

(We Are) The Road Crew

Motörhead

Another town, another place
Another girl, another face
Another truck, another race I'm eating junk, feeling bad
Another night, I'm going mad
My woman's leaving, I feel sad But I just love the life I lead
Another beer is what I need
Another gig my ears bleed We are the Road Crew Another town, I've left behind
Another drink, completely blind
Another hotel, I can't find Another backstage pass for you
Another tube of super glue
Another border to get through I'm driving like a maniac
Driving my way to hell and back
Another room a case to pack We are the Road Crew Another hotel, we can burn
Another screw, another turn
Another Europe map to learn Another truck, stop on the way
Another game, that I can play
Another word, I learn to say Another plastic, customs post
Another bloody, foreign coast
Another set of scars to boast We are the Road Crew

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