

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

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