

## Blitzkid

# "The Pumpkinpatch Murders"

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Out here in the pumpkinpatch beneath the dirt I hide  
To kill unknowing farmers and to strip them of their  
hides  
Such an unlikely place for atrocities of this kind  
My secret slaughterhouse is here in the garden's where  
I thrive  
(bridge)  
The orange goblins speak to me in the night  
As the moon casts shadows the pumpkins come to life  
(chorus)  
Pick-axe in my hand, plunged into your back  
Slicin off your arms and legs, murder in the  
punpkinpath tonight...

Dug many a shallow grave  
The soil isn't very ripe  
I like it when they scream so loud and beg for their  
lives  
Such an unlikely place to rip out someone's spine  
My secret slaughterhouse is here in the garden's where  
I thrive  
(bridge)  
(chorus)

(repeat chorus)  
Murder in the pumpkinpatch tonight! (x3)

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