The Man Upstairs

Pain

On the wedding anniversary
Of the Johnson's
They went out on a date.
Little Jimmy had strict orders
To be in bed, to be in bed by eight.
But little Jimmy knew they'd be late,
And he liked TV, he thought it was great...
He's not alone...
Turning channels, Jimmy faltered
After hearing what he thought might have been
Creepy chuckles, scary breathing,
And the sounds of metal s-s-s-s-scraping on wood.
Hired by the Johnson's that day
He's professional
And likes things his way
Or not at all...
He's for hire
The man upstairs
He'll take care of you.
Jimmy grabbed the phone receiver,
Called the fuzz up
While he peed in his pants
Down the staircase
In the next room
Here he comes, kid,
Hatchet clutched in his hands.
Jimmy trembled and crept through the dark
Into the kitchen
Where all the knives are...
He's not alone...
Here comes the man...
He's for hire
The man upstairs
He'll take care of you.
Can't trust Mom, can't trust Dad,
What do you do when your folks go bad?The man upstairs watched in terror
As Jimmy with a knife came flying through the air
Red light, blue light, cops burst in
They put a bunch of guns into their hands and then

The cops said "Freeze! You better stop now!
You better stop now or you're gonna be dead, yeah."
And they pumped little Jimmy full of lead
'Cause they thought he was crazy in the head
And after that they heard a voice that said:
"I'm the man upstairs, I'm the man upstairs."
He's the man upstairs, he's the man, he's the man upstairs.

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