

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

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