

White Trash Circus

Mötley Crüe

I opened up a bottle and I fell out of bed
I couldn't find the floor until it hit me in the head
I did a little powred off the bathroom sink
It's been about a month and something's start to stink
Me and the band we are starting to fight
Cuz if we got along it just wouldn't feel right

We're the white trash circus... Don't give a damn
We'll steal your girl whenever we can
We're the drunken god's of the living dead
We're the voice, we're the voice
We're the voice in your head
We're the trash, we're the trash
We're the trash in your bed

Been livin'on the road about a year and half
If we go another mile we're gonna kick each other's ass
Someone's gonna quit or someone's gonna die
And we don't give a shit because we love it to death

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We're the son's of devil, we're the blood on the stage
You can love us you can hate us but will never go away...