

# Slackjaw

## Cop Shoot Cop

Slackjaw live in the cellar  
They let him grind the trash  
Clumps of hair and puke and bones  
Piles of broken glass  
Finds pictures of pretty girls and hangs 'em on the wall  
Likes people when he meets 'em  
But he just as soon strangle 'em all  
Slackjaw sleep on the floor  
Of the boiler room  
All night long, playin' its song  
Clank and hiss and boom!  
Sees people on the hallSmiles and says hello  
But sometimes, he wishes  
They all had only one throat  
Slackjaw he got a worm  
That lives inside his head  
Tells him things he shouldn't know  
Things are better left unsaid  
Trash smasher, rat catcher  
Piss on your parade  
Sometimes he screams all night  
To make it all go away  
Hey! Slackjaw, hey, hey

Songwriters

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