

# A Masters in Reverse Psychology

## Murder By Death

Put the bullet in the barrel  
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 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  
Hold up waiting in this  
Is this what's left of the house  
Fill the lamp up with kerosene  
And toss the rest in the hall, just coat the walls  
And strike a 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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