

Mrs Victoria

Warlord

As I laid my head to rest, my grandmother she said.

I have for you a fairy tale of a friend I knew so well. The story that I tell you, is as close as you can feel.
So close your eyes and go to sleep, I'll make your dreams come real. There was a boy just like you, a handsome
lad he was.

He never played with the other children, he was the only son.

His father and his mother, spoiled him with toys.

His grandmother, she was a witch, a scare to little boys. They called her Mrs. Victoria

The little girls and boys their stories told ya

On Halloween the children didn't dare

They knew behind the door there was a scare He went to school just like you, he never missed a class

But all the other children, they made fun of him and laughed

His teacher she felt sorry for him, put him above the rest

But all his mates they beat and bruised him, called him the teacher's pet They called her Mrs. Victoria

They didn't like her grandson so they showed her

They beat him up before an after school

To all the kids he was the fool of fools [guitar solo] His name was Johnny just like yours, a lonely boy he'd been

He knew his grandma was the reason why he had no friends

All the children hated her, they hated this young boy

He thought that he would kill her, he was ready to destroy Her name was Mrs. Victoria

He stabbed her in the back, the blood poured from her

Now Johnny lives alone, he has no problems or no pain

Inside an asylum, for the insane.

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