

Shoot 'Em Down

Twisted Sister

Come on, boys
OwwShe looks so fine like champagne or wine, no one ever gets her
Oh, ain't she cool, plays us for fools if we wanna let her
Across the room she sees some buffoon blown away by her style
She goes out of her way so that she can play
And make him beg for a little whileShoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down to the groundLike caviar or a fine foreign car, he's a motivator
Dressed to the T's, they're down on their knees, he's a master baiter
He'll make 'em crawl for the hell of it all, he likes to see them cry
And then just for fun he'll say she's the one and then he'll make her dieHe's gonna shoot 'em down, shoot 'em
down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down to the groundThey don't care about feelings
They were meant to be stepped on
And while one is healing
They go and step on another oneNow, these people prey on us everyday
Some are bad, some badder
They think we're fools so they make their own rules
It only gets us madderWell, they think they're hot, well, I say they're not
They shoot us down for fun
If they wanna play, let's make 'em pay
Shoot them down with a fucking gunShoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down to the groundCome on now, shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down to the groundShoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down
We shoot them down, come on, honey
Shoot them down, come on, shoot 'em down

Songwriters

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