

Warlord

Machines Don't Care

When you see me comin' flying down the road

 You know I ain't afraid to lay it down

 Yea got me some leather. Leather is my skin

 Black'n'chrome flashin' through the town.

Some call me the WARLORD 'cause I'm a god-damn
bad machine, young'n'hungry, not too proud'n'mean

 Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,

 Riding, riding, riding, ain't never growin' old.

 Take what I want and I go where I please

 Got the world right by the balls. This world ain't

 big enough to keep me down. Yea we're livin'

 in a sick world. The man on the T.V. said we

 got lotsa trouble overseas, well what the hell

 do I care? Think they care about me?

 Stop sending money send'em all a bomb.

 Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,

 Ridin', ridin', ridin', ain't never growin' old.

 Born to live in the fast lane on a chopped up

 Harley-D, smell that oil and high test gasoline.

 Never got a shortage of girls to share my seat.

 Well they all want to know what people say is true,

 You know, get a biker started 'n he'll drive all

 damn night. Well hold on honey 'cause this ride's

 for a ride.

 Ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride

 I'm the WARLORD of the road.

 Ridin', ridin', ridin', ain't never growin' old.

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