

Draco And The Malfoys

"In Which I Kick Harry Potter In The Face"

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On the Hogwarts Express with Crabbe, Goyle, Pansy
Chillin' out, maxin', compartment 3-B
Well it was to much to expect privacy
'Specially with a reject like our friend Harry
That's when I started talking about Voldemort

As I was explaining my sweet new positch'
Thought I saw a shoe or a small piece of fish
No it was a shoe that my two eyes did see
Under a cloak of invisibility
Just then a thought started creeping up on me
And I knew exactly what I'd do
Make you wish you acted more quickly
And that I'd never seen your shoe

I'm going to kick you in the face
I might do it twenty-seven times just in case
I know nothing could ever replace
The picture in my mind of your kicked-in face

After they left I went through with my plan
And tied a tight knot around each of your hands
Made you listen to Stryper and "Enter Sandman"
Made you hear "Rio" by Duran Duran
You didn't like it, what is wrong with you?

That made me angry, I was so upset
I kicked you hard that your pants you did wet
You looked like somebody took a small baby
Stuck it in a blender and turned on puree

I just kicked you in the face
Hey, Harry Potter, how does your blood taste?
I know nothing could ever replace
The picture in my mind of your kicked-in face

I just kicked you in the face
Hey, Mr. Potter, how does your blood taste?
I know nothing could ever replace
The picture in my mind of your kicked-in face
The picture in my mind of your kicked-in face

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