

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Dennis.

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