Get Back in Line

MotÃ¶rhead

We live on borrowed time, hope turned to dust,
Nothing is forgiven we fight for every crust.
The way we are is not the way we used to be my friend,
All things come to he who waits, the waiting never ends.

We are the chosen few; we are the frozen crew,
We don't know what to do, just wasting time.
We don't know when to quit, we don't have room to spit,
But we'll get over it, get back in line.

Stuck here ten thousand years, don't know how to act,
Everything forgotten, specially the facts.
The way we live is running scared; I don't like it much,
All things come to he who waits but these days most things suck.

We are the chosen ones, we don't know right from wrong,
We don't know what's going on, don't know enough to care.
We are the dogs of war; don't even know what for,
But we obey the law, get back in line.

We are trapped in luxury, starving on parole,
No one told us who to love, we have sold our souls.
Why do we vote for faceless dogs? We always take the bait.
All things come to he who waits, but all things come too late.

We are the sacrifice, and we don't like advice,
We always pay the price, pearls before swine.
Now we are only slaves, already in our graves,
And if you think that Jesus saves, get back in line.
If you think that Jesus saves, get back in line.

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