



Scripts.com

Lemmy

By Greg Olliver

DVDRip by Ssugar

'The Tandoori's under attack! '

'Loveline is meant

for an adult audience.

'Loveline may contain

sexually oriented content.

'Listener discretion is advised.

Loveline starts now.'

'And it is Loveline.

Again that number is 1-800-LOVE-191.

'Very exciting evening today.

Why don't you introduce our guest? '

'A little guy

who started off his career

'in the space-rock band Hawkwind

many years ago.

'But you probably know him best

'as the only static member

of a band called Motrhead.'

The image of his silhouette

holding that Rickenbacker bass,

that alone is enough

to put shivers up my spine.

I'm talking about the man sitting

next to me, musical icon Lemmy.

Ah, you romantic fool!

The man's the modern Jesus.

He's fucking Jesus Christ.

Motrhead is my life.

Without Lemmy,

there'd be no Motrhead.

There wouldn't be any

of the heavy metal we have today.

Rock and roll is Lemmy.

Lemmy is rock and roll.

Rock and roll!

D Hey, babe, don't act so scared

d All I want is some special care d

If I hear Motrhead,

I will bang the whole time!

Lemmy is God.

If they drop a nuclear bomb

on this planet,

Lemmy and cockroaches

is all that's going to survive.
D Move over for a damage case
d Hey, babe, wait a minute, stop d
Hey, everybody, it's Loveline.
Lemmy from Motrhead in the house.
Mike Catherwood paying homage.
You know it.
Current CD is Motrizer.
Came out last year.
It's the 24th CD from Motrhead.
Amazing!
Yeah, it amazed me, all right!
did you think you'd be 25 albums in?
You don't think like that.
You think two years.
You just wanna play
with a couple of guys, that's all.
- And then it goes on and on.
- And on!
Is it true that over 2,000 women
you've bedded?
No. The magazine printed that.
I said 1,000.
Yeah. That's still pretty impressive.
Not really.
I've never been married and I'm 63.
Work it out. It's not many a year.
- I like how he thinks!
- Jason's calling from Canada.
'Lemmy, it's an honour
to be talking to you. A true legend.
'I have two quick questions for you.
'Basically, I'd like to know what
are your musical influences today.
'The other is your favourite place
to play a gig.'
I don't mind where we play
as long as they go, "Hooray."
'It's cool you're still rocking today
and keep up the good work.'
I will. Don't forget, I'm not qualified
to do anything else!
'The other question was
what are your musical...? '

- Influences, yeah.

- He anticipates that one!

Your influences are the same when you're my age as when you were 20. The first things you hear that really knock you out stick with you. You're never gonna hear any music better than that.

So it was Little Richard, The Beatles, Elvis, you know. All that good old stuff, you know.

Where were you when you heard that stuff?

The first time I saw The Beatles they hadn't made a record yet.

- You saw them?

- At the Cavern in Liverpool, yeah.

- What was that like?

- It was magic. They were magic.

Did you think, "This is going to be the greatest rock band?"

Yeah, kind of. I did, because these girls would come down.

I lived in this holiday resort place in north Wales, and these girls from Liverpool would come down.

It was this singer called Billy Fury.

They were all crazy about him.

And then one year it all changed.

There was this Beatles thing.

So we hitchhike up to Liverpool, and they were monstrous.

They were, like, perfect.

Everybody thinks The Stones were the hard men

and The Beatles were the sissies, and it's the opposite.

The Beatles were from Liverpool, and The Stones

were from the London suburbs, going to art school and shit.

So it wasn't that way at all.

The Beatles, I thought,

were the best band in the world.

- No, we don't.

- I knew you were gonna say that. OK.

'Melanie, line four.'

'Call on line one.'

The owner gave you hers.

You wanna go...?

\$146.70. We don't take

American Express cards, man.

- Oh, you don't? Do you take Visa?

- Yeah.

I was like, "I gotta give it to him."

In the name of rock and roll.

And it sounds great.

Yeah, exactly. The original.

Sgt Pepper sounds amazing.

I think you'll really like it.

- Thank you. Thanks very much.

- All right. See you later.

D Dance,

girl, you gotta move your feet

d Dance, don't stop,

dance till you drop

d Dance to the American beat d

The Sunset Strip has seen a lot

of different movements and genres,

and musical versions

of the same thing, basically.

We had a bunch of

different musical movements,

Motrhed is one of those bands

that transcends movements.

It doesn't matter what's happening

in the community, in the rock culture,

Motrhed is still hailed

as being, like, king.

When he moved to LA,

became part of the scene,

he was already embraced.

Basically, his throne

was waiting for him.

- Sound is speeding.

- Two cameras. A mark.

Action!

Lem, someone I want you to meet.
Hank Moody, the writer.
He's not from LA,
but it's really interesting to see
how much of a staple Lemmy
has become, especially in Hollywood.
He's become a Los Angeles icon.
- And cut.
- Cutting.
I don't know if he does fit in LA.
LA's so fucked up.
But he doesn't really fit.
I think Hollywood has to fit him.
All we have to do is do that
another 147 times and we've got it!
A lot of people are LA bashers.
Especially people from up north
and San Francisco.
"Oh, that's LA. La-La land."
Or whatever they call it.
"It's a land of pretentious people,"
and all that kind of thing.
There's a real weight to this town.
There's a real history to it.
I think it's got a lot more balls
than a lot of big cities, frankly.
Lemmy looks like an LA rocker to me.
He's just got that thing about him.
He's got the part
that's combination biker-musician,
or guy that works at the car wash.
He's got that old-school LA look.
He doesn't change it,
and I don't think it was created.
That's the good part of LA.
It's the people that don't try to be.
I was in bands as a kid,
and I came to California to do that.
This cat I knew wanted me to come
to an acting class, so I went.
Next thing you know,
I was in some theatre group.
I realised I was making a little bit
of money doing acting so I stuck with it.

No, I doubt we get it this day and time.
I always figured my music is very popular,
I must be doing something wrong.
Yeah, me too.
I grew up in that.
Oh, yeah, it's great...
Oh, I'm telling you...
Oh, yeah...
I worked with him once on a TV show.
He was there.
He pulls up in an old Cadillac,
and all these guys get out in suits
and everything.
And he met my son.
My son at the time was only like
three or four, you know.
And Little Richard goes, "Hey, baby!"
And I told my kid, I go,
"Hey, Willie, listen.
"It's OK to talk to this cat,
but don't sit on his lap!"
Lemmy is like
a fucking radioactive cowboy.
Hard-rock Johnny Cash.
- A biker.
- World War II chic!
- He's Black Bart meets Mad Max.
- He's Captain Hook.
A bit of cowboy, a bit of metal,
a bit of rock and roll.
He would be the perfect description
of my dream dude, for sure.
Lemmy's look is something
that is probably a little cultivated
from back in the '50s,
and added to that, some of the shit
that he picked up along the way,
bikers, punk rock, whatever.
Although, he's been around
for a long time.
Maybe some of the punk stuff
they got from him.
Describing Lemmy's style
is not that easy,

because, you know, from boot to boot,
it always changes substantially.
D Let me tell you, babe
d What I say is right d
He's got a very distinctive
and good aesthetic sense.
He actually will bring me drawings
of what he wants.
If I was to really give it
a specific name,
I would probably say it's like
a Western jack boot,
because he likes these boots
with a squared-off nose,
almost military-looking.
Almost like a cavalry kind of boot,
with Motrhead flair to it of course!
We were at a rehearsal place
in the Valley in the mid '90s,
and Motrhead was right next door.
Every day we would see Lemmy out
at this video game in this lobby area.
It was summer time.
It was really hot in the Valley.
And Lemmy was wearing these shorts.
If I tell you
he's wearing Daisy Dukes...
It was like a thong, dude!
You would walk out of our door,
and the first thing you would see
was Lemmy bent over this machine.
So it's basically Lemmy bending over
with his arse in your face.
That's a weird scene.
We're all wearing shorts,
but our shorts are like board shorts.
I finally got the balls
to walk up to him,
and he's playing the game.
I'm like, "Hey, man."
"Hey, Scott. How are you?"
I'm like, "We've been wondering..."
And he's like, "What's that?"
And I said, "What's the deal

with the shorts?"
Like, seriously.
And I'm thinking...
I'm afraid. Is he gonna punch me?
What's gonna happen?
He's like, "What? What do you mean?"
I said, "They're really short."
"We see your arse every day."
It's weird."
And he goes, "What? It's hot out."
These are shorts."
He looks at me and goes,
"Those aren't shorts, those are pants."
"These are shorts. I'm cool."
And he kind of goes like this,
like it made absolute sense!
D It's not so bad,
baby, I don't care d
What anyone thinks,
what anyone cares, it doesn't matter.
You either take him
or you fucking don't,
He don't give a shit
whether you do or not.
There's just no words.
It's just... He's Lemmy.
It's almost...
It should be a verb!
Nobody told him
to do anything that he wasn't completely
natural and comfortable doing,
and that's rare.
And that's why I think
we respond with respect,
because we wanna be like that.
I think he's a renegade.
There's not that many of them any more.
Everybody assimilates.
Go along to get along,
to get what they need to get.
And I don't see Lemmy
as that kind of guy.
I see Lemmy as doing things his way
to get where he wants to go.

