

Mr. Killjoy

Lordi

Your shindig's kinda boring
Shall I spike the punch with cyanide?
I gotta warn you - You'll need a coroner tonightIf you see me, better flee me
If you hear me, better fear me
I'll help you from the fryer into the fireNananananah - Call me Mr. Killjoy
I'm the death of every party
Nananananah - Call me Mr. Killjoy
And I don't care if you don't like me, noI'm here to fix your troubles
Rude force applied with some finesse
When people are the problem
My hatchet always works the best (Oh, yes it will)I made you suffer and that doesn't feel right
I thought my knife would snuff you out like a light
How rude of me, a quick be-heading will end your fright

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