

## Motley Crue "Poison Apples"

Visit "[Poison Apples](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 you walk this  
way, just find some faith."

Tabloid sleeze just maggots on  
their knees 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 love us and you hate us  
and you love 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 you walk  
this way, just find some faith."

Blueprints for disaster.  
You better not push me 'cause  
I'll bring you to your knees, oo,  
to your knees.  
Blueprints for disaster.  
You 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 you walk this  
way,  
just find some faith, faith, faith,  
yeah."

Pretty little poison apples.  
Pretty, pretty poison apples.

Visit [Motley Crue](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.