

# Funhouse

## Wylde Ratttz

I dance around this empty house  
Tear us down, throw you out  
Screaming down the halls  
Spinning all around and now we fall  
Pictures framing up the past  
Your taunting smirk behind the glass  
This museum full of ash  
Once a tickle, now a rash  
This used to be a Funhouse  
But now it's full of evil clowns  
It's time to start the countdown  
I'm gonna burn it down, down, down  
I'm gonna burn it down  
9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, fun  
Echoes knocking on locked doors  
All the laughter from before  
I'd rather live out on the street  
Than in this haunted memory  
I've called the movers, called the maids  
We'll try to exorcise this place  
Drag my mattress to the yard  
Crumble, tumble house of cards  
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9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, fun  
I'm crawling through the doggy door  
My key don't fit my life no more  
I'll change the drapes, I'll break the plates  
I'll find a new place, burn this fucker down  
Do, do, do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do, do, do

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
Do, do, do, do, da, da, da, da  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
(9, 8)  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
(7, 6)  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
(5, 4, 3)  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do  
(2, 1)  
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