

Crue Motley

"Girls, Girls, Girls"

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wooo, haha, uh-uh

Saturday night and I need a fight

My motorcycle and a switchblade knife

Hand full of grease and 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

Dancin' down on the sunset strip

Girls, girls, girls

Red lips, fingertips

Trick or treat-sweet to eat

On halloween and New Year's Eve

Yankee girls ya just can't be beat

But they're the best when they're off their feet

Girls, girls, girls

At the dollhouse in Ft. Lauderdale

Girls, girls, girls

Rocking in Atlanta at Tattletails

Girls, girls, girls

Raising hell at the 7th Veil

Have you read the news
In the Soho Tribune
Ya 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 ya what, girl
Dance for me, I'll keep ya overemployed
Just tell me a story
You know the one I mean
Crazy Horse, Paris, France
Forget the names, remember romance
I got the photos, a menage a trois
Musta broke those Frenchies laws with those
Girls, girls, girls
Body Shop, Marble Arch
Girls, girls, girls
Tropicana's where I lost my heart

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