

# Shoot 'Em Down

Twisted Sister

Come on, boys  
Oww

She looks so fine like champagne or wine, no one ever gets her  
Oh, ain't she cool, plays us for fools if we wanna 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 them 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 meant 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 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  
We shoot them down, come on, honey  
Shoot them down, come on, shoot 'em down