

Halloween

Stephen Lynch

Thinking of all the cool creatures that I will meet on this night
Ghosts and goblins and witches roaming the streets in moonlight
Bowls of candy and goodies, delicious and waiting in store
The sound of cute little footsteps as they approach my front door
Letting the children inside to drink beers
Razor blades hidden in three musketeers
Screams from the basement of kids begging to be set free
That's what Halloween means to me
Tightening the clamps that are holding their little heads so tight
Putting my lips to their ears as I whisper please don't fight

I promise I'll let you go home if you swear not to tell a soul
Well I'll just untie these I'm kidding now where is my chainsaw? Let's rock and roll
A pinch of your brother a teaspoon of you
With the head of your sister would make a good stew
I'd give you a taste but you're tongue's in the stew; irony
That's what Halloween means to me
Trick-or-treat, smell my feet
Give me something good to eat
Trick-or-treat, smell my feet
Give me someone good to eat

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