And that's attractive because
people don't do that any more.
D When you move in
right up close to me
d That's when I get
the shakes all over me d
The thing I remember about Lemmy,
which has nothing to do with music,
is he was obsessed, and I think
he still is, with one-armed bandits.
You know, the...
You know? And...
I can remember Dingwalls,
the little club in London,
very popular, by the canal.
I think that was probably
the first time I ever met him.
You walked into Dingwalls,
and just inside the door
was the one-armed bandit.
Without fail he would be on that,
sometimes all night.
I don't know if he ever won, but,
God, he'd play that thing for hours.
I've never seen anybody
love those things so much.
They should bring out
a Motrhead one-armed bandit,
and if you get three Lemmys,
you win the jackpot!
D Shake it all over d
When it comes
to rock and roll,
you need something
to believe in.
Integrity means everything.
Musically, of course,
when you go and you see a band,
and you know it's coming from the heart,
it touches you more because
there's some sort of human connection.
If you go and see some robots
just moving around the stage,
you might as well go home

and play a video game.
But when someone is doing...
When someone is playing
rock and roll from the heart,
and they really walk it like they talk it,
you pay more attention,
because it makes you feel
like a human being, in a way.
To connect to someone doing
something really honest or true,
it's important.
So, to me,
more than any other rock musician...
I consider Lemmy a legend, you know.
But, to me,
more than any other rock musician,
he is... the baddest motherfucker
in the world.
Mm-hm.
Know what would be cool?
If I could get one of those lyric sheets.
For the instrumentals
there's two 12 bars in a row.
Let's check the levels with Lemmy,
make sure he can hear himself.
That one little spot
when it's on the double chorus...
Yeah, it's a double chorus!
Fuck! For Christ's sake,
what was Chuck Berry thinking?
I remember a show in England
that I did with Meat Loaf
where the show was held up cos Chuck
Berry thought he hadn't been paid.
He wouldn't go on
until he had a wad of money.
He had been fucked so many times.
In the '50s there were no rules at all.
A guy could pull a gun
and say, "I'm not paying you."
Even in the '60s, late '60s,
Hendrix got burned fucking blind.
He never saw any of the money.
I was standing outside of LAX once,

getting ready to get on a plane,
and this young black guy
comes up to me and says,
"Hey, I read in an interview
that the only person
"you ever wanna meet
is Little Richard."
I had always said that. I didn't
give a fuck about anyone else.
I said, "Little Richard?"
And he goes, "Yeah. He's my dad."
I said, "Shut the fuck... Really?"
He goes, "Yeah. Come here."
And there's this limo
parked out front and he goes...
The window comes down
and fucking Little Richard
is sitting right there!
And I'm like, "Oh, my God!"
And he goes, "Hey, Dad, this guy..."
He's like, "What?"
He said, "This guy's a musician."
And the fucking window comes down
and he goes, "God bless you!"
How weird must it have been
to be gay and black
in Macon, Georgia in the '50s.
- And an amazing singer.
- The best rock and roll singer ever.
I don't know who people consider
the originator of rock and roll.
It's Little Richard, because
nobody else had... He was crazy.
Him, Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis.
That's it. Those three.
You can't tell
who did the first whatever,
but between 'em,
they started rock and roll.
When you meet the originals
you realise
of course they're fucking troubadours
or renegades.
They're fucking freaks!

So that's where you got all the music
that was different
than anything else,
like Little Richard, a gay black
dude in Macon, Georgia in the '50s.
There was nothing he could do
but play rock and roll.
Probably not!
People say, "Don't you like Prince
back in the '70s, '80s?"
I said, "No, I've seen Jimi Hendrix."
He comes on with scarves over him
with a Stratocaster. Are you kidding?
I used to score for Mitch.
I used to score dope for him.
And I used to score acid for Hendrix.
He's a very fair man.
I'd give him ten trips and
he'd give me three and take seven.
Very generous.
But he had to take 'em then,
on the spot.
Yeah. Well, the thing is
with acid, see,
they say it doesn't work
two days in a row.
But we found that
if you double the dose, it does!
Yeah! A great day!
See you, buddy.
Great to have you back.
- Are you here for good?
- Yeah, for a while.
I'll call when I get back.
I haven't been to the Rainbow in ages.
I had this fight going on with
the fucking Darkness, this band, right?
That's why I called you.
We went to the show and it was fine.
We went up the Rainbow
and we were sitting there.
I'm sitting at a table talking to the singer
and he says,
"Hey, you recorded

a song with Lemmy, right?"
I said, "Yeah."
He said, "We have a feud with him."
I was like, "Really? Why?"
He said, "He reviewed our record
and he said it was fucking shit."
And I said, "Have you ever met him?"
He said no. I don't think you'd met him.
I'm like, "Dude,
he's the fucking greatest guy."
"Well, so I called him a fucking cunt
or something in the press."
"Honestly he's a good dude.
You'd like him. I'm gonna go take a piss."
I fucking got my cell phone.
I'm like, "Lem, come on up for a drink."
So I go up there.
The Darkness are sitting there.
He sees you coming.
It was like, "Oh, fuck me! No, no!"
Then Lemmy sat down, and at first
I'm like, "Lem, what's going on?"
He's like, "I wanted to go to
the Darkness gig but they banned me."
And I'm like,
"Have you met Justin, the singer?"
I talked to him for, what,
half an hour that night?
He didn't change my opinion one bit!
D Riots in the burning streets,
crystal night outside
d Brutal music in the night
enough to make you cry
d Nobody knows how it is
to sleep and drown the world
d I am the midnight snake
to bite your little girls
d Outside in the distance
the city in the fire d
The Rainbow Bar and Grill
is the most famous restaurant-bar
where musicians
and hangers-on and groupies...
It's sort of like the place

to go hunt
and the place to die
at the same time.
It's a rocker place.
If you're a rock and roller, come here.
If you're not, don't come here.
D Well, lawdy, lawdy, lawdy,
Miss Clawdy
d Girl, you sure look good to me
d Please don't excite me, baby d
In the '90s, for me, Lemmy
became synonymous with the Rainbow.
Any time you would go there,
there he is playing the trivia machine.
It became a joke.
Like, "Let's go to the Rainbow and
have a drink and say hi to Lemmy,"
and then Lemmy's there.
You get so many tourists
that come in -
"Does Lemmy hang here?
Is Lemmy here?"
If he's not here, he's on tour.
He's got to be one of two places -
the Rainbow or on tour.
Give Lemmy the game, a Jack and Coke
and a cigarette and he's there for ever.
People go on that game and go,
"It says Lemmy up there."
I go, "Yeah, that's Lemmy
from Motrhead."
"No, it can't be."
It's the afternoon and here's Lemmy
sitting at the end of the bar.
I've seen everything from chicks
welling up to the frat guy
going, "Oh, my God!"
It's the best when they start crying.
It's so cute.
Anyone wants a picture, he'll take one.
Anyone that wants to talk to him,
he'll talk to 'em,
but let him play his Megatouch first.
He would be

