

# 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

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

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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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

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