

Birthday Party "She's Hit"

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There is woman - pie in here
Mr. evangelist says she's hit
The best cook ya ever had
Ya can't blame the good woman now, dad
And ya locked him up for twenty years
Now there's action on the basement stairs now
A monster half-man half-beast grind
Hear the hatchet (grind grind)
The pilgrim gets one hacked daughter
And all we get are forty hack reporters
Uptown one hundred skirts are bleeding
And mr. evangelist says

She's hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit she's hit she's hit she's hit

Now if only we could all grow wings and fly
Sweet hatchet SWING low son
I'm feeling mighty lonesome
Christen the bastard jack dad
The head-shrinker is a quack
Anyone 'anyone who'd wear their hair like that'
The vinyl is so cool but the conversation's cruel
Hold my head romeo it's in a rodeo
Hold my heart daddy-o it just won't go-o-o-o
Hold my heart romeo it's in a rodeo
Hold my head daddy-o it just won't go-o-o-o
And all the girls across the world
And all the girls across the world
Are hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit ev'ry little bit
She's hit she's hit she's hit she's hit
And she won't get up
She's hit ev'ry little bit she's hit
She's hit she's hit she's hit yeah
She's hit she's hit she's hit
And she won't get up! and she's hit she's hit
She's hit ev'ry little bit

She's hit she's hit she's hit

Goodbye.

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