

Goin' Out Swingin'

Motley Crue

Just a gang of four, got each other's back
Out for blood like wild dogs in a pack
Tearin' up the world, put ourselves through hell
Just to have a story we can tell
You can't stop us 'cuz we're
Goin' out, goin' out, goin' out, goin' out swingin'
If you got the balls to fight then come on bring it
Goin' out, goin' out, goin' out, goin' out swingin'
Like a midnight alley fight
Come on, come on, come on, come on bring it
Local gutter rats on the streets of gold
Crashin' stolen cars and sellin' souls
Settin' off alarms, watch the system burn

Ain't it crazy how the tables turn?
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