

# Motley Crue, Dogs Of War

Bastards, bastards, bastards  
Get it

Don't let the dogs of war  
Come knockin' at your door  
As we're crawlin' 'cross the floor  
They'll make your skin crawl  
They'll make the stars fall  
Do they matter after all?

Get it  
Whoa (whoa), whoa (whoa), whoa (whoa)

Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let them take your crown  
Don't let those bastards get you  
Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let those bastards, bastards  
Bastards get you down

Black out the bright white noise  
Stand up and we'll destroy  
We don't love you anymore  
A black wolf is standing (yeah)  
At our back door  
Staring at the bloodstain on the floor

Get it  
Whoa (whoa), whoa (whoa), whoa (whoa)

Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let them take your crown  
Don't let those bastards get you  
Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let those bastards, bastards  
Bastards get you down

I will stand my ground  
I will not back down  
Ah, ah  
I will stand my ground  
I will not back down  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let them take your crown  
Don't let those bastards get you  
Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let those bastards, bastards  
Bastards get you down

Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let them take your crown  
Don't let those bastards get you  
Down, down  
Down, down  
Don't let those bastards, bastards

Bastards get you down

Whoa (whoa), whoa (whoa), whoa (whoa)  
Whoa