

Shoot Him

The Sugarcubes

There were four of us, one of us was the landlord
There were, we were on a drinking spree
I had eaten my take-away
I washed my landlord, he was covered in gravy

The others were amazed how dirty he was
How I was, but I said, he never took a bath
He never takes a bath, so why, why don't we just shoot him?

Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you just shoot him?

I said that's no polite manner to behave in
But something like that I was too drunk to remember
I said, he can't suffer the cold water, he'll die! He'll die!
They said no way, Jose! I said, my name ain't Jose

He said, yes it is
But I think he was already dead
He suffered a stroke in the bath

So why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you shoot him?

Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you just shoot him?

I said oh no
And he was so dirty
But why give him a bath?
Why don't you just give him a bullet

Why don't you shoot him?
Why don't you shoot him?
In the head?