

Bates Motel

Screeching Weasel

[Mother:] Norman!

Got twelve rooms, twelve vacancies
You can do just what you please
Just don't get Mother too irate
Never call me Master Bates

A man should have a hobby, it's true
Got so bored, I needed something to do
So I sharpened Mother's cutlery
Now everywhere I look, it's blood I see
No

[Mother:] Norman? Norman?

[Norman:] Mother? Mother? What, Mother? What?

Mother's not a fruit, but she's gotta go down
Down to the cellar so she won't be found
Know it's not right, but I just can't tell
Of the nasties that go on in the Bates Motel
No, no!