

Motorhead, Fools

This is a song for all you managers and agents out there.
Are ya listening? Good!

They take your money, break your soul,
They say it's only rock 'n' roll,
They think they're cool to wheel and deal,
Without a thought to how we feel,
They pick you up and drop you flat,
Then tell you life can be like that,
You blew it all the day you signed,
Your stupid name on some dotted line,
We hate the men, who make the rules,
The ones who always try so hard to make us look like Fools!

They say we need them it ain't true,
The music's down to me and you,
We play their games, play real nice,
We gotta hear their dumb advice
We hate the men, who make the rules,
The ones who always try so hard to make us look like Fools!

So many lies, they get confused,
You start to feel you're being used,
If ten percent is all they take,
What happens to all the bread you make?
Every day it gets a little harder,
Just to keep on keeping on,
Do we really need all this bullshit,
So long now all the thrill has gone,
We hate the men, who make the rules,
The ones who always try so hard to make us look like Fools!

It's so hard to make us look like you!