

# Motorhead

## "Teach You How To Sing The Blues"

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Come down off your high horse  
Who do you think you are?  
Just a clown in a one horse town  
In a broke down second-hand car

Can you still get it up  
Or are we pushing too hard?  
If you wanna get your hands on a beautiful girl  
You gotta use a Mastercard

There's no excuse for bullshit  
So don't try to feed me none  
You better shake some action  
Bring it on, bring it on

You don't like the way we speak  
You don't like it when you lose  
You shouldn't be sad, don't get mad  
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues

Get on your horse and ride  
Where shall we go today?  
Let's go to a place I know  
Where the speed freaks babble all day

Can you still talk dirty  
Or are you gonna be mean?  
If you ever speak to a beautiful girl  
She'll laugh you right out of your jeans

There's no reason we should listen  
Why do you talk so much?  
You better bite your finger  
Bring it up, bring it up

You don't like the way we fight  
You don't have a fucking clue  
You won't be great, but don't be late  
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues

There's nothing out here for you  
Why did you wait so long?

You better shake your moneymaker  
Bring it on, bring it on

You don't like the way we laugh  
At you and your retro shoes  
Don't be a heel, or an imbecile  
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues

You ain't gonna be no hero  
'Cause you ain't got nothing to lose  
So move it out and shut your mouth  
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues  
Teach you how to sing the blues

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