

Motley Crue "Hooligan's Holiday"

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I'm on a holiday, hooligan's
holiday.

Drop dead beauties stompin' up a
storm, lines of hell on our face.
Bruised bad apples crawling
through the night, busted loose,
runaway, oo, runaway.

Always, always a thrill without a
motive.
30 days, such a haze.

Everybody wants a piece of the
action.
Everybody wants a piece of the
pie.

We're on a holiday, hooligan's
holiday.
I'm on a holiday, hooligan's.
I gotta get away, hooligan's
holiday.
We're on a holiday, hooligan's,

yeah.
Cross-eyed derelicts comin', iron
horse between our legs.
Tattoos, black manes flowin'.
Everyday's a holiday.

Everybody wants a piece of the
action.
Everybody wants a piece of the
pie.
They want a piece of mind.

We're on a holiday, hooligan's
holiday.
I'm on a holiday, hooligan's.
I gotta get away, hooligan's
holiday.

We're on a holiday, hooligan's.

Modern times and new blood's
pumpin'.

Only the strong survive.

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