

Motörhead

"Giftland"

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You don't know me, and I don't think you ever will
Cos I don't even know myself today
You can't own me, and I don't think you ever could
Cos I don't even own myself these days

There's no point in trying
So you might as well quit
Fooling yourself this way

Poke around the embers, no Phoenix is hiding there
There's nothing left to steal from the giftland
This hollow deathwish void will never be filled by any
Other
Not knowing what you need, you'll never convey it

There's no point in trying
So you might as well quit
Fooling yourself this way

In the Giftland

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