

Dead Cats Dead Rats "Mr. Misfit"

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There's a new lady in the neighborhood.
She's a pretty little thing and she looks so
good
when she cries or lies, I try
to drive by her house almost every night.

I saw her changing by the window.
Watched her blow-drying her hair.
Saw her the next night, said
"Will you come for a ride with a good looking
stranger on a motorbike?" She complied.
I took her down by the lakeside only to get high.
We walked the path along the water
and she smiled as I took her hand.
I don't think she ever saw it coming
when I put my hands around her neck.

Harder and harder
I squeezed her tighter
Heart rate went higher
Till she expired

Baby you never looked as beautiful as you do when
your
Skin's turned the same color blue as your
eyes.
You've got my heartless soul on fire and I
don't know why.

I paddled out to open water.
Left her at the bottom of the lake.
Watched her disappear beneath my reflection.
Such a pretty thing to throw away.

Harder and harder.
I squeezed her tighter.
Heart rate went higher.
Till she expired.

Now she's a wreck.
With my hands around her neck
I don't remember the stars as bright

As they're burning out tonight.

I got away and what can I say,
I still drive by her house every day to see her parents
cry.
And it makes me all warm inside cause only I know why.

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