

# Hammered

## Motley Crue

Act like Jesus crucified again  
These four walls are closing in  
Who and what do you think you are  
A rich mother-fucker in a fancy car?  
Concrete jackal sucking on the past  
Gold card junkie kissin' money's ass You're the monkey on my back  
And it's time for you to go, hammered  
You're more harm than my advice  
And I don't wanna know Hey, Mr. Big Time Hollywood  
Tell your story walkin' if you think you could, think you could  
Your money's runnin' low on your cocaine whores  
Nothin' but a rat scratchin' at my, my, my, my, my, my, my door  
Hey now I've said all I'm gonna say  
Time will judge, see who fades away You're the monkey on my back  
Time for you to go, hammered  
More harm than my advice  
I don't wanna know  
Hey you're hammered, hammer poor Now you're feelin' low, tired, and beaten  
Razor blades and daggers pierce your soul  
Hell, ain't livin' six feet in the hole  
Get down on your knees in Hollywood  
Time to kiss some ass You're the monkey on my back  
And it's time for you to go  
Hey you're hammered, hammer poor, yeah You're hammered, hammer poor, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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