Motorhead

Amplifier

I sleep deeply every night
in a world that's better than real life
i found a hiding place
beneath a dirty blanket of distorted bass
there's music in my head
i heard a gasoline voice mixed with marlboro reds singing:
"pick up your head again...
if you want to be king
then nobody must keep you down..."
and yes now i'm back from the dead
i'm gonna turn it up loud inside your head
with the sound of many days
when we could feel the cheap drugs
squeezing through our veins
like a million girls and boys
i'm just another grainy brick in a wall of noise
i really missed you yesterday
and just for a moment
something was reeling me in
someone was breathing me inbut i lived in the slip of your frown
and this place has been getting me downyou hung out for my suicide
you were pushing it down the airsupply
but you never did try to find the time
to let us be together in your cage or mine
and since you never noticed me
well how about you open up your eyes and see me now
Music fills my empty bones
And some times it seems it's the only place I've left to go
Hey hey hey
Happy Birthday anyway

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