

L.A. Guns

"Nothing To Lose"

Visit "[Nothing To Lose](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bang, bang, gets things done

We're lost at the edge of time
No money, it ain't a crime
Doing things the way that I choose
Gonna make the front page news
My finger on the gun
Bang, bang, it gets things done
Yeah, yeah, yeah

You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, pay your dues
Gonna sing the young man blues
You got nothing, nothing to lose

I want dollars, sex, instant fame
Let it rock, the name of the game
Steal a car and I'm ready to fight
A fat cop gonna read you your rights
I'm lost on the heartbreak zone
Hold tight, don't let go, no, no, no

You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, pay your dues
Gonna sing the young man blues
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Fall from grace, child in time
Born of thunder, one of a kind
Fire and ice, battle cry
Powers within, they multiply, yeah

Oh

Loose gun and I can't be beat
White trash kickin' the street
A city brat gone far from home
A city brat don't want anymore
My finger on the gun
A bang, bang it gets things done
Yeah, yeah, yeah

You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, pay your dues
Gonna sing the young man dues
You got nothing

You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, pay your dues
Gonna sing the young man blues
You got nothing, nothing to lose

You gotta scream and fight
Hey, hey, yeah, hey, hey, yeah
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
No, no, no, no, no, no
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, yeah

Visit [L.A. Guns](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.