

Motorhead

"Tales Of Glory"

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I can't believe the tales you tell me
I ain't buying the stuff you sell me
Listen baby, I'm telling you what
You think I'm sold but maybe I'm not

You tell me tales of glory
But I know, whoa, babe, it's the same old story

You think I'm gonna fall for you
You reckon that I'm going right through
But I ain't no adolescent
I'm just gonna keep you guessing

You ain't gonna stitch me up
You'll find that I'm real bad luck
I'm gonna leave you, babe
But think of the money you'll save

You tell me tales of glory
But I know, whoa babe, it's the same old story

Leave me out, leave me out
Sick and tired without a doubt
Get me out, get me out
Let me out of here

Leave me out, leave me out
Sick and tired without a doubt
Get me out, get me out
Let me out of here

Endlessly, endlessly
Your mouth won't set me free
Endlessly, endlessly
Rabbit in my ear

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