Saints of Los Angeles

Mötley Crüe

Tonight
There's gonna be a fight
So if you need a place to go
Got a two room slum
A mattress and a gun
And the cops don't never show

So come right in
Cuz everybody sins
Welcome to the scene of the crime
You want it, believe it,
We got it if you need it
The devil is a friend of mine

If you think it's crazy
You ain't seen a thing
Just wait until we're goin down in flames

We are, we are the saints
We signed our life away
Doesn't matter what you think
We're gonna do it anyway
We are, we are the saints
One day you will confess
And pray to the saints of Los Angeles

Red line, tripping on land mines
Sippin at the Troubador
Girls passed out, hangin in the back lounge
Thinking everybody's gonna score

She's jacked up, down on her luck
You wan't it, you need it
The devil's gonna feed it
Don't cha say it's crazy
You don't know a thing
Just wait untill we're going down in flames

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Doesn't matter what you think
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One day you will confess
And pray to the saints of Los Angeles

Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up

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And pray to the saints of Los Angeles

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