

Motley Crue, L.A.M.F.

Slithering towards the dream
All infected with the same disease
Awaiting your flesh to be cloaked in silver
As the fat rats grovel
Ready to steal your innocence
And exploit your soul

Some will hit their knees
In a rancid act of desperation
While others search
For a hopeless god to save them

For every four, there will be 100,000 fallen
Drowning in a cesspool of awareness
That they have failed

This city, full of plastic angels, will seduce you
Welcome to Los Angeles!