just sitting there playing it.
Some sort of weird
heavy-metal meditation,
mixed with Jack and Coke
and something else we won't disclose!
I was a house painter
for about three weeks,
working for this old gay guy
called Mr Brownsword.
How's that? And it's true, too.
Mr Fucking Brownsword!
It doesn't come any better than that.
Monty Python
couldn't do better than that.
Luckily, he fancied my mate
and not me.
I got to paint the upstairs,
while he was attacking
Colin downstairs.
It was funny as shit. I worked
at the riding stables in the summer.
I worked on the fair
when the fair came round.
I worked in a factory for a while,
but that was fucking terrible.
I grew my hair till they fired me.
We had the beach, the sea
and the horses. It was great.
I had a pretty good childhood.
I ain't complaining.
Except they fucking ruined it
and put the school in there.
I'd heard before that Lemmy
went to school here.
I'd heard rumours about it first
and I went on the internet
and found out it was true.
I heard Lemmy got expelled
from this school.
For what reason?
Apparently, he was playing
his guitar down the Tannoy,
but I'm not sure if that's true.
I don't even know

if he wanted to be a rock star.
I think it came naturally.
That's how he seems - pure rock.
D If you like to gamble,
I tell you I'm your man
d You win some, lose some,
it's all the same to me
d The ace of spades,
the ace of spades
d The ace of spades,
the ace of spades d
Hi, Lemmy!
D Dandy, Dandy
d Where you gonna go now?
D Who you gonna run to?
D All your little life
you're chasing all the girls d
I saw The Vickers
at the Oasis in Manchester
and I thought they were excellent
so I asked for a job with them.
D Chatting up the ladies
d Tickling the fancy
d Pouring out your charms d
We'd be on with The Kinks,
The Who, The Hollies.
We played at South Pier, Blackpool
with The Who
and all the audience were chanting,
"We want The Vickers!"
Roger Daltrey didn't like that!
They were a damn good band,
and compare very favourably
with any of the bands
that I had who had bigger hits,
like The Who and The Kinks
and Manfred Mann.
They were about as big in the north
as The Kinks were in the south.
We'd just tour all around
the north of England, really.
We couldn't even get arrested
in London.
North of Birmingham we were big stars.

This is 1965/6.
We were on L200 a week each clear.
That's like L 4,000 a week each now.
And we all had Jags
and we had a speedboat.
We used to go water-skiing
on Windermere.
It was rock and roll
with a bit of thump. Very aggressive.
He would go up to his amplifier,
feed his guitar back
and he would make 'em scream.
When I joined The Vickers,
they were ambitious.
They settled into this routine
of doing the same gigs every year,
the circuit,
and they became in the end,
in fact, a cabaret show.
So it wasn't for me, really.
He wanted to be
in the thick of it in London.
And we didn't!
What I really like
about the Lemmy mythology
is that he used to be a roadie
for Jimi Hendrix, too,
which scores a lot of points
in my book, man!
He would rather play
an instrument than carry it.
So that kind of gives you the idea!
I think just as a resum piece,
defining what is a rocker.
I mean... to his core
he's the kind of guy who said,
"If I can't be in the band,
I'll carry their equipment."
He hung out with musicians,
and he did it continually
until people let him play.
And he's really come up the hard way.
That wasn't great.
He said one of the most amazing

one-liners I've ever heard,
and he explained it.
He said, "I remember
before there was rock and roll."
I said,
"Wow, that's a wild thing to say."
I said, "What do you mean?"
I'm not gonna try and imitate his voice.
He said, "I remember when there was
only Rosemary Clooney records."
"I remember
before there was rock and roll."
"There was just your mum's records."
I think I'm paraphrasing
but he said something like,
"Then we heard Elvis
and we never turned back."
"We heard rock and roll. That's us."
In the '60s, how I got albums
and singles, too,
I had to go down
to the electrical appliance shop
and he would order it for me
from whatever company.
He wasn't licensed to do it or nothing.
It was just a friendly basis.
He would order them. Three weeks later
they would come back.
A Buddy Holly record called "Wishing"
and one called "Learning the Game."
Eddie Cochran's "Two Three Steps
to Heaven" and "Something Else."
These kids, without knowing it,
when they listen to Motrhead,
they're getting Johnny Cash,
Chuck Berry, Eddie Cochran.
It was the same thing
with the original punk-rock guys.
They were very influenced
by that music.
The fans don't know that
but when they're listening
to "Ace of Spades",
they're listening to Eddie Cochran.

That's Lem's influence.
D Now I taught the weeping willow
how to cry
d And I showed the clouds
how to cover up a clear blue sky d
The Head Cat is just like
what we did when we were teenagers.
We're playing the songs
that got us into it.
The music is so real and unpretentious
that people can't help but like it.
D A bad little kid moved in
to the neighbourhood d
The genesis of Head Cat was
someone wanted me
to do one track
for an Elvis tribute record.
I know Lem loves Elvis
and Johnny Ramone.
So I thought it would be cool to get
John and Lem on the same record.
So we did the song
and John went home.
We had studio time left
cos we did it so quickly.
It was for fun. We all knew
the same songs by heart.
We said we should do an album,
so we did.
D Buys all the rock and roll books
on the magazine stand
d Every dime that he gets
is lost to the jukebox man d
This apartment is like
a fucking museum. It is a museum.
I've seen museums
with less shit in them than I got.
It's one of those things.
This was available,
and it was near the Rainbow,
which was the only point
of reference in LA I had.
All I've ever done
is stay at the Park Sunset

and come up to the Rainbow,
which was what we used to do.
Here you go.
He's pretty cool, isn't he?
That's the Metal Hammer Award.
Two of them.
This is a porcelain model of me
done by somebody
and given to me on the road.
It's pretty interesting shit.
You get given some great stuff.
The platinum album is from Joan Jett
and the gold one is from Lita Ford,
cos I wrote a song on that album.
That's from the Wacken Festival
in Germany.
And this is my clan,
my Scottish clan, Fraser.
And this is my honorary membership
in the Rangers.
There's my action figure.
You gotta keep it in the original box.
Then one day it'll probably
be worth as much as \$5!
Silver and gold record
for "Ace of Spades".
This is from Hammersmith Odeon.
This is from
"No Sleep 'til Hammersmith".
And this is by a German cat.
It's pretty good, too, huh?
I wish I hadn't dropped it.
That's the only thing.
Why not move?
Well, I'm never gonna get a place
for the money I'm paying here.
I've got a place that's rent-controlled.
They can't put it up
more than 6% a year.
I'm still only paying
I'm never gonna get a deal like that.
And I'd want to live around here
cos I like it around here.
What's your most

cherished possession in here?

My son.

Cos he's the only one I got.

I have another one but

I've never seen him so he don't count.

- Neither have I, no.

- No, neither of us. No.

His mother went

and found him two years ago.

She said he's like 5ft tall,

looks just like me,

and he's a computer

fucking programmer or something.

She's a social worker, right?

And she's put on a bit of weight so

she wears these paisley smock things.

She said he put his head in his hands

when she told him she was his mother!

She said, "I hadn't got the heart

to tell him who his father was!"

He'd probably run out on the balcony

with a fucking pistol!

You can't win 'em all, can you?

Where would you put 'em?

Yeah, but I mean...

I dunno. I just like stuff.

I've always liked stuff.

Stuff is what happens.

In your life you get stuff.

Then you lose some stuff

and you keep some stuff.

At the end you leave it

to some other poor bastard

to be saddled with it

for the rest of their lives!

Don't worry, kid.

You'll have all this shit soon enough!

- I'm looking forward to that!

- Yeah, really. I have no doubt.

- I'd rather have you than all that stuff.

- I know, yeah.

I can never imagine why that is.

Why people would rather have some

gobsmack human instead of money.

I never understood that.

- Well, money doesn't love you back.

- I don't know.

- You can spend it.

- You can imagine it does.

Paul, I know that you
met your dad when you were six.

I met him, too.

We met each other at the same time.

- Simultaneous, it was.

- Funny, that.

Like two ships
meeting in the cosmos, man.

It's like a memory that's all frayed
around the edges and sepia-toned.

Sepia.

Actually, I was sepia then.

I was almost see-through, in fact.

Yeah. I just remember tugging
at these slim legs in jeans.

- That's me, you see.

- I was small so I just saw the legs.

- Describe what happened.

- I don't remember what happened.

It was a dope deal.

I was waiting for some hash
to arrive or something.

I was in the kitchen
making a piece of toast
and this small blond child came in.

"You're my dad, I'm your son,
and my mum's in the other room."

I look round
and bloody Tracy's sitting there,
babbling like an idiot, as usual.

I don't know how he got there.

She wasn't in no dope deal
cos she didn't do drugs, right?

