No Rabbit In The Hat

Wednesday 13

Beat my head against a wall
If it wasn?t for the blood I wouldn?t it know it at all
Smile at the camera with broken teeth
Slit my wrists, say cheese and watch it bleed
Well it?s ghouls night out
Creeps on parade
Creatures of the night they serenade
Penny for your thoughts
Penny for your eyes
I cross my fucking heart and I hope you die
And I got an addiction to ammunition yeah yeah
Well sticks and stones can break your bones
But a 12 gauge sawn off
Will blow your fucking head off
No tricks up my sleeve
No rabbit in the hat
Blood on my hands
A rat in the trap
Grab another barrel of the gun that?s at your head
Pull the trigger, bang bang
Now you?re dead
Everything will be alright
If I can just get out alive
Guess I could pray if all else fails
Even though it?s bullshit
But I might as well
I?m runnin like a rat now through this maze
With a bottle of booze and a hand grenade
Screaming bloody mother at the top of my lungs
It?s a mother fucker but it sure is fun
And I got an addiction to ammunition yeah yeah
Well sticks and stones can break your bones

But a 12 gauge sawn off
Will blow your fucking head off
No tricks up my sleeve
No rabbit in the hat
Blood on my hands
A rat in the trap

Grab another barrel of the gun that?s at your head
Pull the trigger, bang bang
Now you?re dead
Ladies and gentlemen as you can see
I have no tricks up my sleeve
And there is certainly no rabbit in the hat
And I got an addiction to ammunition yeah yeah
Well sticks and stones can break your bones
But a 12 gauge sawn off
Will blow your fucking head off
No tricks up my sleeve
No rabbit in the hat
Blood on my hands
A rat in the trap
Grab another barrel of the gun that?s at your head
Pull the trigger, bang bang
Now you?re dead
No tricks up my sleeve
No rabbit in the hat
Blood on my hands
A rat in the trap
Grab another barrel of the gun that?s at your head
Pull the trigger, bang bang
Now you?re dead
You?re all dead

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