

# 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