

No Class (Live in England 1981)

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, 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
No class, no class
Ah, no class, no class 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 merely tragic
No class, baby, no class
No class, ah, no class

Songwriters

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