

A Masters in Reverse Psychology

Murder by Death

Put the bullet in the barrell take the safety off keep shootin' at the devil in the moonlight put it all on black till
your luck comes back we're all waitin' for the end what kind of finish will he send these hands made of
splinters keep knockin' back the whiskey sours I've got a few more days to go and I've got another crust of
bread somewhere holed up waiting in this is this whats left of the house fill the lamp up with kerosene and toss
the rest in the hall just coat the walls and strike the cigarette when you hear them coming we'll pray for them
and stay with them till the poor little bastards die hand in hand we'll never forget them when they're gone so
keep the girls inside of the little church with their bruised knees on the pews.

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