Little Man

Sebadoh

Your time is up little man...
There's a man running up your streets
From his belt hangs dead parakeets
He holds that big old club real tight
He holds a wrench and a very sharp knife
Your time is up little man
Down, down, down with the club
Drown, drown, drown in your blood
Can't take a piss he's here
Can't watch TV he's here
He'll fucking bash your precious little head, Little Man
He's beating you with his club
He's stabbing red hot pain into your thigh, Little man

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