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!