

L.a. Murder Motel

Poni Hoax

Stoned in L.A.'s murder motel
He wears a mustache, he's been through hell
He used to sing love in the sixties
Now he churns out crap through a million of CDs

Stoned in L.A.'s murder motel
Cocaine walls and prison cells
Trashed-up dolls piled in the laundry
Big mustache is sugar-free

Stoned in L.A.'s murder motel
The devil climbs out of the well
Big mustache runs in a frenzy
For the devil starts to eat his chili

Drunk and wrapped around in plastic
Drunk and wrapped around in plastic
Drunk and wrapped around in plastic
He's drunk and wrapped around in plastic

L.A. is the fucking game to play
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L.A. gets you down on your knees
L.A.'s spreading like a disease
L.A. is the fucking game to play
L.A. is the fucking game to play