

Twisted Sister, Shoot 'em Down

Come on, boys!

Ow!

She looks so fine like champagne or wine, no one ever gets her

Oh, ain't she cool, plays us for fools if we wanna let her

Across the room she sees some buffoon blown away by her style

She goes out of her way so that she can play and make him beg for a little

She's gonna

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down,

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down,

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down,

Shoot 'em down to the ground

Like caviar or a fine foreign car, he's a motivator

Dressed to the T's, they're down on their knees, he's master baiter

He'll make 'em crawl for the hell of it all, he likes to see 'em cry

And then just for fun he'll say she's the one and then he'll make her die

He's gonna

They don't care about feelings, they were meant to be stepped on

And while one is healing, they go and step on another one

Now, these people prey on us every day, some are bad, some badder

They think we're fools, so they make their own rules, it only gets us madder

Well, they think they're hot, well, I say they're not, they shoot us down for fun

If they wanna play, well, let's make 'em pay, shoot them down with a gun

We're gonna

Come on now!

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down,

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down,

Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down,

We shoot them down, come on, honey

Shoot them down, come on, shoot 'em down