

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.