

Mott The Hoople

"Shoot 'Em Down"

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Come on, boys!
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 while.
[Chorus:]
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,
[Chorus]
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, let's make 'em pay, shoot them
down with a fuckin' gun.
[Chorus]

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