

# Norman

## The Orwells

Lock, lock, lock, lock, lock the door, baby  
Killer's here and it's a horror story  
Lock, lock, lock, you better lock the door, baby  
The killer's here and it's gonna get gory Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit the lights  
'Cause I'm way, way, way too drunk tonight  
Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit the lights  
'Cause I'm way too drunk to run tonight Blood in my hair, blood on my speakers  
Blood in the shot glass, blood on my speakers  
Blood in the hallway, blood on my t-shirt  
He's in the backroom dressed as the reaper House full of horrors, house full of people  
Lock all the doors, kids are hanging from the bleachers  
House full of horrors, house full of people  
You're not gonna make it to the sequel

Lyrics provided by

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