

Motley Crue

"Primal Scream"

Visit "[Primal Scream](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Song: Primal Scream (4:46)

Artist: Motley Crue

Album: Decade of Decadence '81-'91

(C) 1991 Elektra Entertainment

===-

Broke dick dog
My head slung low
Tail knocked in the dirt

Time and time
of being told
Trash is all I'm worth

I was just a young boy
Had to take a little grief
Now that I'm much older
Don't put your shit on me, no

Grab it & shake it
Reach down & scrape it
You just got to

Scream & Shout
Rip that mother out
You just gotta say "Hey!"

Primal scream & shout
Mmm, tear it out
You just gotta say "Get it!"

Janou said
Haters are red
Gonna blow a neurotic fuse

Show a little
A little pain
Unlock a lotta truth

Daddy was a young man
His home was livin' hell

Mama tried to be so perfect
Now her mind's a padded cell, yeah

Grab it & shake it
Reach down & scrape it
You just got to

Scream & shout
Tear that sucker down
You just gotta say "Hey!"
(All right)

Primal scream & shout
Suck that terror down
You just gotta say "Kick it!"

Hey man, get out of my face
I deal with my problems at my own pace
With your screwed-down, anti-human views
Deal with the pressures by playing the blues
If you want to live life on your own terms
You gotta be willing to crash and burn

Primal scream & shout
Tear that sucker down
You just gotta say "Hey!"

Primal scream & shout
Suck that terror down
You just gotta say "Kick it!"

z_morganrw@ccsvax.sfasu.edu

The Cre

Success. What does it mean to the average rock star?
Lavish
homes, fast cars, beautiful women, expensive drugs--
success affords
them the ability to live fast, die young and stay pretty,
to cop
a phrase from Debbie Harry. But for M"tley Cre, a
decade of
decadence and the spoils of 20 million worldwide LP
sales has
given them one more important thing: THE FREEDOM
TO SAY FUCK YOU!
Fuck you to the record company suits who told them it
was

commercially insane to change their logo with each
release; fuck
you to the critics who chastised them for making what
is now
considered the landmark power ballad, "Home Sweet
Home"; fuck
you to the dolts who warned that taking off the makeup
in favor
of leather jackets and Harley-Davidsons would alienate
their fans;
fuck you to the rock music "industry" who continue to
cling to the
safe and soggy while the Cre are jamming down the
off-ramp labeled
Dangerous; and fuck you to the krelled-out skeptics
who didn't
believe these former hell-bent partiers could sober up
and release
their heaviest record to date, Dr. Feelgood. Over the
past ten
years, the ballsy band that came roaring out of the
gutters of
Hollywood has blazed a reckless and wild trail from
club-level
metal glam to stadium-size rock 'n' roll. And
throughout that
period of continued commercial growth and constant
stylistic
and musical change, the only faction untouched by the
universal
FUCK YOU were the fans. No matter how massive the
M"tley Cre
machine has become, Vince Neil, Nikki Sixx, Mick Mars,
and Tommy
Lee have never ignored, taken for granted, or
forgotten the Cre
heads. This record (Decade of Decadence) is for you.
Fuck the
world. Long live the Cre.

Lonn M. Friend August 1991

-

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