So why was she there?

How did she get in there?

She went looking for you.

I know that.

And that's because
when I was about four,

I was, you know,
in like a kindergarten, right,
and there was this other kid
that came up to me and he said,
"I've got a daddy and a mummy."
I was like, "I've only got a mummy."
He said, "You must have a daddy.
Everybody has a daddy and a mummy."
- So I went home and I said...
- Where's my daddy, you bitch?!
And I got this look like...
"We don't talk about him in this house!"
And then I think after that
endeavours were made
to introduce us to each other.
I didn't want to live
with his mother, you see,
because it was
only casual sex, really.
But, I mean, I love Paul.
I like Tracy. She's great.
She did a really good job
of bringing him up, up to a point.
He's turned out to be a clever kid
and he's good.
He's a great musician.
You have no idea how good he is.
My mum knew The Beatles, right?
She used to go out
with John Lennon, didn't she?
Obviously, trying to get
to Paul McCartney through him!
No, she lost her virginity
to John Lennon.
The story that I've been told
by my mum is that George liked her.
He would shyly, coyly look at her
when she walked past the bus stop
and George would be standing there.
She wasn't interested in George.
And then, you know, I don't know.
Maybe if she had been interested
in George,
it would have lasted longer

than with John!

- It didn't last long with John.

- Nope. It didn't.

But she always talked about it.

She was very smitten.

But she called you after Paul

not John, so...

Yeah, that's a strange one.

She must have been thinking

about Paul when she was with John.

Perhaps she called him Paul

and that's why it didn't last.

"Oh, I love you, Paul." "What?!"

Yeah! Paul!

- We swapped girlfriends twice.

- Yeah, we did.

At the Limelight

and then at Stringfellows, wasn't it?

We swapped girlfriends one night

and did it again two months later.

Well, a lot of chicks like that -

the old man and the son as well.

It's like screwing the daughter

and the mother at the same time.

- Yeah, that kind of thing.

- Yeah.

Doesn't it ever feel

too cluttered?

Yeah, all the time.

What do you think?

What are you doing?

Shooting my trash can?

Fuck off, man! You better not

put that in the fucking movie.

- Where's the trash can?

- There.

- I was looking at that.

- At what?

I don't know. Whatever that is.

It's a fucking Domino's bargain list.

One of my favourite memories

of my dad

is when I was six years old,

and I'd just learnt

to play three or four chords.
He came to visit and as
he was leaving, he picked up a guitar
and he started just playing
by the front door, like E major,
and we just jammed on that one chord
for about 20 minutes.
He was looking right into my face,
right into my eyes,
and just egging me on,
like, "This is the rhythm, the feel.
This is how you do it."
It was probably the third time
I had ever seen him,
so that was a major event in my life.
The nicest thing he ever said to me
was very recently
when you asked him, "What is
the most precious thing in this room?"
And he said, "My son."
I was kind of blown away by that.
I wasn't expecting that response.
I wasn't thinking he would say that.
But that was amazing.
It was wonderful.
Thank you! This is my son, Paul.
Eh? Not bad for an only child!
D Lucky thing for you, babe
I'm so lazy
d But I'm gonna pull your trigger d
- Go take it to him, Scott.
- That's some size. That's cool.
Yeah!
I present this tank.
- Isn't that bad?
- Yeah, it is.
I served several years in the US army
as a special operations soldier
in Ranger regiment and Special Forces,
and I had served
in Iraq and Afghanistan.
I know Lemmy
is a big military history buff.
My kind of rock-and-roll

connective tissue to the military
was probably Motrhead.
You know, I would wear
Motrhead T-shirts over there.
In a way kind of stating
my own individuality.
Not to glorify war or say,
"War is really cool," or whatever.
It is what it is. It's a function
of the human condition.
But Motrhead is good
go-to-war music.
He's a World War I
and World War II historian.
"1916" was their first
Grammy-nomination record
about World War I.
And he's a collector
of war memorabilia, in general.
I remember watching
a BBC documentary with him
and he's showing me this airplane,
this Messerschmitt.
I'm trying to remember what it was
and he's going, "That's wrong."
I go, "They must have
researched the shit."
Brings out three books to show me
that plane wasn't even built then.
Everybody collects something.
The drummer in my old band
used to collect elephants.
He had elephants
all over his fucking apartment.
I think I have a collection
that might warrant more interest!
This is a Damascus sword.
See the blade?
That's Damascus steel.
This is a first model dagger.
It's quite pretty, I think.
Purely decorative.
These are Masonic daggers.
Look at that, huh?

That's a nice piece, too.

This is from Toledo and not Ohio.

Look at this fucking thing!

- What is that?

- British.

That's British.

I think it's from the first war.

And this is a German bayonet.

That's seen action.

I always liked the workmanship
and the designs, you know.

They were the last great knife makers,
the last great sword makers.

It's a craft in Germany
that has largely disappeared now.

Even a lot of the American swords
were made in Germany.

In the Civil War, there were a lot
of German swords used in that war.

Up to the First World War, obviously.

I got Argentinean stuff.

I got Yugoslav, I got Croat,
Slovakian.

How long has it taken you
to amass this collection?

Years and years, right?

When I came over to the States,
I had nothing, you know.

So there we are. Come on.

- I thought I'd dress up for you.

- Yeah, you look good.

- Good to meet you.

- And you.

- Nice to meet you.

- How are you doing?

We pulled it all out. Check it out.

- MP40, G43, K98.

- That's a nice gun, that.

That's a 2519.

That's the chassis of 2-22, isn't it?

- 251.

- 251?

- There's the Hetzer.

- What was the chassis?

- A 38. A Czech chassis.
- A Czech one.
- Skoda.
- Right.
- Did you have to restore it?
- It's got the original engine in it.

There you go.

This is the smallest tank
that the Germans made.

It was made

actually in Czechoslovakia,
based on a Skoda design
from before the war.

This was called a Hetzer.

It's a 38 chassis.

This is a big gun
for a tank this size.

This is a 75mm
armour-piercing gun, you know.

This would stop anything,
more or less.

They would bury this tank
in the ground.

So all that would be visible
would be this here.

Just the gun
on the top of the tank.

So they would wait for you
to come along and just kill you!

Wars are the most interesting times.

Shows the best and worst in people.

In war you get to find out
who your real friends are.

Ask any of those boys
coming back from Iraq, you know.

Anybody who's watching
and thinks you're a Nazi,
what do you want to say to them?

Well, I've had
six black girlfriends so far.

So I'm one of the worst Nazis
you've ever met, right?

Imagine going to Nuremberg
and introducing my girlfriend

to the Fhrer.

Yeah, I don't think so.

I just dress how I like to dress.
I don't ask anybody else to do it,
you know.

It's a free country, supposedly.
If the Israeli army
had the best uniforms,
I'd collect them, but they don't.
So there you go. I can't help it.
It's ridiculous to think
that I could be a Nazi.
I'm about as far from it
as you could get.

Fire!

- How was that, Lemmy?

- That was great.

Hawkwind were really ahead
of their time.

I worship Hawkwind.

That's some genius music.

They were like a prog-rock group
that punks were allowed to like.

D I just took a ride
d On a silver machine
d And I'm still feeling mean d
It's dangerous rock and roll.
It's not choreographed.
It's not safe. It's not clichd.
You never know what you're gonna see.

That's got to be good, hasn't it?

We were a space-rock band
so a lot of the music we played
was around science-fiction stories,
which we'd sort of interpret
and put into music.

We were a pretty heavy rock band
with nice flowing electronics.

People thought
we were hippy flower people.

It fucking wasn't true.

We were like a black nightmare.

We used to lock the doors
so people couldn't get out!

