

Feel So Bad

"O'Malley's Bar"

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I am tall and I am thin
of an enviable height
and I've been known to be quite handsome
from a certain angle and in a certain light

well I entered into O'Malley's
said: "O'Malley I have great thirst"
O'Malley merely smiled at me
said: "you wouldn't be the first"

I knocked on the bar and pointed
to a bottle on the shelf
and as O'Malley poured me out a drink
I sniffed and crossed myself

my hand decided that the time was nigh
and for a moment it slipped from view
and when it return it fairly burned
with confidence anew

well the thunder from my steely fist
made all the glasses jangle
when I shot him I was so handsome
it was the light it was the angle

huh! hmmmmmmmm

"neighbours!" I cried "friends" I screamed
and I banged my fist upon the bar
"I bear no grudge against you"
and my dick felt long and hard

"I am the man for which no God waits
but for which the whole world yearns
I'm marked by darkness and by blood
and one thousand powder-burns"

well you know those fish with the swollen lips
that clean the ocean floor?
when I looked at poor O'Malley's wife
well that's exactly what I saw

I jammed the barrel under her chin
and her face looked raw and vicious
her head it landed in the sink
with all the dirty dishes

her little daughter Siobhan
pulled beer from dusk till dawn
and amongst the townfolk she was a bit of a joke
but she pulled the best beer in town

I swooped magnificent upon her
as she sat shivering in her grief
like the Madonna painted on the church-house wall
in whale's blood and banana leaf

her throat it crumbled in my fist
and I spun heroically around
to see Caffrey rising from his chair
I shot that mother fucker down

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah yeah yeah

"I have no free will" I sang
and I flew about the murder
Mrs. Richard Holmes, she screamed
you really should have heard her

I sang and I laughed, I howled and I wept
I panted like a pup
I blew a hole in Mrs. Richard Holmes
and her husband stupidly stood up

he screamed, "you are an evil man"
and I paused a while to wonder
"if I have no free will then how can I
be morally culpable, I wonder"

I shot Richard Homes in the stomach
gingerly he sat down
and he whispered weirdly, " no offence"
and then lay upon the ground

"none taken" I replied to him
to which he gave a little cough
with blazing wings I neatly aimed
blew his head completely off

I've lived in this town for thirty years
to no-one I am a stranger
and I put new bullets in my gun

chamber upon chamber

and when I turned my gun on the bird-like Mr. Brookes
I thought of Saint Francis and his sparrows
and as I shot the youthful Richardson
it was Sebastian I thought of, and his arrows

Hhhhhhhhhhh Mmmmmmmmmmm

I said " I want to introduce myself
and I'm glad that you all came"
and I leapt upon the bar
and shouted out my name

well Jerry Bellows he hugged his stool
closed his eyes, shrugged and laughed
and with an ashtray big as a fucking really big brick
I split his skull in half

his blood spilled across the bar
like a steaming scarlet brook
and I knelt at it's edge on the counter
wiped the tears away and looked

well from the position I was standing
the strangest thing I ever saw
the bullet entered through the top of his chest
and blew his bowels out on the floor

well I floated down the counter
showing no remorse
I shot a hole in Kathleen Carpenter
recently divorced

but remorse I felt, remorse I had
it clung to everything
from the raven's hair upon my head
to the feathers on my wings

.....squeezed my hand in it's fraudulent claw
with it's golden hairless chest
and I glided through the bodies
and killed the fat man Vincent West

who sat quietly in his chair
a man become a child
and I raised the gun up to his head
executioner-style

he made no attempt to resist
so fat and dull and lazy

"do you know I lived in your street?" I cried
and he looked at me like I was crazy

"O" he said "I had no idea"
and he grew as quiet as a mouse
and the roar of the pistol when it went off
near blew the hat right off the house

well I caught my eye in the mirror
gave it a long and loving inspection
"there stands some kind of man" I roared
and there did in the reflection

my hair combed back like a raven's wing
my muscles hard and tight
and curling from the business end of my gun
was a query-mark of cordite

well I spun to the left, I spun to the right
and I spun to left again
"fear me! fear me!"
but no-one did cause they were dead

Huh! Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

and then there was the police sirens wailing
and a bull-horn squelched and blared
"drop your weapons and come on out
with you hands held in the air"

well I checked the chambers of my gun
saw I had one final bullet left
my hand it looked almost human
as I raised it bravely to my head

"drop your weapon and come on out!
keep your hands above your head!"
well I had one long hard think about dying
and did exactly what they said

there must have been fifty cops out there
in a circle around O'Malley's bar
"don't shoot" I cried "I'm a man unarmed"
so they put me in their car

and they sped me away from that terrible scene
and I glanced out of the window
saw O'Malley's bar saw the cops and the cars
and I started counting on my fingers

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah one

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa two
Aaaaaaaaaaaa three Mmmmm four

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