

# Be My Friend

## One-Eyed Doll

There's a girl across the street from me  
I buried her son beneath a tree  
I don't know why she's mad at me  
He was stinking up my garage, you see I met a cute boy, he liked my smile  
We fell in love for a little while  
He kissed me on the lips and it tasted sweet  
So I chopped him into pieces and cooked his meat Serial killers are people too  
If you take away the voices I'm just like you  
I'll hack you up and bury you in my yard  
But why does making friends have to be so very hard? I made a dress from a choir girl's skin  
I wore it to church, the preacher said I'd sinned  
Forgive me Father for my fashion crime  
Your skin is so nice I'll use yours next time Serial killers are people too  
If you take away the voices I'm just like you  
I'll hack you up and bury you in my yard  
But why does making friends have to be so very hard? La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la-  
Everybody! La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>