

Lemmy Goes to the Pub

Motörhead

Your eyes are open, you can't see
Lying there out of your tree
Your knees are flipping on the floor
Your mouth ain't making sense no more

A real hero
A real zero
You know his name, he's the bozo

Your boring waffle gets me down
Grab your hat and get outta town
Why do you always want to gab
Sling your hook, I ain't your dad

A real hero
A real zero
I know your name, you're the bozo

You tell those awful bloody jokes
Pulling bloody awful strokes
You're groping everybody's bint
You never buy a bastard a drink

A real hero
A real zero
You're everywhere, you're a bozo

I curse the day you were fucking born