

I Want 'Em Dead

Sloppy Seconds

I took my car in to get it fixed
And i give the keys to some toothless hick
Who picks his nose and spits
I want him dead!

And later on i go to shop for clothes
And the sales clerk strikes a snotty pose
"Can i help you with those?"
I want him dead!

And every time i see that stuck up topless dancer
I only want her to grow old and die of cancer
Cause i wanna set a bonfire in her hair
See her fry in the electric chair
Cause that's how much i care
I want her dead!

And i ask myself well how can it be right
To wish these awful deaths on people day and night
But when i ask why that's the way that it must be
I only tell myself 'well better them than me'.

Cause it's not that i'm such an awful guy
Don't ask me cause i don't know why
But certain people must die
I want 'em dead!

Yeah, I wish they'd take a leap from a windowsill,
Or overdose on sleeping pills
Curiosity kills
I want 'em dead!

Everyone who's afraid to dance
And everyone who wears panthers' pants
And the whole nation of France
I want 'em dead!

You better take a dive on a live grenade
Or slit your throat with a razor blade
I wish you'd all get aids
I want 'em dead!

Whoaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
They got a go
They got a go
They got a go
I want 'em dead!
And IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
Don't know why they got a die
But i want them dead!

De-de-de-dead
Dead
Dead
Dead

I want 'em dead

DEAD!