It was a psychedelic experience
and no one was doing that.
We used to have
this sort of trancey beat going,
this trancey rhythm
and strobe going.
It didn't drive you insane.
It just put you into a trance.
D I got a silver machine
d I got a silver machine d
It's quite odd, as New Order,
the driving sound Hawkwind had -
the very pulsey,
percussive, keyboard sounds,
we would actually listen to that
and try and emulate it.
In songs like "Temptation"
and "Everything's Gone Green,"
we did try and rip off Hawkwind.
They represented
the first counter-culture
with IT and Oz Magazine,
and it was very romantic.
It was a wonderful time
to grow up and be a kid,
but mostly I remember standing
at the front, drooling at Stacia.
The girl with her breasts out,
which was incredible
for a 12 or 13 year-old.
It was like our education!
We were a bunch of misfits, basically.
It was like a family.
It was like a family.
We had a huge following,
because we would do any gig.
We'd do a gig in London and
it'd be like a drug dealer's convention.
Dik, Mik and Lemmy were always
into a lot of speed, and grumpy.
Dik was always grumpy
cos they'd been up for a few days.
We'd get picked up in our van,
and Lemmy would be all surly

and slam the door and sit down.
We were in the States touring.
We were in Niles, Michigan,
on the way to Detroit.
Niles is on the other side
of Michigan from where Detroit is.
So we pulled over
at a roadhouse to eat,
and I wasn't hungry,
being a speed freak.
I just got this new camera,
so I went out, prowling round,
looking for things to photograph.
And I got conked over the head
in this abandoned housing project
and fucking came round
without my camera, without any money.
I go back to the roadhouse
and they'd gone, dumped me there.
I mean, what kind of shit is that?
One of your band members is missing
after a meal and you just drive off?
That's not the way I work.
And so now I'm stuck here.
I have to hitch across Michigan.
I go up to my room,
crash out for about two hours,
down to sound check, do the show.
Crossing into Canada the next day,
I get busted for speed.
In jail for two days in Canada,
handcuffed to a fucking iron bar.
Then I get the news,
as I'm going into Essex County jail,
with overalls over my arm,
going into the delousing section,
this voice behind me says,
"You're bailed, Kilmister."
"Ah, thank you."
Flown to Toronto immediately.
Do the show.
Four o'clock in the morning, fired.
They only got me out of jail
because my replacement

couldn't make it in time.
I found Lemmy in certain ways
quite hard to work with
because we were in a band where
everybody was taking different drugs.
So you had this sort of disparity
between people
of where they were and
what sort of wavelength they were on.
I was into psychedelics myself -
pot, mushrooms and peyote,
all that sort of thing.
Pretty calm stuff, you know.
And I think Lemmy
was more into amphetamines.
He used to hang the band up
cos he was never on time to leave
when we had to catch a flight and
we'd all be downstairs waiting to go.
And it'd be, "Christ, where is he?"
And he'd be still in bed.
You'd shake him.
"Come on, Lemmy!"
It did cause a lot of stress
within the band.
All of us got pissed off over it.
It wasn't just one or two.
Then he got busted
at the border, sort of thing,
which, when you're on tour
with all the stress factors,
is like the last straw.
And the majority of the band said,
"Enough's enough," and that was it.
When I arrived at the gig, I said,
"Where the fuck's Lemmy?"
And they said this other guy,
Paul Rudolph, was taking his place,
that they'd sacked Lemmy.
I was devastated,
but I'm the type of person who...
I keep a lot inside, so...
I think I just carried on,
but I was devastated.

It was quite a sad thing, actually.

Very sad.

I mean, he was very upset over it.

We all were, really.

It was coming for a long time.

It was '70s drug snobbery.

Like, they were all just doing organic drugs, man.

I was doing speed and organic drugs, so they didn't like that.

He hated us for it all.

Well, you would do, wouldn't you?

He described me

as a sanctimonious, self-righteous asshole.

And I thought, "All right.

That's what he thinks of me."

I went home and screwed

three of their old ladies. Ha ha ha!

Well, you know, "Vengeance is sweet, saith the Lord."

And I must admit, I was banging one of them already before we left.

But it was a great time.

I wouldn't have traded it for any other band ever.

I'd probably be in that band now if they hadn't fired me.

But there you are. It was quite good for him cos look where he is now!

How long have I been on the road?

- 19 years?

- Yeah. Give or take a year.

- Isn't it boring after a while?

- No.

Why is there

so much violence on the road?

Why do you break things?

When you start,

when you start doing things...

What fucking violence?

I don't know what you mean about violence.

You wanna see some violence, baby?

Come and see me!
Don't break it!
No! Not me!
Want to do an interview?
D Sunrise wrong side of another day
d Sky-high and 6,000 miles away
d Don't know
how long I've been awake d
Lemmy was
at the beginning of heavy metal.
Maybe even pre-Black Sabbath.
If they'd said to me,
"Who was the original metal band?"
It was a toss between Lemmy
and Black Sabbath,
but I would say Lem and Motrhead.
D Motrhead,
you can call me Motrhead all night d
They took elements of what existed
as heavy metal, mixed it with punk,
and created this
frantic, intense, powerful music form
that went on to define
heavy metal as we know it.
It was brash, in-your-face.
It was like getting socked
by an overhand right,
like Mike Tyson in his prime.
I remember you'd turn the radio on
and it was like really rancid disco,
bad boy-band pop music.
The Osmonds, stuff like that.
You'd go and see a Motrhead show
and it was completely different.
D Silver-tongued devil
the demon leech
d I know just what I'm doing
d I like a little innocent bitch d
I could not believe
that there was a guy
singing like that on a record.
People were digging it.
It was like, "Whoa!"
One headline we had was "Worst Band

in the World", but it was in big letters.
I mean, it was fucking great.
You didn't give a fuck.
You kind of care up to a point,
but the kids were turning up.
"I want to see the worst band
in the world. They must be great."
Motrhead was speed music,
with three people on speed.
Consistency of energy
could be contributed to that,
and our slim figures!
Everybody tried
to be that heavy after that.
Nobody's achieved it.
We fancied ourselves.
Guns N' Roses did.
If we could be close to as heavy
as Motrhead, we'd be successful.
Back when I was young, like 19,
late-'70s, early-'80s,
we were very punk rock.
I had my shelf of my old rock records
I bought as a kid -
Steve Miller,
Aerosmith, Led Zeppelin.
All these bands I used to go see.
And then punk rock happened,
and I saw The Clash and The Ramones.
All of a sudden
that's the old in with the new.
And you'd see someone with long hair,
"He's a hippy."
"I can't listen to that music
cos Johnny Rotten says..."
And then someone would pull out
the "Ace of Spades" record,
and you're like, "Wait a minute,"
because this kind of goes against
the gospel of the punk rock.
They're long hairs and it's metal
but you put the record on and go,
"Damn, man! I can't help it.
I'm a Motrhead fan."

D Playing hide-and-seeK
cos I'm a speed freak d
It was their look,
their attitude, their music.
You felt by listening to their records
that they didn't fit in.
You felt that.
When you didn't fit in yourself,
there was that instant
lightening-bolt connection,
"Oh, shit. They're one of us."
I think that this tour
is the antidote to Simon Cowell
and all the evil shit music
that he's purveying!
If there's one man on this tour
that embodies the spirit of rock and roll
more than Lemmy, show him to me!
Ladies and gentleman,
the great man himself, Lemmy!
D Be a man can a mystery man
d Be a doll be a baby doll d
The Damned split up, and Brian James
went off and did other stuff,
and we thought, "Could we possibly
have a Damned without Brian?"
We needed someone
who could really play bass.
We asked Lemmy and he instantly said
he would do some gigs with us.
As a laugh, me and Scabies said,
"Let's see
if he'll play SOS by ABBA."
We thought there was no way
in the world. We did it as a joke.
Lemmy said,
"Yeah, I'll give that a go."
He played a whole bunch
of Damned songs.
We did one of his, one Motrhead song,
and we fucking ruined it!
Yeah, he wasn't pleased about that.
He said,
"I learned all your shitty songs."

