

Misfits "American Psycho"

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Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa
Go

Inside a wall street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die... I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe, go

The sweet asphyxiation and dismemberment
Sex puts me in the mood to make you die
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Look into sick eyes... I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe

Go - a machine of penalty
Go - the sweet insanity
Go - fade to black tranquility

Go - you're looking through the eyes of a psycho,
whoa-oh
An american psycho, whoa-oh

An american psycho, whoa-oh
An american psycho

Psycho

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Lines of cocaine cut in hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die... I hate people

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An american psycho, whoa-oh
An american psycho, whoa-oh
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Psycho, psycho, psycho, psycho

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