

Motorhead, No Class

Shut up, you talk too loud,
You don't fit in with the crowd,
I can't believe you exist,
I've crossed you right off my list,
Too much, too soon, you're way out of tune,
No Class

Way out, you're way out of line,
No buddy I can't spare a dime,
Fade out, baby that's right,
No bark and even less bite,
Your perfect smile, betrays your lack of style,
No Class

Too late, you can't catch up now,
You face the wrong way anyhow,
I know you ain't got the brain,
To come in out of the rain,
Too bad, no magic, I'm afraid you're really tragic,
No Class