

Sick Love Song

Motley Crue

Wake me up in the morning glory
Hanging straight with your lies and story
How do you mark your territory?
When your trash becomes your treasure
Your immorals are my pleasure
Lose your mind at your leisure
Simply said, you're complicated
Understand, you're overrated
The more you talk, the less you seem to say
We are miserable
You are drivin' me insane
This could be your sick love song
This could be your sign
That things are going wrong
This could be your sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
Chew me up like a meat grinder
You're cold-blooded like a sidewinder
I don't need to know the reminder
Can't understand normal thinkin'
Drive a sober man to drinkin'
In fact, you drive me straight to Hell
We are miserable

You are drivin' me insane
This could be your sick love song
This could be your sign
That things are going wrong
This could be your sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
The more you inhale
The more that you breathe
The more that you make me wanna scream
This could be your sick love song
This could be your sign
That things are going wrong
This could be your sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
This could be your sick love song

This could be your reason
Not to get [Incomprehensible]
This could be your sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song
Sick love song, sick love song

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