

# Motley Crue, Hammered

Act like Jesus crucified again.

These four walls are closing in.

Who and what do you think you are, a rich mother fucker in a fancy car?

Concrete jackel suckin' on the past, goldcard junkie kissin' money's ass.

You're the monkey on my back and it's time for you to go.

Hammered.

You're more harm than my old vice and I don't want to know.

Hey, Hey, you're hammer, hammer poor.

Now you're feelin' low, tired and beaten.

Bring you some blades and daggers, pierce your soul.

Hell, ain't livin' six feet in the hole.

Get down on your knees in Hollywood time to Kiss some, some ass. Hey, Mr. big time Hollywood, tell your story walkin' if you think you could.

Your money's runnin' low from your cocaine whores, nothin' but a rat scratchin' at my door.

Hey, now I've said all I'm gonna say.

time will judge, see who fades away.

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