

Lawman

Motörhead

Cancer! Your evil eye, in the night
Cruising slow, flashing white
There together, in the dark
But it ain't no friend, just another scared nark
I know you
Lawman
Lawman
Lawman, lawman, I think you're a poor man, lawman Every time you speak to me
Makes it plain that you don't see
What's really happening here
You just confuse respect with fear
I know you
Lawman
Lawman
Lawman, lawman, I think you're a poor man, poor man, get it! I know you

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