

# Attitude

## Metallica

1, 2, 3, 4  
Suppose I say, I'm never satisfied  
Suppose I say, he cuts the roots  
To make the tree survive  
Just let me kill you for a while  
Just let me kill you for a smile  
Just let me kill you once  
I'm oh, so bored to death  
Oh, I hunger  
I hunger  
I eat  
Born into attitude  
Asleep at the wheel  
Throw all your bullets in the fire  
And run like hell  
Why cure the fever?  
What ever happened to sweat?  
Suppose I say, the vultures smile at me  
Suppose I say, I sent them down  
And they plan to pick you clean  
And satisfaction this way comes  
And satisfaction this way comes  
And satisfactions here and gone  
Gone, yeah, gone again  
Oh, I hunger  
Oh, I hunger  
I eat  
Born into attitude  
Asleep at the wheel  
Throw all your bullets in the fire  
And stand there  
Born into attitude  
Twist mother tongue  
Throw all your bullets in the fire  
And run like hell  
Why cure the fever?  
What ever happened to sweat?  
Just let me kill you for a while  
Just let me kill you for a smile  
Just let me kill you once for me  
I'm bored to death  
And satisfaction this way comes  
And satisfaction this way comes  
And satisfactions here and gone  
Gone, gone again  
Yeah, I hunger  
Oh, I hunger  
I eat  
Born into attitude  
Asleep at the wheel  
Throw all your bullets in the fire  
And stand there  
Born into attitude

Twist mother tongue  
Throwing all your bullets in the fire  
And run like hell  
Why cure the fever?  
What ever happened to sweat?

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