

Walk A Crooked Mile

Motörhead

If you were in the movies,
Who would you play?
If you were tried for murder
What could you say?
And if you were out to lunch
What would you eat?
We wanna know the answers
Who do you want to beat? Don't show your fear,
Keep it out of site,
Don't lose your place in here
And you might be all right Don't say nothing shut your mouth
Out of time work it out
You're leaving in a cruel world
And your face is out of style
Boogey man, magic word,
Walk a crooked mile. If you were Armageddon
Who would you spare?
If you were judge and jury,
Why would you care?
And if you were out of breath
How would you breathe?
The world deserves the answers,
What do you have up your sleeve? Can't show your hand
Find another way,
Can't play that ace in here,
Never see another day. Plead no contest, pass the buck,
Running scared, you ain't so tough
We hold rehearsal for your death
We're tired of your smile
Boogey man, see what you get
Walk a crooked mile. Standing in the spotlight,
What would you need?
If you were a soldier,
How would you bleed?
And if you were in the rain,
What would you wear?
We're hungry for the answers,
Don't seem right, but we don't care.
Don't bring your friends,

Send them all away
Don't meet your end in here,
Don't throw your life away. Don't you change, don't drop your guard,
Double bluff throw down your cards,
Death has put his mark on you
Man and boy and child,
Boogey man, back to start
Walk a crooked mile.

Songwriters

Ian Kilmister; Philip Campbell; Michael Delaoglou Published by

NOTTING HILL MUSIC INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>