

## Sudden Death

### "The Psychic Enemies Network"

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Thank you for your money and I thank you for your call  
Now let me gaze deep into my crystal ball  
And see what the future has in store for you  
I gotta concentrate to clearly let the message come  
through  
It says you'll win the lottery but lose the ticket  
When your house catches fire and your dog dies in it  
Then again I could be wrong but I never have before  
Push one now if you want to hear more  
Let's see, someone will throw up in your car  
But don't worry 'cause your car will blow up at the mall  
And kill everyone in the area  
And the top of your head'll get a little less hairier  
So give up, take a bath, go to bed  
If you're lucky tomorrow you might wake up dead  
If not, hey what more can I say  
You're outta luck, your life sucks, thanks for callin' have  
a nice day.

Love, sex, your future looks bleak  
Your son will be born as a two headed freak  
And then sometime next week, your wife is gonna die  
When she tries to make love to a banana cream pie  
But don't feel bad 'cause you'll fall in love again  
To a beautiful woman with a golden brown tan  
Romance blossoms like a rose it's a thriller  
But her ex-boyfriend will act like a weed killer  
When he pummels your face into the ground so hard  
That you become permanently part of the front yard  
Where there a lawn mower mangles your face  
And scatters your remains all over the place  
Your life means nothing, you're a loser, you're a bore  
So don't bother me with your troubles no more  
You'll be lucky if you live past half-past eight  
You're outta luck, your life sucks, thanks for callin',  
have a nice day.

You again? Alright, last time  
You don't have to be psychic to read your mind  
I know about you and your kind it's a crime  
You got a little extra money and a lot of spare time

You will be greeted by a tall dark man  
With a skull for a face and a sickle in his hand  
The good news, you won't have to worry about germs  
Bad news, now you're lunch for maggots and worms  
But before you bite it, you might wanna know  
That a tumor in your brain is beginning to grow  
But I wouldn't worry about that I would watch where I  
walk  
'Cause you're gonna get hit by a truck  
Personally I'll be glad when you're gone  
And I hope that you're scattered over my front lawn  
And tomorrow will be even worse than today  
You're outta luck, your life sucks, thanks for callin' have  
a nice day.

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