh  
Let this be your epitaph