

Waiting for the Snake

Motörhead

I don't know what I like, I don't know what I am,
I don't know where I'm going and I don't give a damn.
I say the world is crazy, know there's no one to save me,
I know a few things baby; I know we're in a jam. Black hole in the sun, I don't like the way we always run,
And if your eyes are closed I better stay awake.
You sleep like an angel baby, but I know you're truly crazy,
And I think that we've grown lazy, waiting for the snake. You are a mystery, you are a bitch to me,
You don't see why I stay why I don't turn and run.
You think your life is good, but you're a babe out in the wood,
Do what you think you should, sleeping with the gun. Black cloud on the moon, feels like the rain is coming
soon,
The way I feel tonight, you'll never see me break.
You live in constant sorrow, and I refuse to follow,
We might not see tomorrow, waiting for the snake. I think you know the score, I don't know what we're waiting
for,
Hiding behind the door, don't get us any place.
I know that you believe, and so before the freeze,
Before we feel the squeeze, before the monster wakes. Black death in the room, you sing a different tune,
And it will bring your doom, the city starts to shake.
I see the world is dying, you know I sure ain't lying,
I see you pale and crying, waiting for the snake.

Songwriters

IAN KILMISTER, PHILIP CAMPBELL, MICAEL DELAOGLOU Published by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>