

Whizz Kid

Mott the Hoople

Little whizz kid mystified me, she was a New York City beat
She came on flash - monster mash, motors in her feet
Now we moved out of Manhattan to her home on the Brooklyn Heights
Her dad's a street punk and her mum's a drunk, but we made out alright

Far far from home, oh I felt so alone
Could not spin to the speed of the city
Oh send me my ticket, I'm too scared to stick
With my little whizz kid - such a pity

Now she really tried her hardest just to make me leave the band
She even hired a toy "rent-a-boy" straight from a Times Square stand

Oh thank you little whizz kid, but me and my friends gotta eat
So get back to school or the tying pool, just get yourself out on the street

Send you victorious, happy and glorious
You got the stardust, the sawdust, and the smile
Don't lose your sting, how I'd hate you to swing
Oh my little whizz kid you got such a style

She's a cute super sleeper, she don't dive in deeper
A natural leaper, she don't let people pass
Watch out for the auto-mite, quick or she's outta sight
Oh my whizz kid, you know you're such a gas
Such a gas.