

Fuck a dead body, don't pick 'em up, let 'em dry
East Side, 59, with the choppers out the ride
Mommies cry, kids die, second line, Vietnam
Testify, crucified, have your family by your side
Full of fuck shit, double my cup with mud, bitch
Sluts wanna suck dick, hit 'em with the drop kick
Bitch, your pussy nonsense, demons with the Glock grip
Suicidal cult shit, love to watch the blood drip

Dead man walking, aye, yah, aye
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Dead man walking, aye, yah, aye
Dead man walking, aye, yah, aye

Rather be dead than bored, settle the score
Let the metal pour right on to the floor
Fuck your brain, you fucking whore
Fuck your chain, you slave, I left the bloodstains on the door
Blade made of iron ore
Made stains right on the shore
Washed away, the waves took it north
But now I gotta stay warm
Catch another flight and now I'm back on tour
Can't relax me motherfucking sacre coeur
Used to make shit pop like fucking kettle corn

I'm just a dead man walking, yeah
I'm just a dead man walking, yeah
I'm just a dead man walking, yeah
I'm just a dead man walking, yeah
I'm just a dead man walking, yeah
I'm just a dead man walking, yeah