

## 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,  
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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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