Fan Club

Picture House

(Maitland)
Hey hey, happy man, smiling as he leaves the book store
Carrying his carrier bags all bulging wide
Such a lucky man, such a lot to line your shelves with
Starts to hurry so that he can get
Inside
Each book it overflows with violent murder
That he can read about in bed when he gets home
It chills him to the bone
chorus
'cos he loves Jeffrey Dahmer
And he loves the son of Sam
And he loves reciting segments
From 'The Silence Of The Lambs'
And he worships Charlie Manson
Wishes he was Eddie Gein
He's a member of the fan club
For the criminally insane
Hey hey, smiling man, smiling, leaves the local art house -
Just seen 'Henry' for the thousandth time
Don't walk - he skips along, calls in at the old newsagent
To see if his magazine's come in on time
It has a label screaming: ADULTS ONLY
And lovingly details all the latest gruesome crimes
He laps up every line
chorus
Hey hey, happy man, smiling while his aunt & uncle have
Fun force-feeding him with tea and cakes
Glibly sipping sits, mind-undressing antique figures
Briskly stiffens when he hears his aunt y say:
"well, ain't that awful about that girl being murdered"
His uncle nods and bellows: "string the bastards up !!"
Our man just grips his cup
chorus

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