"You ruined my one. One fucking song!
You bunch of cunts!"
The great man himself!
- "Killed by Death".
- "Metropolis".
- "Overkill".
- "I Don't Believe a Word".
People might say,
"'Killed by Death'? That's stupid."
No, you're stupid.
Lemmy is an amazing lyricist,
a powerful lyricist.
Sharp, smart.
The first lyrics are twisted.
They're just straight in your face.
"Don't talk to me.
I don't believe a word."
"But that's the way I like it, baby.
I don't want to live for ever."
Who could say it better?
That is one of the most prolific lines.
"You win some, you lose some.
It's all the same to me."
I kind of live by that.
Fuck Keith Richards,
fuck all those dudes
that fucking survived the '60s,
and are fucking flying around
on Leer jets,
you know, living up
to their gunslinger reputation
as they fuck supermodels
in the most expensive hotel in Paris.
You know what Lemmy's doing?
Lemmy's probably drinking Jack and
Cokes and writing another record.
Two, three, four!
One of the lyrics that Lemmy wrote
for me was "Mama, I'm Coming Home".
And it's really a haunting feeling.
When I get someone who doesn't know
what the situation with my wife and I is,
it's spooky when somebody writes
a lyric and you sing that lyric

and you go, "Fucking hell.
It's so close to home."
Every time I play that on stage,
I get a chill up my spine.
D Just a clown in a one-horse town
d In a broke down second-hand car
d Can you still get it up?
Or are we pushing too hard?
D I think if you ever had a beautiful girl
d You had to use your MasterCard d
- Nah.
- Let's go again.
'D Can you still get it up?
Or are we pushing too hard? '
D If you wanna get your hands
on the beautiful girl
'd You gotta use a MasterCard d'
- Let's listen to what we have, OK?
- Yeah.
Look, pills. Ooh!
What kind of pills are they?
Vitamins?
No.
Diabetes.
And...
...one for blood pressure, I think.
I told 'em
my blood's pressing just fine.
Every time I cut myself
it comes right out.
OK, let's hear it.
'D Or are we pushing too hard?
'D If you wanna get your hands
on a beautiful girl
'd You gotta use a MasterCard
'd There's no excuse for bullshit
'd So don't try to feed me none
'd You better shake some action,
bring it on, bring it on d'
We were talking
and he asked me about a quad injury.
I had torn my quad
maybe a year before that.
He said out of nowhere, "When you tore

your quad, did you think that was it?
"Did you think your career was over?
Were you finished?"
I said, "It went through my head,
but I kept going with it."
He said,
"When they told me I was diabetic
"and I was really sick with it",
which was right before he did my song,
"at first I thought,
'I'm done. It's all over.'"
And then he said,
"I started thinking about it
and what the fuck am I gonna do?
"I've lived my whole life this way.
"I've done everything I've done
to get to where I'm at.
"I'm not gonna change."
The quote that sticks with me was,
"I do all the stuff that I do
drug-wise and drinking-wise
"and at the end of the day,
I'm too old to find God now."
I'm touring, man!
He wanted us to do a couple
of songs with him in the studio.
He came in there
with Maker's Mark whiskey
and I started drinking with him.
And we really didn't get much done
because we were just drinking.
He was playing guitar
and showing me stuff.
And then we'd stop
and drink, drink, drink, drink.
And the next day
I had to go to the hospital.
Lemmy gave me
alcohol poisoning, basically!
There's the Marlboro Reds,
the Jack Daniel's, the speed,
the strippers and the gambling.
That's what he likes.
I remember sitting with Zakk,

and he's showing us Beatles footage
and he says,
"Do you want a Jack Daniel's?"
Me and Zakk are like, "Far out."
And I remember this.
He takes out
a fifth of Jack Daniel's
and cracks the seal
and hands it to me.
Zakk and I take a swig of it and
Zakk goes to hand it back to Lemmy.
Lemmy is opening another fifth for me
and another fifth for him.
He wanted us to drink the whole fifth
like we were drinking a beer!
We're like, "Holy shit! No!"
The first time I ever met the guy,
he says hello
and proceeds
to offer me crystal meth.
This is a fucking hardcore dude.
I will say this,
I've never, ever, ever seen Lemmy
incapacitated by booze or anything.
I have not seen him
fall off the stage.
I haven't seen him say stupid things.
I haven't seen his life crumble
because of it.
It would be pretty scary
to have Lemmy completely sober
and on you, man!
By the law of averages,
he should have been dead.
We all used to hit it really hard.
But I don't know.
He's made of fucking iron.
No, I don't really want
to advertise all that.
I don't want kids
to take any drugs cos of me.
I don't want them
to stay off drugs cos of me, either.
But I don't want to advertise a lifestyle

that killed a lot of my friends.

OK?

'Another question for Lemmy.'

'Yeah. Lemmy,

what do you credit your longevity to?

'You drink, you smoke, you party a lot.

I wanna know what you credit it to.'

Not dying. That's the secret.

That's the secret of survival - not dying.

I don't know. I was lucky, right?

Cos a lot of my friends
didn't make it and I did.

I never did heroin, see.

That was the one.

I never saw anybody die
on anything else.

When I was about 17 years old,
he said to me,

"Son, promise me
when you grow up..."

you know,

"...don't do coke.

Please. Just don't do coke."

And I was like, "OK."

And he says, "Just do speed.

It's much better for you!"

When you think back on it, Motrhead
was the original thrash band.

Everything about them.

They played fast. It was gnarly.

It was a little loose.

It had some punk rock, it had metal.

It had all the elements that
we then later perfected and refined
and then we became part
of the big four of thrash metal.

D Ain't a hope in hell,

nothing's gonna bring us down d

You could definitely say without

Motrhead, there's no Metallica,

there's no Anthrax, no Megadeth,

probably no Slayer.

There could have been those bands

but it would have been Anthrax-light.

D You know I'm bad the times I've had d
The man influenced me big time
as a bass player
because of the levels of distortion,
the speed and the power of it all,
and the relentlessness of it.
I can't even begin
to say how much of an influence
Motrhead have been on us.
I mean,
on a bunch of different levels.
I'll give you a list of things
that were lifted from Lemmy.
Musical level.
Singing style.
Lyric phrasing, the simplicity,
the rhyming scheme of it all.
- Attitude.
- Trying to be as cool as Lemmy.
Motivation. Perseverance. The look.
His facial hair in the early days,
for me, was all about that.
The bullet belt. Come on!
Lemmy, to me,
is not just an inspiration.
I think he's kind of like the OK sign.
It's OK to go this far.
It's OK to do this.
It's like he's kicked the door open
for a lot of bands
that were feeling
like they wanted more.
D Only way to feel the noise... d
I can't sing that way.
It's like the opposite.
I gotta sing down here.
- You like it lower.
- Yeah.
D You take the high mic
and I'll take the low mic d
- What's up, motherfuckers?
- Hello, sir!
- Great to see you, brother.
- Good to see you, too.

Hey, Lem, what's happening?

- How you doing, bro?

- Good.

So I'll do the first one,
and you'll do the second one?

- Yeah.

- Do the third one together?

- Or a line each, or what?

- You do the high harmony?

Not any more, no.

Grab your balls and you go, "Ahhh!"

That's the theory, yeah.

What ending do you have for

"Damage Case"? How do you end it?

He stops and I stop

and then you're the last to stop.

- We'll figure it out when we get there.

- How?

Don't be under any illusion

we know what we're doing.

Let's see what happens.

Let's have fun with it.

It's a three count.

It goes, "One, two, three!"

Isn't it time to go home?

No!

I didn't think so.

You can see there's an extra amp
up on stage here.

We have the distinct pleasure
of inviting on stage with us
one of our all-time idols.

And I know the reason
that Lars is so into music... Right?

He followed him around,
pestered him for ever.

I think he even threw up on him.
Something like that.

Lars is the biggest Motrhead fan
on the planet, all right?

And here is the godfather
of heavy metal.

From Motrhead, the one and only
Lemmy Kilmister!

Lemmy, Lemmy, Lemmy!

Lemmy, Lemmy, Lemmy!

All right!

D Hey, babe, don't look so scared
d All I want is some special care
d I'm on the run from some institution
d All I need's a little consolation
d And I can tell by your face
d I'm all over the place
d Let me inside your place
d Move over for a damage case
d Hey, babe, don't act so scared
d All I want is some special care
d I ain't looking to victimise you
d All I wanna do is tantalise you
d And I can tell by your face
d That I'm all over the place
d I'm a total disgrace
d Move over for a damage case
d Move over
d Hey, babe, don't turn away
d I'm here tomorrow, I'm gone today
d I ain't looking to victimise you
d All I want to do is tantalise you
d And I can tell by your face
d I'm all over the place
d I'm all over the place
d Move over for a damage case
d Damage case d

Yeah!

Good job, man!

Thanks, James. Good job!

- Good job!

- Thanks, man.

Lemmy, Lemmy, Lemmy!

'Stacey. You dropped
your pom-pom in the water.

- 'I'll get it for you.'

- 'I'll come with you.'

'Wait a minute. We don't want
to get our sweaters wet.

'Better take 'em off.'

