

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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