

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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