

Skulls

The Misfits

The corpses all hang headless and limp
Bodies with no surprises
And the blood drains down like devils-rain
We'll bathe tonight

I want your skulls
I need your skulls
I want your skulls
I need your skulls

Demon I am and face I peel
To see your skin turned inside out, 'cause
Gotta have you on my wall
Gotta have you on my wall, 'cause

I want your skulls
I need your skulls
I want your skulls
I need your skulls

Go

Collect the heads of little girls and
Put 'em on my wall
Hack the heads off little girls and
Put 'em on my wall

Oh oh

I want your skulls
I need your skulls
I want your skulls
I need your skulls

I want your skulls
I need your skulls
I want your skulls
I need your skulls

Whoa