

Motley Crue, Power To The Music

Hey, listen people, we're victimized, circumsized, crossed the line of no return.
The critics say we devistate, socialites just masturbate.
Won't the losers ever learn?

Who said the music's dead in the streets?
Don't know what they talk about.
They gotta put a bullet in my head if they want to keep me down.
Let me hear it.

Power to the music in the streets.
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Power to the music in the streets. Mothers tell their sons of cyanide and suicide,
blame it on the devil's tongue,
suck me like a parasite, military 3rd reich.
Blood burning bastards wasting blood.

Who said the music's dead in the streets?
Don't know what they talk about.
I want my music waking up the dead.
Don't tell me to turn it down.
Turn it down.

Power to the music in the streets
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