

# Winger, Junkyard Dog

-----  
Be a crime if I offended you  
With my estranged religion  
I've been chain smoken cigarettes  
Since I felt my first ignition  
Don't want you to believe me  
Just want you to release me  
I'm the son of a preacher  
Ain't no angels in my head  
You're preachin' snow-white  
But the stain on your  
    switchblade's red  
So don't expect no roses  
I never had much class  
Don't want Mona Lisa  
All I want is your trash  
In my veins  
Make it last  
For days  
Want your beast  
Need your rage  
Feel you burnin' up, sister  
In my veins  
Devil diggin' deeper  
I'm still hangin' by a thread  
Don't be talkin' about love  
Don't you know that superstition's  
    dead  
And I ain't nobody' savior  
So don't expect no flash  
Don't want Mona Lisa  
All I want is your trash  
(Repeat Chorus)  
A graphic disposition  
Makes such a sexy girl  
You can turn the Kiss of Death  
Into Mother of Pearl  
Need your trash  
In my veins  
Make it last  
For days  
Want your beast  
In my cage  
Feel your burnin' up, sister  
In my veins