

# Fear Invicted Into The Perfect Stranger

The Rascals

Magic waves cast a spell  
But the show must go on  
As the evening lights go dim  
He's certain to begin his dens of seediness increase  
As he bangs on the door  
And knocks them off, one by one  
Using his whip like a gun

He's the perfect stranger

Two for one is the offer  
Every Tuesday afternoon  
And he picks on the ones he likes  
The ones he likes  
The ones he likes  
Inject it in your eyes  
It's a gallery of eyes

Fear invicted into a perfect stranger  
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It's a whorehouse in here x16  
In here!