

## Face Down

L.A. Guns

Live form Hollywood, the original L.A. Guns  
It's true we walk in disbelief  
Clutching to our faded glory  
Trust in me but I'm a thief  
Get down on your knees before me

Worlds collide, hate fills my mind  
Tension rising, no surrender  
The street's a place where love is dying  
All hail to thee thy legal tender

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At night the vipers rip my flesh  
The bitch from hell is feeding  
Scratch my wounds to keep them fresh  
She likes 'em young 'n bleeding

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Greed and hate, fear and shame  
Wasted our disaster  
Cuts like cancer in my brain  
Man, now he's your master

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