

# 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  
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