

Dancing on Your Grave

Motörhead

I know you thought you were a real operator,
But I don't know why,
All you had was a bankroll babe,
And a glint in your eye,
I'm high steppin' like an Indian brave,
I'm the one dancing on your grave You know I'm a killer babe,
Here's late news for you,
You couldn't buy me with a million, babe,
I'm too good for you,
I know you think I'm a real rough trade,
Now I'm the one dancing on your grave One time you was a real high-stepper,
On the high trapeze,
But you know you ran out of money,
Wound up on your knees,
I'm the one you never made,
Now I'm the one dancing on your grave

Songwriters

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