

## Motley Crue "Hammered"

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Act like Jesus crucified again.  
These four wall are closing in.  
Who and what do you think you  
are, a rich mother fucker in a  
fancy car?  
Concrete jackel suckin' on the  
past, goldcard junkie kissin  
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 feelin low, tired and  
beaten.  
Bring you some blades and  
daggers, pierce your soul.  
Hell, ain't livin' 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 walkin' if you think  
you could.  
Your money's runnin' low from  
your cocaine whores, nothin' but a  
rat scratchin' at my door.  
Hey, now I've said all I'm gonna  
say.  
time will judge, see who fades  
away.

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 feelin low, tired and  
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Bring you some blades and  
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hole.  
Get down on your knees in  
Hollywood time to Kiss some, some  
ass.

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