

Psycho Next Door

Jag Panzer

Tribal was a tongue known to us well
Given by a doctor, a prescription from Hell
Little did he know of the growth in my brain
Scratching from the inside, driving me, driving me insane

Said the nymph on the wall, he has a red eye
The trouble is a-brewing, said the mosh is on the way
Down on the bayou over toward the lily
Sits a homosexual frog looking rather silly

Doctor, doctor, where you gonna go
Doctor, doctor, who you gonna blow
Bend over please
Doctor, doctor, who you gonna know
Doctor, doctor, who you gonna blow
Bend over please

Strap her to the chair, let's make an affair
Pull the hammer of the hour to frazzle her hair
She whimpers like a puppy, and her eyes out they pop
Imagine my surprise when she asked me to stop

Don't we all know bout midnight, nasty Alice tries to score
Take her to your dreams, knock her up in the floor
Blaming is like lying, not enough going down
Got her from the backside, bitch gives birth to a clown

So this is my story, a story of living hell
Tell it from my brain, deep inside my hell
Warden blue, he beats me when his wife doesn't give
But the masochistic mother, the one who lets me live