

Motley Crue, Hell On High Heels

Bashful Betty such a bondage brat
Dressed in latex and coated in sewer rats
A serpents tounge, calculating mind
Gets top dollar for the hip shake divine

Look to the sky
There's no rain in sight
Better wear your rubber boys
If Betty is your date tonight

My honey, it's how ya makin' money
Boys call ya
Hell on high heels
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
Town calls ya
Hell on high heels

Sexy suki little geisha girl
Giving every samurai a twirl
An HIV, VIP
Backseat panties down around her knees

She ain't got no money
Can't pay her rent
It's a sunny day now baby
Every night on her back that's spent

My honey, it's how ya makin' money
Boys call ya

Hell on high heels
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
Town calls ya
Hell on high heels
My honey, it's how ya makin' money
Boys call ya
Hell on high heels
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
Town calls ya
Hell on high heels
Wow!
My honey, it's how ya makin' money
Boys call ya
Hell on high heels
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
Town calls ya
Hell on high heels

My honey, it's how ya makin' money
Boys call ya
Hell on high heels
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
(walk it, talk it)
Town calls ya
(Hell on high, high, high heels)
My honey, it's how ya makin' money
Boys call ya
Hell on high heels
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Hell on high heels
Wow!
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
Walk it, talk it oh yeah!
Town calls ya

Hell on high heels
(Hell on high, high, high heels)
My honey, it's how ya makin' money
(money, money)
Boys call ya
Hell on high heels
(Hell on high, high, high heels)
My baby, the way you walk it talk it
Boys calls ya
Hell on high heels

Oh baby nice shoes.