

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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Was to be haunted by you

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