

Angel City

Motörhead

Come on I wanna grow my hair, live in Bel Air
Lose my head, keep a live snake in my bed
I wanna backstage pass, drink Bon Jovi's booze for free I wanna be a star and buy a hundred guitars
Eat everything I can bite
I wanna feel a little danger, feel a little stranger
Angel City tonight I got a buncha boys, we make a lot of noise
Little bit crazy, playing with chemical toys
We're such bad ass dudes
Almost can't stand it myself I wanna get the crabs in my elegant rags
Make my mom and daddy uptight
I wanna be an intellectual, heterosexual
Angel City tonight Come on
Okay I'm gonna live in L.A. drinkin' all day
Lay by the pool and let the record company pay
Talking to the devil on the bath phone all of the time I'm gonna kick ass, I'm gonna spit broken glass
I'm gonna shoot out all of your lights
I wanna eat dirt, I'm gonna eat my own shirt
Angel City tonight Angel City, Angel City
The way I'm used is a shame and a pity
Angel City, Angel City
Rock and roll alright Angel City, Angel City
The women here ain't got no pity
Angel City, Angel City
Shape up and fly right
I'm back [Incomprehensible]

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