

# Son of Sam

## Dead Boys

Last night in the middle of a dream  
Fiery red dog eyes double beamed  
Tellin' me directions of my soul  
Poured my life inside a bullet hole

I am a son of Sam  
I got death breathing from my hand  
I can't resist I cannot fight  
I've fallen victim to his bite

I have killed six but I'll kill more  
Sam commands my .44  
I am a son of Sam  
I got death breathing from my hand

Take me and strap me  
To the electric chair  
But you'll never kill me  
I'll always be there

Look over your shoulder  
Some dark rainy night  
A dull pain will hit you  
The sharp canine bite

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