

Motorhead, Another Perfect Day

Out to lunch, speak your piece
Good and drunk, back on the street
What you see is what you get
No matter what you say
No time for anything to take the pain away
You sure ain't the chosen few
You sure turned trick or two
You pulled the deuce this time
Another perfect day

Golden boy, take a chance
You're a clockwork toy, you're a dime a dance
The truth is only black and white
No shade of grey
It's easy answers babe
But it's the hell to pay
You know it's just the same for you
Ain't nothin' you can do
No chance to change it now
Another perfect day

Total war, blow your stack
Say no more, you know you can't go back
You're acting dumb babe, you don't know
The places you can go
You know you tell the truth in a different way
No court of law would find for you
No matter what you do
Could be the perfect crime
Another perfect day