

Midnight Creeper

Sherie RenÃ© Scott

Well I come in through your window
I see your family there
Well I'm the midnight creeper
When I go creepin' y'all better beware
Your child is gently sleeping
Pleasant dreams are in his head
That wife of yours a sweet young thing
When I leave your wife will be dead
Well my steel is sharp and silent
The devil guides my hand
Well I just love to slit them throats
And creep all around this land

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