

Iron Horse/Born To Lose

Motörhead

He rides a road, that don't have no end
An open highway that don't have no bends
Tramp and his stallion, alone in a dream
Proud in his colors, as the chromium gleams
On Iron Horse he flies, on Iron Horse he gladly dies
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life
He rides the roads, he lives his life fast
Don't try to hide, when the dice have been cast
He rides a whirlwind that cuts to the bone
Wasted forever, ferociously stoned
On Iron Horse he flies, on Iron Horse he gladly dies
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life
Yeah, slide it to me
One day, one day, they'll go for the sun
Together they'll fly on the eternal run
Wasted forever on speed bikes and booze
Yeah, tramp and the brothers, say they're all born to lose
On Iron Horse he flies, on Iron Horse he gladly dies
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life
Iron Horse his wife, Iron Horse his life

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