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 backWe'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 goneSo keep the girls inside of the little church
With their bruised knees on the pews

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/