

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>