

Shoot For Thrills

L.A. Guns

Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Whoa

Bright lights are shining
Moves in the dark
The city streets are empty now
Except for dogs that bark

Footsteps like thunder
Underneath the stars
Alley ways come alive at night, yeah
Trouble isn't far

Born to run, born to fight
We shoot for thrills, yeah, into the night

We shoot for thrills into the night
Into the night, into the night
We shoot for thrills into the night

Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Sleeping in the gutters
I'm dirty as a rat
Hiding out in doorways
For the next attack

Cop chase in the moonlight
Church bells, they chime
Cold blood is running
It happens all the time

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Baby, is there anyone?

Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Oh!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight!

Tiskáno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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