

## Stephen Lynch "Halloween"

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Thinking of all the cool creatures that I will meet on this  
night  
Ghosts and goblins and witches roaming the streets in  
moonlight  
Bowls of candy and goodies, delicious and waiting in  
store  
The sound of cute little footsteps as they approach my  
front door

Letting the children inside to drink beers  
Razor blades hidden in three musketeers  
Screams from the basement of kids begging to be set  
free  
That's what Halloween means to me

Tightening the clamps that are holding their little  
heads so tight  
Putting my lips to their ears as I whisper please don't  
fight  
I promise I'll let you go home if you swear not to tell a  
soul  
Well I'll just untie these I'm kidding now where is my  
chainsaw? Let's rock and roll  
A pinch of your brother a teaspoon of you  
With the head of your sister would make a good stew  
I'd give you a taste but you're tongue's in the stew;  
irony  
That's what Halloween means to me

Trick-or-treat, smell my feet  
Give me something good to eat  
Trick-or-treat, smell my feet  
Give me someone good to eat

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