

## Back on the Chain

Motörhead

Don't be bitchin' honey,  
'Cos you're holding all the money,  
And now we're outlaws, running scared,  
And I don't think it's funny,  
Keep your foot on the gas now baby,  
Don't you let 'em in,  
'Cos we just thieves and I don't need,  
To be back on that chain again.

Don't you be complaining,  
'Cos you're gonna do my brain in,  
We just trying to cop a feel,  
And I think the cops are gaining,  
Got that petal to the metal baby,  
Don't you let 'em win,  
'Cos we just thieves, and I don't need,  
To be back on that chain again.

Don't shoot me down, I ain't no violent man,  
Don't put a .45 in my hand,  
I ain't gonna do no time,  
I know I've been a fool,  
But please don't send me down,  
I don't want to spend my life locked up,  
Without no women around.

Now we're back on the street,  
In love with every whore I meet,  
'Cos money walks and money talks,  
And I can hardly keep my feet,  
Keep lookin' over your shoulder baby,  
In case they zero in,  
'Cos we just thieves and I don't need,  
To be back on that chain again.

Police don't shoot me down,  
I don't want to die in the dust,  
I can't make the scene where I die like a dog with the crowd looking  
on in disgust,  
We're just kids with guns,  
American as apple pie,  
So don't you put that hurt on me,  
I ain't gonna do no time,  
We were just running scared,  
Everybody but us knew the game,  
We never had no reason to kill,  
But those people are dead just the same.