

Motley Crue, Poison Apples

Took a Greyhound Bus down to Heartattack and Vine with a fistful of dreams and dimes.

So far out didn't know that I was in.

Had a taste for a life of slime.

When push came to shove, the music was the drug and the band always got to play.

Sex, smack, rock, roll, mainline, overdose.

Man, we lived it night and day.

We loved our Mott The Hoople, it kept us all so enraged.

And you loved us and you loved us and you loved us.

We're so fuckin' beautiful!

Pretty little poison apples, see the scars tattooed on our face.

It's your disgrace.

Pretty little poison apples, mama said, "Now don't you walk this way, just find some faith."

Tabloid sleeze just maggots on their knees diggin' in the dirt for slag.

Moonshine, strychnine, speedball, shootin' lines.

Anything to push their rags.

Still we love our Mott The Hoople, it keeps us all so enraged.

And you love us and you hate us and you love us.

We're so fuckin' beautiful!

Pretty little poison apples, see the scars tattooed on our face.

It's your disgrace.

Pretty pretty poison apples, mama said, "Now don't you walk this way, just find some faith."

Blueprints for disaster.

You better not push me 'cause I'll bring you to your knees, oo, to your knees.

Blueprints for disaster.

You better not love me 'cause I'll bring you to your knees, mama, to your knees.

Pretty little poison apples, mama said, "Now don't you walk this way, just find some faith, faith, faith, yeah."

Pretty little poison apples.

Pretty, pretty poison apples.