

# Evil

## Grinderman

O baby baby baby!  
Who needs the stars? You are my Star!  
Who needs the moon? You are my moon!  
O baby baby baby!Cling to me baby in this rented room  
Who needs the TV? You are my TV!  
Who needs a record player? You are my record player!  
O cling to me baby in this rented room!Hear the ringing on the telephone  
A voice from a hundred miles away  
Its breath is heavy and you're all alone  
It's got something that it wants to say  
It's got something that it wants to say  
Its breath is heavy and you're all alone  
A voice so clear you can feel its breath  
Coming down the telephoneO my precious baby  
Now it is the time that we must speak  
They have divided us from our children  
And they've tossed them on the heap  
Who needs children? You are my child!  
Who needs children? My little lamb!  
Who needs children? You are my child!  
Crying like a demon in your daddy's arms!O cling to me baby in this broken dream  
You are the moon! Who needs the moon?  
You are the stars! Who needs the stars?  
O cling to me little baby in this broken dream  
And let me protect you from this evil

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