he was a boy - he was a fine child He had the leather boots and the riding crop in Jerusalem Oh Sammy My hap flap slappy clam ma'am We've come To take you home But Sammy where are you Sammy where are you They said - said you're a star who recognized to the other side Oh Sammy could you be my bride Whats that? What's to be with you? Have to kiss Those who would kill you Have to try for the other side Oh... can you live my life? Sammy where are you Where were you going to? What were you going through Satanic Black Jew coo coo cahchoo Waffle bucket brigade consorting with the queen of the dead Billy Boy Timmy Toy Jimmy Joy Joe oh sammy My slap hap pappy Ma'am we've come to take you home Kneeling at the altar Rolling like a log Drinking with the Rat Pack Barking like a dog We've come to admire you Not even Frank could fire you Oh Sam we've come to take you home With your shining teeth of gold And your soul you said you sold We've come to take you there With your shining teeth of gold And your soul they said you sold you said you sold you said they sold for rock and roll whoa yeah With your shining teeth of gold And your soul you said you sold into my little pocket We put it all away save you up for another day I've come to buff your slab I know it makes you mad Tiny little mice nibbling on your gonads Tiny belly button is an inny and an outty And a shouty shout at home