

# Girls, Girls, Girls

Mötley Crüe

Friday night and I need a fight  
My motorcycle and a switchblade knife  
Handful of grease in my hair feels right  
But what I need to make me tight are those

Girls, girls, girls  
Long legs and burgundy lips  
Girls, girls, girls  
Dancing down on Sunset Strip  
Girls, girls, girls  
Red lips, fingertips

Trick or treat, sweet to eat  
On Halloween and New Years Eve  
Yankee girls, you just can't be beat  
But they're the best when they're off their feet

Girls, girls, girls  
At the Dollhouse in Fort Lauderdale  
Girls, girls, girls  
Rocking in Atlanta at Tattletale  
Girls, girls, girls  
Raising hell at the Seventh Veil

Have you read the news  
In the Soho Tribune?  
You know she did me  
Well, then she broke my heart

I'm such a good, good boy  
I just need a new toy  
I tell you what, girl  
Dance for me, I'll keep you over-employed  
Just tell me a story  
You know the one I mean

Crazy Horse, Paris, France  
Forgot the names, remember romance  
I got the photos, a menage a trois  
Must've broke those Frenchies' laws with those

Girls, girls, girls  
B-B-Body Shop, Marble Arch  
Girls, girls, girls  
Tropicana's where I lost my heart

Girls, girls, girls  
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Girls, girls, girls  
Girls, girls, girls  
Girls, girls, girls

Girls, girls, girls (Whoo!)