

Killer McHann

The Jesus Lizard

He lamped up the room and then couched it
Feeling no fear from the day
He'd cared for a long time to get here
And he was brained

He lazy eye bagging but sorely
No morsel of spunk had he left
Who was he drained?

Some knocks on the door, came a-poundin'
He wanted not answer but should
So ahead his fat feet 'cross the floor there
To where he stood

And the fuck that rapped on his inlet
None other than killer McHann
And that's not good

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Scared of that man, scared of that man
Scared of that man, scared of that man