

Born To Raise Hell

Cheap Trick

Don't need you!
I don't live in this town, don't trust you
Don't trust anyone around, can't stand you
Ain't gonna stick around

I wasn't born for lovin' (I was born to raise hell)
I wasn't born for lovin' (I was born to raise hell)

I hate you, and I hate this town
I mean you, and this pitiful town
I hate you, you just make me laugh

I wasn't born for lovin' (I was born to raise hell)
I wasn't born for lovin' (I was born to raise hell)

I hate you, you like me? (No!)
You like our music, now don't yah? (No!)
It's such a pity now you want me to go! (Go!)

A lot of talk, not enough action
Lot of lies, but no real reaction
Lot of ways, but no real emotion

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You're so pretty
You're so pretty
You're so fair
Love your hair (ha ha ha)
You're so pretty
You're so pretty
Love your makeup
Love your nose
Love your eyes
Love your clothes
You're pretty useless!

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I was born to raise hell...