

Skepticism

"Creepshow"

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Zoned out afternoon
Let's catch "who's on top of whom"
Tell it like it is
'Cause it isn't anyway

Much to my surprise
I caught it right between the thighs
My sweet little sister
Was layin' me away

My jaw dropped dead to the table
She put my cool in shock
Crack kills and blood spills baby
But psychos, dykes and transvestites
Are on the choppin' block

Oh no - I saw my baby
on the creepshow
Out on - spillin' my guts on the news
Oh no - I caught my woman
on the creepshow
Hit me with a shovel 'cause I can't
believe that I dug you

She filled my boots with lead
Was it something that I said
A picture paints a thousand ugly words

Baby's acting tough
Check out my fisticuffs
That's just what she deserves

I can't flip from the station
Can't unplug what's done
Her six-foot-deep temptation
She nicked my shin, and then
kicked me in,
And then she buried me for fun

Oh no - I saw my baby
on the creepshow

Out on - spillin? my guts on the news
Oh no - I caught my woman
on the creepshow
Hit me with a shovel ?cause I can?t
belive that I dug you

My jaw dropped dead to the table
She put my cool in shock
Crack kills and blood spills baby
But psychos, dykes and transvestites
Are on the choppin? block

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