Motrhead
"(Don't Let 'Em) Grind You Down"

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People gonna make ya wonder if you're right
Keep ya wide awake and worried late at night
Why don't ya tell'em to beat it
Why don't ya tell'em to eat it
Just a bunch of clowns
Don't let'em grind ya down

Sons of bitches, crocodile tears in their eyes
We scare'em shitless just by showin' up alive
Why don't you tell'em to shove it
They might as well love it
Give you runaround
Don't let'em grind ya down

Evil bastards ain't got nothin' else to do
Make your life a misery and put you off your food
Don't you dare to go under
Don't let'em steal your thunder
Listen to the sound
Well let'em grind that down

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