

Christian Death "Kill Your Sons"

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All you two-bit psychiatrists
Are giving you electroshock
They said, they'd let you live at home with Mom and
Dad
Instead of mental hospitals
But every time you tried to read a book
You couldn't get to page seventeen
'Cause you forgot where you were
And you couldn't even read

Don't you know you're gonna kill your son?
Don't you know you're gonna kill, kill your son?
Don't you know you're gonna kill, kill your son
Until they run, run, run, run, run, run, run away?

Momma called me on the phone
They don't know what to do about dad
He took an axe and he broke table
Aren't you glad you're married?
And sister, she called me from on the island
Her husband takes the train
She's big and she's fat
And she doesn't even have a brain

Don't you know you're gonna kill, kill your son?
Know you're gonna kill, kill your son
I know you know you're gonna kill now, kill your son
Until they run, run, run, run, run, oh, run away

Creedmore treated me really good
And Paine Whitney was even better
And when I flipped out, babe, on PCP
I was so sad, I couldn't get a letter
All of the drugs, that we took
It really was a lot of fun
But when they shoot you up with thorizene on crystal
smoke
You choke like a son of a gun

You're gonna kill your son, son, son, son
You're gonna kill, kill, kill, k-k-kill your son, son, son,
son

Yeah, you're gonna kill, oh, kill your son now
Until they run, run, run, run, gonna run away

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