

R.A.M.O.N.E.S.

Motörhead

One, tow, three, four
New York City, N.Y.C.
Pretty mean when it wants to be
Black leather, knee-hole pants
Can't play no high school dance
Fuzz tone, hear 'em go
Hear 'em on the radio Misfits, twilight zone
R-A-M-O-N-E-S, R-A-M-O-N-E-S
RAMONES
Bad boy rock, bad boy roll
Gabba gabba, see them go
C Jay now hit the gas
Hear Marky kick some ass
Go Johnny, go, go, go Tommy o-way-o Misfits, twilight zone,
R-A-M-O-N-E-S, R-A-M-O-N-E-S
RAMONES
Bad boy then, bad boy now
Good buddies, mau mau mau
Sing it loud, rock 'n' roll
Good music save your soul
Dee Dee, he left home
Joey call me on the phone Misfits, twilight zone,
R-A-M-O-N-E-S, R-A-M-O-N-E-S
RAMONES

Songwriters

IAN FRASER KILMISTER, MICHAEL RICHARD BURSTON, PHILIP TAYLOR, PHILIP ANTHONY
CAMPBELL, PHILIP JOHN TAYLOR, RICHARD BURSTON MICHAEL

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>