

## **Crue Motley**

### **"Poison Apples"**

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Took a Greyhound Bus down to Heartattack and Vine

With a fistful of dreams and dimes

So far out didn't know that I was in

Had a taste for a life of slime

When push came to shove

The music was the drug

And the band always got to play

Sex, smack, rock, roll, mainline overdose

Man, we lived it night and day

We loved our Mott the Hoople

It kept us all so enraged

And you loved us

And you loved us

And you loved us

We're so fuckin beautiful

Pretty little poison apples

See the scars tattooed on our face

It's your disgrace

Pretty little poison apples

Mama said now don't ya walk this way

Just find some faith

Tabloid sleeze just maggots on their knees

And diggin in the dirt for slag

Moonshine, strychnine, speedball, shootin lines

Anything to push their rags

Still we love our Mott the Hoople

It keeps us all so enraged

And you loved us

Then you hate us

Then you loved us

We're so fuckin beautiful

Pretty little poison apples

See the scars tattooed on our face

It's your disgrace

Pretty pretty poison apples

Mama said now don't ya walk this way

Just find some faith

Blueprints for disaster

Ya better not push me cause I'll bring you to your knees

Ooh to your knees

Blueprints for disaster

Ya better not love me cause I'll bring you to your knees

Mama, to your knees

Pretty little poison apples

Mama said now don't ya walk this way

Just find some faith, faith, faith, yeah

Pretty little poison apples

Pretty pretty poison apples

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