

Hammered

Mötley Crüe

Act like Jesus crucified again
These four wall are closing in
Who and what do you think you are?
A rich motherfucker in a fancy car?
Concrete jackal sucking on the past
Gold-card junkie kissing money's ass

You're the monkey on my back and it's time for you to go
Hammered
You're more harm than my old vice and I don't want to know
Hey. Hey. You're hammer, hammer poor

Now you're feeling low, tired and beaten
Bring you some blades and daggers, pierce your soul
Hell, ain't living six feet in the hole
Get down on your knees in Hollywood time to
Kiss some, some ass
Hey, Mr. Big Time

Hollywood
Tell your story walking if you think you could
Your money's running low from your cocaine whores
Nothing but a rat scratching at my door
Hey, now I've said all I'm going to say
Time will judge, see who fades away

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