

American Psycho

Misfits

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh,
Oh-Oh-Oh,
whoa
Go Inside a Wall Street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in Hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die.
I hate people Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe, go The sweet asphyxiation and dismemberment
Sex puts me in the mood to make you die
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Look into sick eyes
I hate people Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe Go
A machine of penalty
Go
The sweet insanity
Go
Fade to black tranquility Go
You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho Psycho
Inside a Wall Street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in Hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die... I hate people Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe Go
A machine of penalty
Go
The sweet insanity
Go
Fade to black tranquility
Go
You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho Psycho, psycho, psycho, psycho

Songwriters

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