(Don't Let 'Em) Grind Ya Down

Motörhead

People gonna make ya wonder if you're right Keep ya wide awake and worried late at night Why don't ya tell'em to beat it Why don't ya tell'em to eat it Just a bunch of clowns Don't let'em grind ya down

Sons of bitches, crocodile tears in their eyes We scare'em shitless just by showin' up alive Why don't you tell'em to shove it They might as well love it Give you runaround Don't let'em grind ya down

Evil bastards ain't got nothin' else to do
Make your life a misery and put you off your food
Don't you dare to go under
Don't let'em steal your thunder
Listen to the sound
Well let'em grind that down