

Lunachicks, Born To Be Mild

Oh Jesus loves you
get on your knees and pray
you'll die and go to heaven
but here in hell we'll stay
our Bible is our music, and tha guitar is our Lord
vicious licks and broken picks
we are the evil horde
the bleedind heart of Jesus
is hanging on our souls
lightning strikes for wretched sin
and death and rock and roll
don't wanna be like anyone
we stand out in the crowd
drinkin, smokin, hanging out
we like our music loud

Chorus

we were made to be bad
and it might make you mad
we're so wild
you're Born 2 B Mild

denim jeans and sticky dreams
just a rock & roll machine
hanging out with all our friends
we make the people scream!
dont want your god, we have our own
dont wanna be just another clone
you have your happy family
Joseph, Jesus and Mary
we prefer a wall of noise
and foxy long haired boys
if you die before you wake
you pray the lord your soul to take
don't you see it's all so fake
too bad for you to have that fate

Chorus

preachin on the subways
for all the world to hear
'cause were to ones you fear