Saints Of Los Angeles

[Motley Crue](#)

Tonight, theres gonna be a fight
So if you need a place to go
Got two room slum, a mattress and a gun
And the cops dont never showSo come right in 'cause everybody sins
Welcome to the scene of the crime
You want it? Believe it? We got it if you need it
The devil is a friend of mineIf you think its crazy, you aint seen a thing
Just wait until we're going down in flamesWe are, we are the saints, we signed our life away
Doesnt matter what you think, were gonna do it anyway
We are, we are the saints, one day you will confess
And pray to the saints of Los AngelesRed line tripping on a land mine, sipping at the Troubadour
Girls passed out naked in the back lounge, everybodys gonna score
Shes all jacked up, shes down on her luck
You want it, you need it, the devils gonna feed itDont you say, its crazy, you dont know a thing
Just wait until were going down in flamesWe are, we are the saints, we signed our life away
Doesnt matter what you think, were gonna do it anyway
We are, we are the saints, one day you will confess
And pray to the saints of Los AngelesGive it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it up
Give it up, give it upWe are, we are the saints, we signed our life away
Doesnt matter what you think, were gonna do it anyway
We are, we are the saints, one day you will confess
And pray to the saints of Los Angeles

Lyrics provided by