

Motorhead, Desperate For You

What's up? What's up? What's up motherfucker?
I think I call your bluff
Who's there? Who's there?
I think I know, but I don't think I care
Came in on the Flyer honey, 1952.
I ain't for hire for money so I'll tell you what I'll do
I'm gonna be a gangster, a gangster of love
I might not be Al Capone, but I think I'll be quite good
I'm all I got right now, so what are we gonna do
I think I'm a desperado, desperate for you

Way cool. Way cool.
I don't talk like this, but I like to bend the rules.
Too bad, it's too bad.
To think of the face of a man whose woman you had
Came in on the Silver Streak, 1964.

I ain't for hire for money, but it sure beats being poor
I'm gonna be an outlaw, just like Jesse James
Rob all of your banks
And the occasional train
And if Bobby Ford should shoot me, I know just what you'd do
That's why I'm a desperado, desperate for you.

I'm gonna blow your brains out, just like Sirhan Sirhan
You might not remember him, but believe me I sure can
Gonna be a national hero, gonna be a household name
Gonna be like a roaring wind, like a hurricane
You'll never see it coming, might not hear it too
You know I'm a desperado, desperate for you

Desperate man, you know that's me

Baby

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
But it can be arranged