

Motorhead, Tales Of Glory

I can't believe the tales you tell me
I ain't buyin' the stuff you sell me
Hey baby, I'm tellin' ya what
You think I'm sold, baby I'm not
You tell me, tales of glory
But I know, whoa babe, it's the same old story

You think I'm gonna fall for you
You reckon that I'm goin' right thru
But I ain't no adolescent
I'm just gonna keep your guessing
You ain't gonna stitch me up
You'll find that I'm real bad luck
I'm gonna leave you babe
But think of the money you'll save
You tell me, tales of glory
But I know whoa babe it's the same old story

Leave me out, leave me out
Sick and tired without a doubt
Get me out, get me out
Get me out of here

Endlessly, endlessly
You mouth won't set me free
Endlessly, endlessly
Rabbit in my ear