

Murder by Death

"A Masters In Reverse Psychology"

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Put the bullet in the barrell take the safety off keep
shootin' at the devil
in the moonlight put it all on black till your luck comes
back we're all
waitin' for the end what kind of finish will he send these
hands made of
splinters keep knockin' back the whiskey sours I've got
a few more days to go and I've got another crust of
bread somewhere holed up waiting in this is this whats
left of the house fill the lamp up with kerosene and toss
the rest in the hall just coat the walls and strike the
cigarette when you hear them coming we'll pray for
them and stay with them till the poor little bastards die
hand in hand we'll never forget them when they're
gone so keep the girls inside of the little church with
their bruised knees on the pews.

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