

## M?Tley Cr?E "Hooligan's holiday"

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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  
derilicts 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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