

No Class

Motörhead

Shut up, you talk too loud,
You don't fit in with the crowd,
I can't believe you exist,
I've crossed you right off my list,
Too much, too soon, you're way out of tune,
No Class

Way out, you're way out of line,
No buddy I can't spare a dime,
Fade out, baby that's right,
No bark and even less bite,
Your perfect smile, betrays your lack of style,
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Too late, you can't catch up now,
You face the wrong way anyhow,
I know you ain't got the brain,
To come in out of the rain,
Too bad, no magic, I'm afraid you're really tragic,
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