

# Barking Up The Wrong Tree

Mott the Hoople

I love those great big blue eyes  
I love those laughter lines  
Round about where an ill wind blows  
That's where for me it shines

And I have no inhibitions  
That I wish to, put on  
If I did what would I inhibit  
A painting I've never done

And such is life as Ned once said  
However let's be clear  
If you think that a noose round my neck  
Makes a happy man of me  
You're barking up the wrong tree

And I hate those cold damp mornings  
Despite a good night's sleep  
Stepping out when it's still not light  
Feels like I should retreat

And as for those glamour model types  
Who when they strut their stuff  
Look about as dressed as a naked chef  
Making his powder puff

And while we're on the subject  
Where in God's name have you been  
I've been waiting around for hours  
If you think it's good for me  
You're backing up the wrong tree

And to the idiots who say for tusks  
Killing elephants is not unjust  
Don't you wish a herd would come along  
And overrule them

Can't for the life of me see  
How marksmen armed with guns  
Think a man with a table leg  
As threatening to either one

And yet as marksmen, surely  
Assuming as I've said  
That there is some doubt  
They must take him out

Who do it in the head?  
And such is life as Ned once said  
However let's be clear  
If barking mad's where you think I'm from  
Take a little tip from me  
You're barking up the wrong tree