

Motley Crue, Uncle Jack

Are you ready for suicide?
Let me run a razor cross your throat.
You took that child on ride now, led them down a long and shameful road.

It rips my heart out, to see you living.
You gave them money in exchange for pain.
You're the monster in the closet, they'll take your secrets with them to their grave.

Locked you away behind cast iron doors.
I'd rather see you dead on the floor.
I hope that you're feeling so much pain now.

Uncle Jack, can't you hear them still screaming?
Broken hearts, broken dreams, yeah.
Uncle Jack, is your evil still creepin'?

Never comin back here again.
What were you think gain. Are you ready for suicide?
Let me run a razor cross your throat.
You took that child on ride now, led them down a long and shameful road.

It rips my heart in', are you human?
You took their innocence and made them slaves.
You want forgiveness, you're so sorry.
I'd rather put you in an unmarked grave.

Locked you away behind cast iron doors.
I'd rather see you dead on the floor.
I hope that you're feeling so much pain now.

Uncle Jack, can't you see them still bleeding!
Broken hearts, broken dreams, yeah.
Uncle Jack, tell me how are you sleepin'?
Never comin' back here again,
What were you think gain.