'Splash fight! '

D Hit it

d Louie, Louie, oh, babe
d We gotta go
d Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay d
I hadn't seen Lemmy and
the boys for a decade or whatever.
I wound up doing a show with them
and, surprise, surprise,
same dudes were on the crew
as back in the early '80s!
Here it is, the '90s, and they're like,
"Dee, how you doing?"
I'm like, "Holy crap!"
But this is Lemmy.
It was just a big family thing,
without getting too clich.
We rely on each other.
We love each other, hate each other.
We love to hate each other.
We've done a tour,
we've gone home, come back.
The first time you see them again,
it just feels tight.
There's not that band-crew thing
with this lot. It's just friends.
What other job can you get paid
for travelling around the world,
meeting great fucking amazing people
and seeing Motrhead every night?
D Happy birthday to you
d Happy birthday to you
d Happy birthday, dear Roger
d Happy birthday to you d
- Eat your cake!
- I'm gonna, fucker!
In rock and roll bands that I've been in,
the money comes into play
and attitudes change.
You wanna act like a rock star.
Motrhead doesn't do that.
Motrhead isn't into that.
Motrhead is in it
for the music, for the fans.
D Well, we came up from the gutter
d The wrong side of the tracks d

We still have a goal, you know,
to move this band forward,
and to sound the best
and to be able to write good records.
There's no faking going on here.
I used to say there's not
a fake bone in Lem's body,
and that really is true, you know.
I can say the same
for Phil and myself, as well.
We're not faking us through
year after year,
pretending or so.
And I think that is reflecting out.
It's like an aura around us, I suppose.
We've had
quite a few people tell us
our music got them through
particularly low times in their lives.
It does something to us when we play.
For some reason, it's great.
I don't know what it is we do,
but it gives you a good feeling.
I guess it's the same for the fans.
I asked him for his autograph
when I was 12.
He came to my home town,
when he was with Hawkwind
and he was the only one
to sign autographs.
If somebody had said,
"You're gonna be in a big rock band
with this guy for a quarter of a century,"
I would have said, "Come on."
But it's a good story. It's quite inspiring.
Anything can happen.
Fucking microphone!
What's the point? Listen to it!
Didn't you know
it was doing that all afternoon?
Has nobody tested the mic before?
I've done gigs with Motrhead
and gone to sound check.
It's so fucking loud,

you really can't do much.
There's a lot of yelling going on.
One, two, three!
That's perfect. Just a bit more.
An ear doctor would be amazed
at just how well Lemmy can hear,
considering the abuse
he gives his ears.
There's one thing about Lemmy,
he'll always hear you
if you offer him a drink,
even if you walk up behind him!
We're the loudest band in the world,
in the Guinness Book of Records.
That's what people want.
They want it loud, they want it fast,
they want it Lemmy.
Is it loud enough?
No!
You want it louder?
Are you sure about that?
This is from "Inferno."
It's called "Killers."
We went in to record
"Power, Corruption and Lies"
in Britannia Row
in Islington in London
and the people
that had been in before us hadn't...
You're supposed to level the desk.
When you leave, you take
the strip off and you level the desk,
put it back to how it was,
and they hadn't done it,
presumably because it was late
when they finished.
And I said,
"Rotten fuckers. Who was it?"
He went, "Oh, it was Motrhead."
I'm like, "Fucking great!"
So we put my bass
through his channels on the desk.
And it sounded shit!
When I think of Motrhead,

I don't think subtlety.
I think of a door blown open.
His voice, it's rasp, you know.
It's like eating fucking nails.
It's more like a wind coming at you.
I have the impression
that someone's spanking my ears!
Everything starts going grainy.
That's it - it's like being in a sandstorm.
That's it. That's it.
It's the oral equivalent of being
in a sandstorm, I would say.
When the lights go down
and that motherfucker hits the stage
and blows that cigarette out
and winds into the bass,
it's game over, man.
Drag anybody to a Motrhead show
and they're gonna go...
d If you like to gamble, I'm your man
d You win some, you lose some,
it's all the same to me
d The pleasure is to play,
it makes no difference what you say
d I don't share your greed,
the only card I need
d The ace of spades,
the ace of spades, all right
d Playing for the high one,
dancing with the devil
d Going with the flow,
it's all a game to me
d Seven or eleven,
snake eyes watching you
d Double up or quit,
double stakes or split
d The ace of spades,
the ace of spades, all right
d You know I'm born to lose,
and gambling's for fools
d But that's the way I like it baby
I don't wanna live for ever
d That's right, baby
d I'm gonna burn everything I have

d Pushing up the ante
I know you've got to see me
d Read 'em and weep,
the dead man's hand again
d I see it in your eyes,
take one look and die
d The only thing you see,
you know it's gonna be
d The ace of spades,
the ace of spades, all right d
Thank you kindly.
'Next election,
I'm gonna run against you and win.'
'You wanna take me on? Fine.
'But if you plan to beat me,
you'll have to... '
- 'What is it? '
- 'A bee just flew in through that door.
'Don't move.'
'Now look who's made it.
'First order of business,
free honey for everyone!
'Yeah! Made of bee! Made of bee!
'Ow! Oh, done stung myself.'
'D He's a family guy
'd Lucky there's a man
who positively can do
'd All the things that make us
laugh and cry
'd He's a family guy d'
d My ma told me lots of things
d About the life we lead d
Everything about Lemmy's playing
sets him apart
from other bass players.
For that matter, any other musician.
I think the biggest thing is
the Rickenbacker and the Marshalls.
That's a sound I don't think
I've ever heard anybody create on bass.
And he plays it a lot like
some heavy metal guitar players play.
He doesn't play guitar on bass,
but it almost sounds like guitar.

The basic difference is that
most bass players sounds like this...

Whereas I...

...sound quite different.

Like that.

I always wanted that sound.

I didn't necessarily know it then.

It evolves, you know.

- What would you say, Tim?

- What's that?

How would you say my bass playing
encompasses my personality
and my outlook on life, generally,
in the modern 21st century already?

I think the phrase

"hammer and tongs" comes to mind.

Really? Not a hammer and anvil?

- An anvil and tongs.

- An anvil and tongs and hammer.

- And stuff like that.

- Very hard.

Actually, he's never heard us...

Nobody fucking understands
a thing we say.

We're just two geezers trying
to get along backstage, you know.

- And everything like that.

- And things like that.

Americans usually have
a nervous breakdown around now!

He's dead, isn't he?

How do you sell a deaf guy a frog?

Do you want to buy a frog?

How do you make a dead baby float?

Two scoops of ice cream,
two scoops of dead baby!

Is it still as fun as it used to be
to go around the world
and play concerts?

Yeah, it's great. It's a great job.

I recommend it.

It's almost as good
as being a TV interviewer!

You see any?

What makes you the proudest
in your career?
Survival, I think.
Every year that goes by,
I get a bit prouder.
Cos we proved
that we weren't the trash band
that they said we were originally.
And every year we survive
proves it a little bit more.
You know, like that, right?
What keeps you going?
What keeps you going and going?
Well, see, you have a dream
when you're a kid,
and my dream came true,
so why stop it?
Oh, until 2047.
Then I might slow down a bit.
Might be 2048. I don't know.
I love everything about Lemmy.
The music. Fucking everything.
There's nothing
not to like about Motrhead.
It's the band that's got it all.
They're hardcore.
A proper hardcore band.
They're not like Saxon and all that shit.
They're excellent.
They've always been full-on.
Motrhead set a standard
for all the others to follow.
Every time you see them live,
they make you deaf.
I don't have to listen to my wife.
For about five days out of every year,
my wife is totally ignored because...
"Sorry, darling, I can't hear you.
I just can't hear you!"
They've made me stone deaf for ever!
D Rock and roll to save your soul
d And I got it
d Give it to me loud and free
d Don't knock it

d Let me hear it till the end of time,
it's the only way
d Send shivers up and down your spine,
you can't stop it
d I'm telling you one more time
d It ain't no crime
d Rock it
d It's the only way to fly,
I gotta have it
d Break through,
gonna break you too
d You better grab it
d Let me hear it till the end of time,
it's the only way
d It'll stop you on a dime,
you can't stop it
d I'm telling you one more time
d It ain't no crime
d Rock it
d Say it
d Rock and roll music
gonna stop the world
d Can't lose it
d It'll make your toenails curl,
you can't defuse it
d Gonna hear it all the time,
it's the only way
d Gonna make you feel all right
d You can't excuse it
d I'm telling you one more time,
it ain't no crime
d Rock it
d Rock it, rock it d
That's all right.
It's the biggest thing
that's ever happened to me. It's huge.
I love that guy!
He's so much nicer
than I thought he would be.
- Why is that?
- He's really humble.
I thought he'd be like,
"I don't give a shit."
When I said, "Your music

