

Crying

L.A. Guns

So tired
Hot wired
Straight to the middle of my skull
Bone breaker
Salt shaker
Pour it down in the hole

You're so bad
So you think
Must be mad
Cause you're weak
If you had
Time to think
You'd be crying, crying, crying
You'd be crying
Crying

Praying mantis
Your deadly dance is
Bite my head off and go
False healer
Dirty dealer
Stand with the lies that you told

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