

Motley Crue, Hooligan's Holiday

I'm on a holiday, hooligan's holiday.

Drop dead beauties stompin' up a storm, lines of hell on our face.
Bruised bad apples crawling through the night, busted loose, runaway, oo, runaway.

Always, always a thrill without a motive.
30 days, such a haze.

Everybody wants a piece of the action.
Everybody wants a piece of the pie.

We're on a holiday, hooligan's holiday.
I'm on a holiday, hooligan's.
I gotta get away, hooligan's holiday.
We're on a holiday, hooligan's, yeah. Cross-eyed derilicts comin', iron horse
between our legs.
Tattoos, black manes flowin'.
Everyday's a holiday.

Everybody wants a piece of the action.
Everybody wants a piece of the pie.
They want a piece of mind.

We're on a holiday, hooligan's holiday.
I'm on a holiday, hooligan's.
I gotta get away, hooligan's holiday.
We're on a holiday, hooligan's.

Modern times and new blood's pumpin'.
Only the strong survive.