

# Motorhead, Shoot 'Em Down

Come on, boys!

She looks so fine like champagne or wine, no one ever gets her  
Oh, ain't she cool, plays us for fools if we wanna let her  
Across the room she sees some buffoon blown away by her style  
She goes out of her way so that she can play and make him beg for a little while.

[Chorus:]

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down to the ground

Like caviar or a fine foreign car, he's a motivator  
Dressed to the T's, they're down on their knees, he's master baiter  
He'll make 'em crawl for the hell of it all, he likes to see 'em cry  
And then just for fun he'll say she's the one and then he'll make her die  
He's gonna,

[Chorus]

They don't care about feelings, they were meant to be stepped on  
And while one is healing, they go and step on another one

Now, these people prey on us every day, some are bad, some badder  
They think we're fools, so they make their own rules, it only gets us madder  
Well, they think they're hot, well, I say they're not, they shoot us down for fun  
If they wanna play, let's make 'em pay, shoot them down with a fuckin' gun.

[Chorus]