

# A Masters In Reverse Psychology

## Murder By Death

Put the bullet in the barrell take the safety off keep shootin' at the devil in the moonlight put it all on black till  
your luck comes back we're all waitin' for the end what kind of finish will he send these hands made of  
splinters keep knockin' back the whiskey sours I've got a few more days to go and I've got another crust of  
bread somewhere holed up waiting in this is this whats left of the house fill the lamp up with kerosene and toss  
the rest in the hall just coat the walls and strike the cigarette when you hear them coming we'll pray for them  
and stay with them till the poor little bastards die hand in hand we'll never forget them when they're gone so  
keep the girls inside of the little church with their bruised knees on the pews.

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