

American Psycho

The Misfits

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa
Go

Inside a wall street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively youll die... I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe, go

The sweet asphyxiation and dismemberment
Sex puts me in the mood to make you die
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Look into sick eyes... I hate people

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe

Go - a machine of penalty
Go - the sweet insanity
Go - fade to black tranquility

Go - youre looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An american psycho, whoa-oh
An american psycho, whoa-oh
An american psycho

Psycho

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Psycho, psycho, psycho, psycho

Lyrics submitted by Dennis.

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