

# Motörhead

## "Lawman"

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Your evil eye, in the night,  
Cruising low, flashing white,  
There together, in the dark,  
But it ain't no friend just another scared nark,  
Lawman, I think you're a poor man

Every time you speak to me,  
Makes it plain that you don't see,  
What's really happening here,  
You just confuse respect with fear,  
Lawman, I think you're a poor man  
I see you in the Crown Court,  
Seems to me it's like a blood sport,  
I know you live by a book of rules,  
But anyone who needs a book is a fool,  
Lawman, I think you're a poor man

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