really means something to me,"
he looks at me and says,
"Thank you."
That really means something to me.
To look at, he's very intimidating,
but this is one of the nicest guys
you could ever meet.
So many people hit him for stuff
and you just look at him.
Most of the people in his position
would not pay attention
to half of these things, and this is a guy
who'd go out of his way to help anybody.
You see it in his heart.
I was married before, right,
and we were all on the road together.
My husband was a huge...
My husband, Matthew, had come
from Indiana, just a Redneck kid.
He idolised Lemmy -
huge Motrhead fan.
So we're on tour with Motrhead,
and me and Lemmy
immediately have this connection.
My marriage was heavily
on the rocks, you know.
Lemmy - my husband just
wouldn't talk to him or anything.
Lemmy would come up with T-shirts
and be like, "Hey, Matt," you know.
And when we actually separated,
he was telling all these people in town...
We were from Athens, Georgia,
so it's a small town.
He was telling all these people that
me and Lemmy were having this affair.
So he...
Eight months later he... died.
When I was going through his things -
his mother gave me his things -
I found a letter from Lemmy.
He had written him a letter
saying, you know,
"I know at one point

you really liked my band.
"Just so that you know, for the record,
Corey and I are really good friends.
"There is mutual love
and respect there.
"She did nothing but talk about
how much she loved you.
"I would never cross that line.
I'm not that type of man."
And it was just so cute,
because when you read the letter,
it was like, "I know at one time
you liked me and my band,"
and it's Lemmy of fucking Motrhead!
It's so bizarre, but he wrote
this really beautiful letter to him
with the red candle wax
with the stamp on it on the back
and sent it to him.
That type of shit, man.
You know, it's like...
He's a very, very honourable,
generous, good, good man.
He's very much
a complex emotional person
but there is a kind of a distance
that he's purposely put
in between there.
Do you know what I mean?
And I think a lot of that is,
from what he tells me,
from his youth,
and how he's always had
to look out for himself.
He's realised that 90% of the time
the only person
he can depend on is himself.
Tell me about
the most important people in your life.
My mother, obviously,
cos she brought me up on her own.
And my granny
for filling in during the day.
They were really important.

They really dictated
my outlook on things.
Being brought up
by two women is different
from having the big heavy husband
in the house.
So I never got, "Let's go out
and kill small furry animals, son."
I never had that shit going on.
I just never missed a father because
I never had one so I didn't care.
He was just a miserable
little dickhead with glasses
and all he ever did for me
was walk out on me.
I think I understand women
a lot better than some guys do.
Women want
the same things as guys do.
They just don't want them for as long.
Guys want the quick fuck
in the alley all their lives.
Girls get tired of that pretty quick.
They want security.
Security means you have to give up
everything that might be a risk to that,
which is why I'm not married.
My dad once went out with a woman
that he really fell in love with
when he was very young -
he must have been about 17.
And this girl died
of a heroin overdose.
You know, my dad is anti-heroin.
He will not have anything to do
with someone who is on smack.
But this girl,
and I think it's because of this girl,
because he really loved this girl,
and she...
He found her in the bathtub.
He found her dead in the tub.
I think that, as I can recall,
he sat in an armchair

for, like, three days.
He hasn't been able
to feel the same way
about any other woman
since that woman.
That might be a part
of why he is the way he is.
I don't miss her any more.
It's been a long time. '73.
That's a long enough time.
I can't even...
Some of the time
you can't even picture her face.
I can picture Suzy's.
She was all right.
She died young and left
a beautiful corpse, you know.
When they do that, it's easy
to think that they were the one.
She probably wasn't,
cos she was
a mouthy little bitch as well.
But she was great at the same time.
For a woman to be really interesting,
she's got to be
something of a bitch, surely.
Somebody going, "Yes, sir," all the time,
that's no fucking good, is it?
You want somebody to give you
a run for your money.
No relationship can survive
a guy or girl being in a rock band
unless the other partner
is also in a rock band.
And even then it's difficult.
You're away seven months of the year.
Nobody's going to stand for that.
Either they go with you,
which doesn't work,
or they sit at home
and have affairs.
Or if they take care of the kids,
they're building up resentment
cos they think you're having

a whale of a time on the road.
It can't work.
It's one of those things.
You have to make up your mind
between rock and roll or your beloved,
and since sex only lasts
half an hour at the very top
and a rock and roll set
lasts an hour and a half,
I think we got that one sorted out.
Do you ever stop filming?
Huh?
What a pity
you haven't got smell-on-vision.
Here you are.
'D Here's a little song I wrote
'd You might want to sing it
note for note
'd Don't worry
'd Be happy
'd Don't worry, be happy now
'd Ooo, ooo, ooo, ooo
'd Don't worry
'd Ooo, ooo, ooo, ooo
'd Be happy
'd Don't worry, be happy d'
d Well, if I'm in heaven
d Or if I'm in hell
d Don't matter to me
d Cos I'm under your spell
d I'm playing haste
d Trying to make you see
d Don't matter to me
d I'm over my head
d And I'm driving to shore
d Don't matter to me
d Like I told you before
d I'll sleep like a stone
d If you're leaving me
d Don't matter to me
d Babe, you know I love you
d But you can't break my heart
d I wanna be here with you
d But you're tearing me apart

d I want you to be the only one
d I want you to be mine
d But if you're gonna be this way
d I just don't have the time
d I don't know if I should stay
d Or if I should go
d Don't matter to me
d If I can't see you no more
d If you shoot out my lights
d Black night's where I'll be
d It don't matter to me d
I just can imagine the party
where everybody's
gonna celebrate his life someday.
It's gonna be like for a head of state.
I think he'll be sorely missed
throughout the world when he goes,
but I think the way it will be,
and the way he'd want it as well,
there's not gonna be many tears shed
but many
"what fucking great times we had!"
Do you know what I mean?
It's gonna be one of those -
a sad day but also a day
where everybody's gonna get together
and talk about the great fucking times
that they had with him and his music.
I don't know how old he is
and I don't care. He could be 100.
The fact that he's up there still doing it
is absolute inspiration for us.
We got nothing to complain about
and everything to look forward to.
This is what I am.
This is what I do.
This is what I'm supposed to do.
Right here.
I'm supposed to be backstage,
waiting to go on, you know.
If your life was a movie,
how would you want it to end?
It should end
with the clap of thunder

and me vanishing
off the top of the mountain,
leaving behind a plaque which says,
"Fooled you, again."
Something along those lines.
But we can't afford the mountain
and we can't afford the flash powder
and we can't get the cameras
up the slope.
So there you go.
You can't have everything, can you?
Where would you put it?
- Any regrets?
- None. Life's too short.
Motrhead! Motrhead!
I would like to say that you are one
of the best fucking crowds
we ever played for.
Thank you!
Don't forget us.
We are Motrhead,
and we play rock and roll!
D Only way to feel the noise
is when it's good and loud
d So good I can't believe it
screaming with the crowd
d Don't sweat it, get it back to you
d Don't sweat it, get it back to you
d Overkill, overkill
d Overkill
d On your feet you feel the beat
d Goes straight to your spine
d Shake your head you must be dead
d If it don't make you fly
d Don't sweat it, get it back to you
d Don't sweat it, get it back to you
d Overkill, overkill
d Overkill
d Say it
d Know your body's made to move
d You feel it in your guts
d Rock and roll ain't worth the name
d if it don't make you strut
d Don't sweat it, get it back to you

d Don't sweat it, get it back to you
d Overkill
d Overkill
d Say it d
- All for one.
- And all for another fucking year.
Yeah, it was a good one this year.
Fuck off back
to your dressing rooms now.
It was all right this show,
wasn't it?
- Bugger off, Greg!
- Yeah, give it a rest.
Not in the elevator.
Give it a break. Oi!
All right, go away.
Fuck off with the cameras, boys.
There they are.
What's the matter with you, pal?
You want a mouth full of broken teeth?
- Cheers, guys.
- Cheers, man. Good to see you again.
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