

# 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