

# Unwanted

## Those Poor Bastards

Wanted unwanted all I ever wanted  
Was to be haunted by you

The pitchfork hanging in the shed  
It does not shovel hay  
The creaking doors into the barn  
Are rotted with decay  
The yoke is broke the cow is thin  
The garden will not grow  
This mess of mud and cursed glass  
Is awful hard to hoe  
Yeah oh yeah

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I got a silver bullet here  
Tattooed on my chest  
Among these ugly people here  
Whom do you like best?  
The sound of revving motors  
Really gives some folks a thrill  
Me I like the sound of skulls  
Rolling up a hill  
Yeah oh yeah

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I lay in bed just counting goats  
High as I could get  
An angel with a broken wing  
Said you are not sleeping yet  
So I read a book about a man  
Who wished that he was dead  
I laughed so hard my brain did burst  
And birds flew out my head  
Yeah oh yeah

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I smashed a broken bottle  
Upside my fathers jaw  
Oh dear God I prayed so hard  
That he would live no more  
The letters you once sent me dear  
Are tied with rubber bands  
I sure do miss the reptile touch  
Of your uncaring hands  
Yeah oh yeah

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You're just like the rest  
A rotten stain of putrid stinkin' flesh

That's right  
You're just like the rest  
A rotten stain of putrid stinkin' flesh  
That's what you are