

# Beheaded

## The Offspring

Mommy doesn't have a head any more  
Keep it underneath my bed on the floor  
Well that's alright, that's OK  
She never really used her head anyway

Daddy called me a silly bore  
Bet he won't say that any more  
Because the way his body is severed too  
His vocal chords are gonna be hard to use

Beheaded, watch you spurt like a garden hose  
Beheaded, bloody mess all over my clothes

Watch my girl friend come to the door  
Chop off her head, she falls to the floor  
Now watching my baby's jugular flow  
Really makes my motor go

Wrap a towel round the bloody stump  
Take my baby's body to the city dump  
Then wipe the mess off the bloody axe  
Scoop all the heads into my burlap sack

Beheaded, watch her spurt like a garden hose  
Beheaded, bloody mess all over my clothes

All my collection, adorns my room on bamboo poles  
Use to be a little, but a little got more and more  
Now I'm craving yours

Night brings bad dreams, bad dreams and guillotines

Off with her head  
Off with her head  
Off with her head  
Off with her head  
Off with her head  
Off with her head

Find another victim for my machine  
Put him in a home-made guillotine  
Blade falls, gonna need a casket  
Watch your head plop in a wicker basket

Leave the house at a quarter to four  
Come back with sixteen or more  
Cause the more I want, the more I see  
I got a funny feeling coming over me

Beheaded, watch you spurt like a garden hose  
Beheaded, bloody mess all over my clothes