

## Jag Panzer

### "Psycho Next Door"

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Tribal was a tongue known to us well  
Given by a doctor, a prescription from Hell  
Little did he know of the growth in my brain  
Scratching from the inside, driving me, driving me  
insane

Said the nymph on the wall, he has a red eye  
The trouble is a-brewing, said the mosh is on the way  
Down on the bayou over toward the lily  
Sits a homosexual frog looking rather silly

Doctor, doctor, where you gonna go  
Doctor, doctor, who you gonna blow  
Bend over please  
Doctor, doctor, who you gonna know  
Doctor, doctor, who you gonna blow  
Bend over please

Strap her to the chair, let's make an affair  
Pull the hammer of the hour to frazzle her hair  
She whimpers like a puppy, and her eyes out they pop  
Imagine my surprise when she asked me to stop

Don't we all know bout midnight, nasty Alice tries to  
score  
Take her to your dreams, knock her up in the floor  
Blaming is like lying, not enough going down  
Got her from the backside, bitch gives birth to a clown

So this is my story, a story of living hell  
Tell it from my brain, deep inside my hell  
Warden blue, he beats me when his wife doesn't give  
But the masochistic mother, the one who lets me live

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