

# Motorhead, (Don't Let 'Em) Grind Ya Down

People gonna make ya wonder if you're right  
Keep ya wide awake and worried late at night  
Why don't ya tell'em to beat it  
Why don't ya tell'em to eat it  
Just a bunch of clowns  
Don't let'em grind ya down

Sons of bitches, crocodile tears in their eyes  
We scare'em shitless just by showin' up alive  
Why don't you tell'em to shove it  
They might as well love it  
Give you runaround  
Don't let'em grind ya down

Evil bastards ain't got nothin' else to do  
Make your life a misery and put you off your food  
Don't you dare to go under  
Don't let'em steal your thunder  
Listen to the sound  
Well let'em grind that down