

# Motley Crue, Sick Love Song

Wake me up in the morning glory,  
Hanging straight your lies and stories  
How do you mark your territory

When your trash becomes your treasure,  
Your \_\_\_\_\_ all my pleasure,  
Lose your mind at your leisure

Simply said your complicated,  
Understand you're overrated,  
The more you talk the less you seem to say

We are miserable,  
Your are driving me insane

This could be your,  
Sick love song  
This could be your  
Sign that things are going wrong  
This could be your  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song

Do me up like a meat grinder  
Stone cold blood like the winder  
I don't need to know the reminder  
Cant understand normal thinking  
Drive a sober man to drinking  
Take that you drive me straight to hell

We are miserable  
Your are driving me insane

This could be your  
Sick love song  
This could be your  
Sign that things are going wrong  
This could be your  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song

The more you inhale  
The more that you breath  
The more that you make me  
Wanna scream

This could be your  
Sick love song  
This could be your  
Sign that things are going wrong  
This could be your  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song

This could be your  
Sick love song  
This could be your  
Reason not to get along  
This could be your  
Sick love song  
Sick love song

Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
Sick love song  
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