Motley Crue, Saints Of Los Angeles

Tonight, there's gonna be a fight
So if you need a place to go
Got a two room slum
A mattress and a gun
And the cops don't never show

So come right in, cause everybody sins
Welcome to the scene of the crime
You want it, believe it
You got it if you need it
The devil is a friend of mine

Well if you think it's crazy, you ain't seen a thing
Just wait untill we're goin down in flames

We are, we are the saints
We signed our life away
Doesn't matter what you think
We're gonna do it anyway

We are, we are the saints
One day you will confess
And pray to the Saints of Los Angeles

Red line, tripping on a landmine
Sippin' at the Troubadour
Girls passed out, naked in the back lounge
Everybody's goin to score

She's all jacked up, she's down on her luck
You want it, you need it
The devil's gonna feed it

Don'tcha say it's crazy, you don't know a thing
Just wait until we're going down in flames

We are, we are the saints
We signed our life away
Doesn't matter what you think
We're gonna do it anyway

We are, we are the saints
One day you will confess
And pray to the Saints of Los Angeles

Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up

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