

Offspring, The "Beheaded"

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Mommy doesn't have a head anymore.
Keep it underneath my bed on the floor.
Well, that's alright, man, that's OK!
She never really used her head anyway.

Daddy called me a silly bore.
Bet he won't say that anymore!
Because the way his body is severed too,
His vocal chords
Are gonna be hard to use.

Beheaded!
Watch you spurt like a garden hose.
Beheaded!
Bloody mess all over my clothes!

Watch my girlfriend come to the door.
Chop off her head, she falls to the floor.
Now watching my baby's jugular blow,
Really makes my motor go.

Wrap a towel round the bloody stump.
Take my baby's body to the city dump.
Then wipe the mess off the bloody axe,
Scoop all the heads into my burlap sack.

Beheaded!
Watch her spurt like a garden hose.
Beheaded!
Bloody mess all over my clothes!

All my collection,
Adorns my room on bamboo poles.
Use to be a little,
But a little got more and more.
Now I'm craving yours.

Night brings bad dreams,
Bad dreams and guillotines...
Night brings bad dreams,
Bad dreams and guillotines...

Off with her head.
Off with her head.
Off with her head.
Off with her head!
Off with her head!
Off with her head!!!

Find another victim for my machine,
Put him in a home-made guillotine.
Blade falls, gonna need a casket.
Watch your head plop in a wicker basket.

Leave the house at a quarter to four.
Come back with sixteen or more!
Cause the more I walk, the more I see.
I got a funny feeling coming over me.

Beheaded!
Watch you spurt like a garden hose.
Beheaded!
Bloody mess all over my clothes!

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