

Teach You How To Sing The Blues

Motorhead

Come down off your high horse
Who do you think you are?
Just a clown in a one horse town
In a broke down second-hand car
Can you still get it up
Or are we pushing too hard?
If you wanna get your hands on a beautiful girl
You gotta use a Mastercard
There's no excuse for bullshit
So don't try to feed me none
You better shake some action
Bring it on, bring it on
You don't like the way we speak
You don't like it when you lose
You shouldn't be sad, don't get mad
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues
Get on your horse and ride
Where shall we go today?
Let's go to a place I know
Where the speed freaks babble all day
Can you still talk dirty
Or are you gonna be mean?
If you ever speak to a beautiful girl

She'll laugh you right out of your jeans
There's no reason we should listen
Why do you talk so much?
You better bite your finger
Bring it up, bring it up
You don't like the way we fight
You don't have a fucking clue
You won't be great, but don't be late
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues
There's nothing out here for you
Why did you wait so long?
You better shake your moneymaker
Bring it on, bring it on
You don't like the way we laugh
At you and your retro shoes

Don't be a heel, or an imbecile
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues
 You ain't gonna be no hero
 'Cause you ain't got nothing to lose
 So move it out and shut your mouth
Or we're gonna teach you how to sing the blues
 Teach you how to sing the blues

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