

Girls, Girls, Girls

Mötley Crüe

Friday night and I need a fight
My motorcycle and a switchblade knife
Handful of grease in my hair feels right
But what I need to get me tight are

Girls, girls, girls
Long legs and burgundy lips
Girls, girls, girls
Dancin' down on the Sunset Strip
Girls, girls, girls
Red lips, fingertips

Trick or treat, sweet to eat
On Halloween and New Year's Eve
Yankee girls you just can't be beat
But you're the best when you're off your feet

Girls, girls, girls
At the dollhouse in Ft. Lauderdale
Girls, Girls, Girls
Rocking in Atlanta at Tattletails
Girls, girls, girls
Raising hell at the 7th Veil

Have you read the news
In the Soho Tribune
Ya know she did me
Well then she broke my heart

I'm such a good good boy
I just need a new toy
I tell ya what, girl
Dance for me, Ill keep you overemployed
Just tell me a story
You know the one I mean

Crazy Horse, Paris, France
Forget the names, remember romance
I got the photos, a manage et trois

Musta broke those Frenchies laws with those

Girls, girls, girls
Body Shop, Marble Arch
Girls, girls, girls
Tropicana's where I lost my heart

Girls, girls, girls

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