The Rope, the Pistol, the Candlestick

Vaux

Tell me who,
Tell me when,
What's the worst that could happen?
Tell me why,
Tell me how,
What's the worst that could happen?
Could my fears catch the breeze
And drag me to sea?
Could my house catch fire?
I won't wake, i'm too tired.
If my feet burn off, should i still walk the walk?
Or will the world die laughing?
What's the worst that could happen.
Somebody wants to do me in.
Somebody's got my number.
Somebody has it out for me.
Somebody's got my number.
Tailing me everywhere
My car needs repairs.
Brakes went out last night.
Didn't make the red light.
Asleep at the wheel.
Awoke by the rail.
Through the windshield i'm crashing.
What's the worst that could happen.
Somebody wants to do me in.
Somebody's got my number.
Somebody has it out for me.
Somebody's got my number.
Tell me who it is
And what you saw.
But don't let em catch ya, catch ya

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/