

abominable dr phibes

Misfits

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa
Go Inside a Wall Street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in Hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die, I hate people Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe, go The sweet asphyxiation and dismemberment
Sex puts me in the mood to make you die
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Look into sick eyes, I hate people Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe Go, A machine of penalty
Go, The sweet insanity
Go, Fade to black tranquility Go, You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho Psycho Inside a Wall Street mind a psycho lurks
Lines of cocaine cut in Hell
Obsessive hands gently grab your neck
Compulsively you'll die I hate people Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, Oh-Oh-Oh, whoa-oh
Struggling to breathe Go, A machine of penalty
Go, The sweet insanity
Go, Fade to black tranquility
Go, You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho, whoa-oh
An American Psycho Psycho, psycho, psycho, psycho

Songwriters

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