Life, Love, Death And The Meter Man

Angry Johnny and the Killbillies

He was holding the McCulloch
When he knocked upon her door
Yesterday she said she didn't love him anymore
But it wasn't her who answered
It was some guy he didn't know
So he fired up that chainsaw
and he laid that sucker low
But when he saw the clipboard lying
in the severed hand
He realized that he just limbed from limbed
the meter man
Heard the sirens coming, and he sat
down on the steps
Shut off his McCulloch and he lit a cigarette
The verdict, it was guilty and they said
"you're gonna fry"
He didn't see her in the back row,
didn't hear her cry
All that he could see was the terrified
face of the meter man
The moment that he sent him packing to the
promised land
They led him down the hallway,
and the priest said him a prayer
He wasn't none too happy,
but he knew that fair was fair
Still he'd like to thank the meter man,
for coming to the door
Otherwise his true love would be
lying scattered on the floor
And as for her, she never loved again,
no not one time
And though she broke his heart
and led him to this ghastly crime
She prayed each day they'd be
together on the other side
And she cried herself to sleep each night until the
day she died

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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