

Alan Babbitt

"To Hell With Spammers!"

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There's a story people tell
of a special place in hell ...
A place so horrific, it's
just terrific for spammers

Where they can toil among their own
Reap what they have sown.
With slimeballs, slackers, scoundrels, hackers, and
scammers.

Where they're forced to work
at the speed of berserk Â
While hearing the devils taunts.

To their colleagues in hell,
they're sentenced to sell
Crap ... that nobody wants.

Chorus

Â To hell with spammers
Â Â And to all of their buddies as well
Â Â Let's tell the spammers
Â Â No more talking - now It's time to yell

Â Â We should put up a clamor
Â Â throw 'em all in the slammer.
Â Â And after that ...
Â Â they can all go to hell Â

Verse 2

They'll steal your Passwords in a flash
Your contacts and your cash
Their selfish cheating has us all
deleting and deleting ... And deleting

And then some bastard sends
A virus to all your friends
It's a sad fact of living
The gift that keeps giving And giving.

Aww, It all makes me curse,
but what's really the worst, Â
gets me snippy, snarky and snorting.

First my focus is blown
By the sound of the phone
Then I'm spammed by a damned recording.

Chorus

Â Â I say to hell with spammers
Â Â Don't let 'em poison the well
Â Â We gotta quell them spammers
Â Â We gotta ring their closing bell

Â Â We should put up a clamor
Â Â throw 'em all in the slammer.
Â And after that...
Â Â they can all rot in hell

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