

## **Pain**

# **"Man Upstairs"**

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On the wedding anniversary  
Of the Johnson's  
They went out on a date.  
Little Jimmy had strict orders  
To be in bed, to be in bed by eight.  
But little Jimmy knew they'd be late,  
And he liked TV, he thought it was great...  
He's not alone...  
Turning channels, Jimmy faltered  
After hearing what he thought might have been  
Creepy chuckles, scary breathing,  
And the sounds of metal s-s-s-s-scraping on wood.  
Hired by the Johnson's that day  
He's professional  
And likes things his way  
Or not at all...  
He's for hire  
The man upstairs  
He'll take care of you.  
Jimmy grabbed the phone receiver,  
Called the fuzz up  
While he peed in his pants  
Down the staircase  
In the next room  
Here he comes, kid,  
Hatchet clutched in his hands.  
Jimmy trembled and crept through the dark  
Into the kitchen  
Where all the knives are...  
He's not alone...  
Here comes the man...  
He's for hire  
The man upstairs  
He'll take care of you.  
What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty  
good man!  
What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty  
good man, a mighty mighty good man!  
What a man, what a man, what a man, what a mighty  
good man!  
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!  
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!

I'm the man, the man from upstairs!  
I'm the man, the man from upstairs!  
Whoa, yeah yeah yeah!  
Go!  
ONE!  
TWO!  
ONE!  
TWO!  
ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

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