

The Young Offenders Institute

"Mancunian Psycho"

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Iâ'm coming round the corner
Like a bullet from a gun
Iâ'm telling you baby
There ainâ't nothing can be done
The thoughts and the words
Running through my mind
I canâ't push them aside
â'm going into exile
Itâ's a case of homicide

Like a Mancunian Psycho
Delightful
Either out for revenge
Or just spiteful
Coming round the corner
With a raging attitude
Iâ'm warning you today
Donâ't put him in a mood
Heâ'll stab you in the back
When you least expect it
Rob your new car
And disrespect it
Feed you both bleach
And antiseptic
Got the best pills
Queer blue electric
When you see him
Just donâ't take the piss
Because you know itâ's none of your
Biz-ness
Guaranteed he wonâ't just use his fist
Then heâ'll be gone like a thief into the mist

Iâ'm coming round the corner
Like a bullet from a gun
Iâ'm telling you baby
There ainâ't nothing can be done
The thoughts and the words
Running through my mind
I canâ't push them aside
Iâ'm going into exile
â's a case of homicide

Like a Mancunian Psycho
Delightful
Either out for revenge
Or just spiteful
Coming round the corner
With a raging attitude
Iâ€™m warning you today
Donâ€™t put him in a mood
When you see him just donâ€™t look in his eyes
Otherwise youâ€™ll get a nasty surprise
Try not to tell no stupid lies
Then youâ€™ll be gone in a case of homicide

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