

# Shoot Em Down

## Twisted Sister

Come on Boys!  
She looks so fine  
Like champagne or wine  
No one ever gets her  
Oh, ain't she cool  
Plays us for fools  
If we anna 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 while  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down to the ground  
Like 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 'em cry  
And then just for fun  
He'll say she's the one  
And then he'll make her die  
He'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 ground  
They don't care about feelings  
They were made to be stepped on  
And while one is healing  
They go and step on another one  
Now, 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 madder  
Well, they think they're hot

Well, I say they're not!  
They shoot us down just for fun  
If they wanna play  
Let's make 'em pay  
Shoot them down with a fucking gun Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down to the ground Come 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 ground Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down  
Shoot 'em down to the ground  
Come on, honey  
Come on, shoot 'em down

Songwriters

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