Jeff

Jimmy Pardo

I'm one with the raindrops
But there's yet another sound
Now, could it be that Jeff
That fucking prick who you owe some money from the
From the bet that you lost to that fuck Jeff who works
Down the studioParanoia taken in
Temper rises paper thin
Evil lurks in every veinNow it's time I kill againSee the real behind the lie
See the evil in my eyes
How good it feels I can't disguiseYou're on your way to paradiseIt wasn't the mailman
Yeah sure it was JeffHe would not go away
So I stabbed his sick ass into quiet a mess
A mess it took me a while to disguise but now
There's no more Jeff
The fucking bastard's gone

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