Mister Manson

Klaatu

He looks at the girls with his evil eye Makes them wish they was someplace else He'll twist their thoughts with his pretty words Make them extensions of himself He's the reincarnation of Hitler The daughter of the devil all right Let me ask you Mister Manson Do you sleep at night? Well he'd like to melt your mind with hydrochloric Acid in a little pill He'll take a thing called love and make you hate it And claim to cure your ills He took the madness of a generation And made them madder still Tell me won't you Mister Leary Keep your little pillsHe'll fill you with his empty statements Directed to a fool Then he'll ignore his own unending speeches And bend the golden rule In the name of God he'll tell you That he's better than all the rest Let me tell you Mister Manson Jesus has been and left Let me tell you Mister Manson Jesus has been and left

Songwriters
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