

Dead Men Tell No Tales

D.O.A.

hey joe, remember that geek back in '83. yeah, i know that stiff, i'll see him in hell. he was in d.o.a., that's what they say. but he was never the same after the accident. it was kind of messy, he bled pretty bad. and the way he twitched, i thought he was mad. but i made sure, he wasn't in pain. when i backed up the van i squished him again. chorus: dead men tell no tales. dead men don't try blackmail, they smell bad and they're kind of pale. yes, dead men tell no tales. hey joe, what about that gig on the east coast. oh yeah, those slimeballs, the ones you wanted to toast. they ripped us off and stole our van. then they paid the cops, to throw us in the can. but i was out for a beer when i saw those two. i could see they were looking for a geek to screw. but down in the alley, i caught 'em alone. you couldn't hear the chainsaw, when they screamed and moaned. 2nd chorus: dead men tell no tales dead men don't try to blackmail. they can't rip ya off when they're 6 feet under dead men tell no tales. 1 down, 2 down, 3 down, 4 down, 5 down, 6 down, 7 down, 8 down, 9 down, 10 down (1st chorus) 3rd chorus: dead men tell no tales, dead men don't try blackmail, they can't trash your van or drink your beer.

Songwriters

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