

# 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...