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 scareHe 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 petThey 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 destroyHer 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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